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Poetry.

LITTLE JOHNTS'S CHRISMUS.

We got it up a-purpose, j s' fer little Johnts, you know;
His mother was so pore and all, and had to manage so—
Jes' bein' a war-widder, and her pension mighty slim;
She'd take in weavin', er work out, er anything fer him.

And little Johnts was puny like—but law! the nerve he had!
You'd want to kind o' pity him, but couldn't, very bad—
His pants o' army blanket and his coat o' faded blue
Kep' a hintin' o' his father, like, and pity wouldn't do!

So we collogued together, one't one wintertime, 'at we—
Jes' me and mother and the girls, and Wilse, John, Jack and Free—
Would jine and get up little Johnts, by time 'at Chrismus come,
Some sort o' doin's, don't you know, 'at would su'prise him some!

And so all on the quiet, mother she turns in and gits
Some blue-janes—cut and makes a suit; and then sets down and knits
A pair o' little galluses to go 'long with the rest—
And puts in a red-flannen back, and buckles on the vest.—

The little feller'd be'n so much around our house, you see,
And be'n such a he'p to her and all, and handy as could be,
'At mother couldn't do too much fer little Johnts—No sir!
She ust to jes' declare 'at "he was meat-and-drink to her!"

And Piney, Lide and Madaline, they watched their chance and rid
To Fountaintown with Lijoy's folks; and bought a book, they did,
O' fairy-tales, with pictur's in; and got a little pair
O' red-top boots 'at John.Jack said he'd be'n a-pricen there.

And Lide got him a little sword, and Madaline, a drum;
And shootin'-crackers—lawzy.day! and they're so dangersome!
And Piney, ever' time the rest would buy some other toy,
She'd take and turn in then and buy more candy for the boy!

Well, thinks-says-I, when they got back, your pocket-books is dry!—
But little Johnnie was there hisse'f that afternoon, so I—
Well, all of us kep' mighty mum, tel we got him away,
By tellin' him be shore and come to-morry—Chrismus Day—

And fetch his mother 'long with him! And how he send acrost
The fields—his tow head, in the dusk, jes' like a streak o' frost!—
His comfort fluttern as he run—and old Tige, don't you know,
A-jumpin high fer rabbits and a-plowin' up the snow!

It must a-be'n most ten that night afore we got to bed—
With Wilse and John-Jack he'ppin us; and Freeman in the shed,
And Lide out with the lantern while he trimmed a Chrismus-tree
Out of a little scrub-oak top 'at suited to a t!
All night I dreamp' o' hearin' things a-skulkin' round the place—
And "Old Kriss," with his whiskers off and freckles on his face—
And reindeers, shaped like shavin'-hosses at the cooper-shop,
A-stickin' down the chimbly, with their heels out at the top!

By time 'at mother got me up 'twas plum daylight and more—
The front yard full o' neighbors, all a-crowding' round the door,
With Johnts's mother leading'; yes, and little Johnts hisse'f,
Set up on Freeman's shoulder, like a jug up on the she'f!

Of course I can't describe it when they all got in to where
We'd conjered up the Chrismus-tree and all the fixin's there,—
Fer all the shouts o' laughture—clappin hands, and crackin' jokes,
Was heap o' kissin' goin' on amongst the women folks:—

Fer, lo-behold-ye! there they had that youngun! And his chin
A-wobblin' like;—and, shore enough, at last he started in—
And—sich another bellerin', in all my mortal days
I never heerd, er 'spect to hear, in woe's appinted ways!

And mother grabs him up and says: "It's more'n he can bear—
It's all too suddent fer the child, and too su'prisin'!—There!"
"Oh, no it ain't,"—sobbed little Johnts—"I ain't su'prised—but I'm
A-cryin' 'cause I watched you all and knowed it all the time!"

—*James Whitcomb Riley, in the Christian Book Buyer.*

Our Story Teller.

MATED BY MAGIC.

How a pretended Mind Reader united two congenial hearts.

ONE morning early in June, when Steele Wyoming arrived at his customary apartments in Half Moon street, Piccadilly, he found a telegram awaiting him from Cecil Cameron. As was his wont, Wyoming, having left New York about the 1st of May on a steamer of the French Line, had been spending a month in Paris, rambling through the Salon, going to all the many smaller exhibitions, seeing all the shows of all sorts from the Theatre Francaise to Neuilly Fair, and giving himself up to the lazy enjoyment a cultivated American can always attain in the city by the Seine. But when the race for the Grand Prix had been run, and when the theatres began to close their doors, he wrote over to London asking that his rooms be made ready; and about the time when the Queen's birthday is celebrated, Wyoming took the night train and arrived in London before the city by the Thames was yet awake.

Early as it was, the telegram from Cecil had arrived before him. While his trunks were being taken into his room, he tore open the brown envelope and read this message:

STEELE WYOMING, No. 51 Half Moon street, Piccadilly:—Welcome, Rosicrucian Brother! I want you to call spooks from the vasty deep. Lunch at Babel Club at 1. You hear my horn?
CECIL CAMERON.

Wyoming held the telegram in his hand for a moment.

"That man makes me tired," he said to himself, "with his mania for trying to talk American. Why can't he be content with his own insular and parochial dialect? But he's a good fellow, for all that."

The American's face was even more solemn than usual as he laid the dispatch on the table.

"I wonder what mischief he is up to now," was his reflection. "Raising spooks is always fun, however, and he can count me in."

So it was that Wyoming went to the Babel Club to meet his friend at the appointed hour. The Babel Club, as all must know, was founded as a place of meeting for men who could speak at least three modern languages. Cecil Cameron, proud of his proficiency, offered the American language as one of his three. As he spoke French and German, in addition to English, he was admitted. To prevent a confusion of tongues, there was an unwritten law of the club, by which a member making use of any foreign word was fined elevenpence halfpenny.

As Steele Wyoming was about to take his seat at the little table in the bow window which juts out into Piccadilly, Cecil Cameron entered the dining room.

"How are you old men?" asked the American.

"I am able to sit up and take nourishment," replied the Englishman. "And how are you?"

"I am not the better for the privilege of listening to your vain efforts to mimic our noble American language," was Wyoming's prompt reply. "Why are you not content with the dialect spoken by the inhabitants of Great Britain and her colonial dependencies?"

"Because I prefer the pictorial freedom of speech which echoes over the boundless prairies of the mighty West," Cameron returned.

"Well," said Wyoming with a heavy sigh, "push forward to your own destruction. Linguistic pitfalls are on all sides of you. No man can speak American who is not born in the purple of American sovereignity. So I forgive you; and I may as well confess that I'd liever hear an energetic Americanism, now and again, than the enervating Briticisms which besprinkle the speech of most of you fellows over here. Now drive on your donkey-cart, and tell me about the spirits."

"Do you know my Austrailian cousin, Frank Hardy?" asked Cameron.

"No," the American replied. "Do you want to scare up a spook or two for him?"

"Frank Hardy is in love with the only daughter of J. Bulstrode-Travis, Esq., of Redrose Hall, Flintshire."

"Then he doesn't need anybody to raise his spirits, I take it," ventured the American.

"Frank's all right," Cameron returned; "he's all wool and a yard wide!"

"Has the girl gone back on him?" asked Wyoming.

"No," said the Englishman. "Lavinia is as much in love with Frank as Frank is with her."

"Well, then?"

"There is the cruel parient. He is worth £30,000 a year, and Frank hasn't a red cent."

"Then he'd better pass in his checks, hadn't he?" Wyoming inquired, dropping into American slang, as he did inevitably when he talked to Cameron.

"Here is where we can help. The young people have not dared to tell the old man the state of their feelings. He suspects nothing. He is very ambitious for his daughter. He would like her to be at least a countess. But he is also a little daft on the subject of spiritualism, and he has been going in for fads like"—

"One moment if you please, Cecil," interrupted Wyoming; "as I warned you, the linguistic man-trap has you by the heel. 'To go in for' and 'fad' are Briticisms of the most British kind."

"I know it," Cameron admitted sorrowfully. "But yours is such a difficult tongue to acquire—Where was I?"

"You were saying that the girl's father was a man of many left-handed ideas."

"That's it exactly. On some subjects he is like the rest of us, and on others he is very eccentric," the Englishman continued.

"And in mechanics," said the American, "the eccentric is often very near a crank."

"In some ways he is cranky indeed," Cameron replied. "He is an enthusiastic chess player for one thing—though he doesn't play remarkably."

"But what have I to do with this estimable country gentleman?" asked the American.

"Only this. Mr. Bulstrode-Travis is a fatalist, a believer in signs and wonders, a practitioner of thought reading, an interpreter of dreams, and so forth. Now, Frank knew that I was a student of modern magic, and that I took no stock in spookical research. So he came to me and confided his plight, and asked me to help him out. Frank thinks that I can show the old man some strange marvel, and then ring in on him a prediction of some sort pointing to Frank as the only proper husband for Lavinia."

"Work the oracle, in short?"

"Precisely. And I have said I would; and I want you to help me as a member of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. Mr. Bulstrode-Travis has been up in town for a week, and, although he has two old fogy clubs of his own, the Mausoleum and the Sarcophagus, I got him put down here as a guest, and I coaxed him to come here, and I prevailed on two or three good-natured fellows to play chess with him, and get beaten, so the old boy drops in here pretty freely. He and I are excellent friends. We talk over the mysteries of magic and thought transference, and I am properly serious. He has asked me to run down with him to Redrose Hall to spend Saturday and Sunday. I have spoken to him about you, representing that you had been a profound student of strange rites; I said that I had been told that you had investigated the Eleusinian mysteries; I knew you had been present at a Voodo exorcising, and I had seen you extract extraordinary information as to the future by means of the sortes Virgilianæ. In fact, he takes you for a boss spook-stalker."

"Hush!" Cameron interrupted. "Here he is!"

The broad door of the dining-room had opened to give passage to a handsome portly old gentleman, bearing his 60 years bravely. This was Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. Cameron introduced Wyoming, successfully suggesting by his manner that he was presenting a man of marvel.

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis sat down to lunch with them, and before long the three were in full cry over mystery and magic. Wyoming and Cameron played into each other's hands so as to hint dimly to the old gentleman that they were in some strange and secret way familiar with the personalities of Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, Faust, Robert Houdin, the Egyptian magicians, Cagliostro, Arbaces and various other engaging persons. Cameron related a tale which, as it happened, he had actually heard from an imaginative doctor, who said he had lived as a medical student in Bulwer-Lytton's haunted house in Orchard street, and that, among other things, they never wanted ("needed," interjected Wyoming with soft correction) any artificial light at nightfall, as Unseen Power kindly provided it. Wyoming capped the story with an American tale of his own, the incidents of which he said had actually befallen him. Then they alluded casually, but frequently, to the wonders that they had sometimes worked in conjunction. Mr. Bulstrode-Travis was in an ecstacy at the idea of such strange doings; he burned to see what they had seen and what they could accomplish; and therefore it was with peculiar cordiality that he asked Wyoming to accompany Cameron on his visit to Redrose Hall. The invitation was accepted with unaffected promptness, and Wyoming, thinking, unwisely perhaps, to add a touch, said mournfully:

"We could have shown you more had poor M. Bilzini been here."

"But you know, Steele," replied Cameron, in a frivolous moment, "it's no good wishing—he's gone up the flume!"

"Ah," rejoined Wyoming, dryly, "he really speaks American like a native—sometimes."

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, whose fussy and interjectional manner belied his appearance, which was that of the fine old English gentleman, conducted our two friends to the drawing-room, with much pleasing prattle about his small but excellent collection of armor and weapons, and about his library of magical and cabalistic books, which, handsomely arranged in glass cases, adorned the walls of the ante-room.

"Here is a pretty edition of 'Gabriel Hervey,' eh?" he would say, or "Do but look, Mr. Wyoming, at this 'Reginald Scot,' ha!"

The two friends lingered awhile in the library, where Frank Hardy soon joined them. Mr. Bulstrode-Travis and Wyoming chatted about books, leaving Hardy and Cameron to a game of piquet.

In the drawing-room, whither the host soon conducted the American, they found Miss Bulstrode-Travis, to whom Wyoming took a great fancy. Among the other guests were Sir Kensington Gower, K.C.B., and Lady Gower, Lord Luine—a great traveler who had been much in India, and took stock, as Cameron would have said, in fakirs and such like—and Mrs. Vendale, a slight, short, fantastic creature, who believed, or affected to believe, in Khoot-Hoomi.

Mrs. Vendale asked Lord Luine if the wonders of the Indian magicians were authentic—"For my part, I do not doubt it, but perhaps they use black magic, and they would be horrible."

Luine replied that he cared much more about tracking a tiger than about seeing a trick or a portent. "But, don't you know I have seen those fellows do things that no person (he was a Scotchman) could explain."

Then he recounted the mango trick and the basket trick, and added that the Indian conjurers had nothing on practically but a waistcloth, and how could they hide things?

Cameron and Wyoming looked at each other.

Then Luine related how he had seen a man climb up a rope until you lost sight of him, and he never came down again. Luine was a man of absolute veracity, but at this the two did not look at each other. There was much serious conversation on this, broken only by a frivolous remark of Cameron's to Wyoming.

"Say, Steele, that Louis XV. clock reminds me of your watch that I had to wrap in a blanket at night when we traveled together, because it ticked so loud. Have you got it yet?"

"Yes, I have it," said Wyoming, "but don't let your mind wander."

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis's appetite for the wonderful began to grow by what it fed on, and he made such broken requests as, "Couldn't you, hey?—wouldn't it be possible—what?—when two people of such remarkable powers, and, as is evident, so completely en rapport with each other—it seems a pity, you know."

The two friends made excuses and demurs until the old gentleman was near to dancing with unsatisfied expectation, and then when the rest of the party joined themselves to Mr. Bulstrode Travis in polite importunity they consented with a show of giving way gracefully, to see if the conditions would enable them to accomplish anything.

"Of course, you have heard," said Wyoming, "about what is called thought reading?"

"A very primitive form," added Cameron, and went on to say, "Steele, will you try if our old experiment together can be worked? That is to say, I will leave the room and shall try to gather from your magnetism, without word or touch, what action the company may wish me to perform."

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis's eyes opened wide at this, and the suggestion was received with such delight that Mrs. Vendale's "they do say that the Chelahs——" perished unachieved.

When Cameron left the room there was a complete silence for a moment.

"Seems to me," said Luine, "we'd better decide upon what we want the noble sportsman to do. Finding a pin is played out. Set him on something more difficult."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Vendale, with a tone of a languishing specter, "suppose we were to move that beautiful vase up in the blue room, and will him to find it and bring it down again?"

"Might break it if he found it," said Sir Kensington.

"Do you think, Sir Kensington—hey?" answered the host, "that I value a vase one penny in comparison with the interest of science?"

"Don't spoil the fun my dear," added Lady Gower, a pleasing and vivacious person.

"Is, that, then, what you all wish?" said Wyoming, and was answered by universal assent.

"Now," Wyoming went on, "let me carry the vase to the blue room and hide it somewhere in consort with Lord Luine, who will watch that there may be no possible collusion between my friend and myself."

Lord Luine rose to accompany him.

"And one thing more," said Wyoming. "Cameron ought to be blindfolded, the lights must be put out, and only one of our party must carry a dark lantern to prevent our stumbling. He won't stumble if it succeeds."

Upon this Wyoming took the vase in his hands and left the conservatory accompanied by Lord Luine. They went to the blue room, and after much deliberation, Wyoming placed the vase on a bracket so high on the wall that a tall man could barely reach it.

As they went out Luine stopped at the door and said: "But look here, he will break the vase if it's so high up as that."

"No, sir," said Wyoming, "but to make assurance doubly sure I'll measure it once again." He took three steps back to the bracket, picked up a small pincushion from a table close by, and with some difficulty placed it on the bracket.

"Cameron is not so tall as you are," said Luine.

"No matter," Wyoming rejoined, "he will not break it."

Then they went back to the conservatory, and Cameron was called in. Amid intense silence Wyoming looked him full in the eyes for about two minutes, when there stole over Cameron a dazed yet awakened look of a curious kind.

"Hush!" cried Wyoming, "the charm works. Now let him go; we will follow him at some ten yards' distance."

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Advice For Wives.

Be gentle and firm with children.

Beware of the first disagreement.

Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Learn to govern yourselves and to be gentle and patient.

Learn to say kind and gentle things whenever opportunity offers.

Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts.

Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Study the characters of each and sympathize with all their troubles, however small.

Remember that you are married to a man, not to a god; be prepared for imperfections.

Don't be always teasing him for money, and keep the household expenses well within your allowance.

Once in a while let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as you desire forbearance and forgiveness yourself.

Even if your husband should have no heart, he is sure to have a stomach, so be careful to lubricate the marriage yoke with well-cooked dinners.

Respect your husband's relative's, especially his mother—she is none the less his mother because she is your mother-in-law; she loved him before you did.

Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayers and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

Let your husband know more than you do once in awhile; it keeps up his self respect, and you are none the worse for admitting that you are not actually infallible.

Be a companion to your husband, if he be a wise man; and if he is not, try to make him become your companion. Raise his standard; do not let him lower yours.

A New Effect.

Smart Author—I wish to submit to you a new play which——

Theatrical Manager—Very sorry, sir, but I have more plays on hand than I can read in ten years.

"But this one, sir, has many new and startling effects."

"So have they all. Same old story—murders, suicides, mobs, fires, shipwrecks and——"

"But, sir, in the last act of my play a dynamite conspirator sets off a bomb which blows the roof off the theater and lands the audience in the street."

"Eh? Leave it here and I'll look it over."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Very Easy.

Blobson—"Did you ever meet Biggun?"

Dumpsey—"Yes."

"Is he easy of approach?"

"Yes."

"How easy?"

"Did you ever see a big mud puddle at the foot of an icy flight of stairs?"

"Yes."

"Well, easy as that."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Joking Over a Serious Subject.

Reporter—Here's a man with an account of the fight. Shall I put a slug head over it?

Managing editor—Does it amount to much?

Reporter—Yes, one of them was killed. This man says they "fit to the death."

Managing editor—Then head it, "The Survival of the Fittest."—*Omaha World.*

Prayers Availed Them Nothing.

Sister Kate—Why is it, Charley, that you Harvard students will not take part in the prayers except under compulsion?

Charles Freshlie—Our men are so modest, you know. They don't profess to have much influence with the powers above.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Modern Monstrosity.

Mrs. J. Browne Stone (who has just returned from Europe, to her daughter who has stayed at home)—Good gracious, Emma! We must do something at once for your figure; it's getting as bad as the Venus of Milo!—*Puck.*

IT WAS AWFUL.

A Mushy, Gushy Honeymoon Farewel Proceeding.

It was by the merest accident that I happened to hear the following distressing conversation between young Mr. and Mrs. Mushy. They had just returned from their wedding tour, and were about to undergo the mortal agony of their first separation, for Mushy was going back to his office desk, there to remain for four long, weary, dreadful hours.

"How shall I ever live a whole half day without you, dearie?" whispered Mrs. Mushy.

"You won't miss me much, will you, darling?"

"Miss you? O Horace!"

"Ever and ever so much?"

"Every moment will seem an age!"

"My darling."

"And you will come home just as soon as ever you can, dearie?"

"You know that I will."

"O Horace! I'm so glad!"

"Glad you are own dear little wifey?"

"Yes, darling."

"I'm a thousand, thousand times glad!"

"You old darling?"

"But now I really must go!"

"O Horace!"

"There, there! The little girly mustn't cry."

"I just can't help it. Horace, it's so hard to see you go! Why must we ever be separated for a single hour? It is too cruel!"

"But I'll be back so soon. Be a brave little woman!"

"O Horace! I can't!"

"But you must. I'm not worth crying for."

"Yes you are, too."

"Indeed I'm not, Birdie."

"Indeed you are."

"Well, well, sweetheart, I'm off now. Just one more kiss."

He took a dozen, and then gasped out:

"Just one more."

"I've a mind to keep tight hold of you, and not let you go at all," she whispered.

"What would you do with old ugly me around all the time?"

"I'd be the happiest woman in all the wide world!"

"No?"

"I would!"

"You don't love me that much?"

"Love you? O Horace!"

"You little precious!"

"You dear old boy!"

He took another, and another, and a few more. She also seemed to be helping herself to a bountiful supply. Then he said:

"Good-by, darling."——"Is it time for you to really go?"——"Indeed it is. Good by, birdie."——"Go-o-o-d-by—precious! Are you sure your watch isn't too fast?"——"Oh, its just right. Good by, wifey, dear,"——"By-by, darling. Come home just the minute you can."——"Yes, indeed; I'll run all the way."——"You dear fellow! Good-by!"——"Good-by. Throw me a kiss."——"By-by, my treasure boy!"

The door bangs, and I hear him go down the steps, and I think the agony is ended. But the next moment the door opens, his head pops in, and he says:

"Just one more kiss; I couldn't go without it." He doesn't go without it, and a good many besides, and gasps: "Now, I am off!"

Then he goes out to the corner, walking backward half the way, and fluttering his handkerchief. I catch sight of a dainty little bit of cambric waving from a window below my room, and I drop into a chair in all the querulous and cynicism of my old bachelorhood, and say:

"Well, I hope to goodness it will last; but I just don't believe it will. If I felt sure it would, I—I—don't know but I'd get married myself."—*Puck.*

Intellectual Recreation at Washington.

The popular chestnut in society circles at present is as follows:

Smart Young Lady—Did you know that Mrs. Cleveland was not going to live with the President after March 4?

Callow Youth—No? You don't mean it? Where did you hear it? It can't be so, really?

And so on to great length, until finally:

Smart Young Lady—How could she, when Mr. Harrison will be President then? Ha! ha! ha!

In which chorus of laughter everybody joins, except the Callow Youth, and society's appetite for merriment is appeased.—*Washington Post.*

LA POURQUOI.

The gossips are wondering why I refused him—
The catch of the season—who, toothless and old,
A poor wheezy Crœsus, asthmatic, dyspeptic,
Is steeped to the eyebrows in silver and gold.

I let them ascribe to me loftiest motives,
Well pleased to make capital out of my woes;
And no one has guessed that I couldn't accept him,
For the best of all reasons—*he didn't propose.*

—*Life.*

A Burglar's Mistake.

A journalist residing in the outskirts of Paris was roused the other night by his housekeeper, who said:—"Monsieur, there's a burglar!"

"What, a burglar come to pay me a visit? He must have been wrongly informed; it is impossible."

"Why, look, he is here. He has already scaled the first floor and has now reached your balcony."

The journalist quietly got up, opened his window and found himself face to face with the burglar.

"Mon ami, you have got to the wrong house, the banker lives next door; I dare-say you will find there what you want.—*Le Gil Blas.*

She Cleverly Popped the Question.

"John," she said, softly, "have you been saying anything to mother about me lately?"

"No," replied John; "why do you ask?"

"Because she said this morning she believed you were on the eve of proposing to me. Now, I do not wish you to speak to mother when you have anything of that kind to say. Speak to me, and I'll manage the business with mother."

And John said he would.—*Exchange.*

Cure for Insomnia.

Mrs. Muggins (reading)—An English physician claims that holding the breath will overcome the worst case of insomnia.

Mr. Muggins—Well, you say you lay awake all night every time I spend an evening at the club.

"Yes, I do, Mr. Muggins; and next time you try holding your breath, and maybe I'll get to sleep."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Fogg's Vile Excuse.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, as she vainly endeavored to dissect the turkey, "if you are not the poorest man to do marketing. This turkey's old as Methuselah." "Possibly," replied Fogg, unabashed: "but, my dear, it is a female bird, and courtesy to the sex prevented me from inquiring about her age."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Slight Mistake.

The infant of the household was in its evening cradle. The head of the house was at home, peevish and fault-finding. At length he became unendurable. "You've done nothing but make mistakes tonight," he growled. "Yes," she answered meekly, "I began by putting the wrong baby to bed."—*Utica Observer.*

Punished Enough.

Maud: "What's Mr. Nicefellow's address, Edith?" Edith: "25 Blank street. Why?" "The rude fellow kissed me last evening, and I ordered him out of the house and told him not to dare enter the door again until I sent for him. Are you sure it's 25?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

Helping Along.

First Kentuckian—"Say, colonel, there's a Mormon elder down the road a preachin' to a crowd o' young women an' singin' 'Would I Were a Bird.'" Second Kentuckian—"Well, I kin furnish the feathers. You git some tar to stick 'em on."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Energy Superfluous.

Customer (to grocer's boy)—You don't seem to be a very energetic little boy. Don't you feel well?

Boy—Yes, I feel all right, but the boss is out to lunch.—*Life.*

A Strike.

League player: "If you cut down our salaries we'll strike." Club manager: "Good. You fellows have been fanning the air all summer; it is time you did strike something."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

ONE SMALL BOY'S CHRISTMAS.

The small boy looked at the Christmas tree,
And, strain his eager eyes to see,
Says he:
"Now I wonder just what they have got for me.

"By Gee!
There's a bully old pair of nickeled skates,
The size of which clearly indicates
That they're meant for a boy of about my size—
If I get them I'll draw a prize.

"Then over there is a dandy drum,
Which I'm rather led to believe will come
My way, and a printing-press and type I see
Which would be just about the thing for me.

"That clipper sled looks mighty fine,
And I shouldn't wonder if that were mine,
And I'm rather inclined to think, from the looks
Of things, that I'll get that box of books.

"And the shotgun up there behind the tree
I'm mighty sure is designed for me;
And the camera and the baseball bat
Are coming to me, I'll bet my hat."

BUT.

The camera went to another boy
And loaded him up with peaceful joy,
While the case of type and the printing press
Filled his cousin Tom with happiness;
And the nickeled skates, his brother Jim
Remarked, with a grin, belonged to him,
And the dandy drum and the clipper sled
Were both designed for his cousin Ned.
But when the small boy sadly saw
The shotgun go, he dropped his jaw,
And doleful, indeed, became his looks
When he lost his grip on the box of books,
While the thing that simply knocked him flat
Was the fact he missed the base ball bat.

AND

All that gladdened the small boy's life
Was a candy-bag and a new jackknife.

ENVOY:

To the boys who have read this jingle through;
Let's hope that this small boy wasn't you!

—*Somerville Journal.*

MISS CONSUELO VANDERBILT.

A Youthful Heiress to Millions Who Is Destined to Be a Great Belle.

St. Louis Republic.

Ten years hence a famous belle in this city will be Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt. All the conditions are favorable. Miss Vanderbilt will then be just making her formal debut in society. The wealth of her father, William K. Vanderbilt, may easily have grown to $150,000,000. Her mother will have passed over from the ranks of gay young wifehood into matronliness, and therefore be willing to put her daughter forward into her own former place as a belle. Already the 7-year-old Miss Consuelo has begun her career of genteel yet showy publicity. There has been a horse show in the Madison Square Garden this week, and it has been so extremely fashionable as to quite hold its own against such plebian counter-attraction as a Presidential election. The wealthy beaux of swelldom proudly drove their tandem teams around the ring competitively, belles exhibited their saddle horses, pretentious families sent their coach-haulers, and it is difficult to imagine what would have happened to a common truck horse if he had ventured into such equine company. But in all this extra fine assemblage of owners and horses, the greatest conspicuousness was obtained by little Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt and her tiny pony, Dumpling. The child, a pretty creature, was in and out of the box hired by her father. She was beautifully dressed, and it was clear that she was a family pet. The pony was a fat, handsome little beast, to which the first prize in its class was awarded. He was gorgeously caparisoned, and the addition of the prize decoration counted only as a bit more of glory for a mighty lucky brute. The advent of Consuelo Vanderbilt into social liveliness of a semi-public nature, thus begins, beyond a doubt, a career of unprecedented brilliliance. What a prize for matrimony!

A Biblical Opinion of Man.

Wife—The Bible says much in favor of women, John. I thought that the Israelites kept their women in the background, but if they did the Bible, which is their history, doesn't.

Husband—Humph! The Israelites did well by keeping their women in the background; that's where women should be.

Wife—But still the Bible says that——

Husband—Oh, I know there are a few women mentioned in the Bible—there was Jezebel, she was a woman.

Wife—Yes; and there was Ahab; he was a man. And there was——

Husband—It is no use talking, Mary. The Bible is a history of men. Women are mentioned only incidentally, as they had influence on the actions of men. The book says very little about women compared to what it does about men!

Wife (musingly)—You may be right, John, now when I come to think of it. There is one thing, at any rate, it says about men that it does not say about women.

Husband (smiling)—I thought you would come to your senses, Mary. What is it the book says about men that it does not say about women?

Wife (placidly)—It says all men are liars.

Then the husband arose and put on his hat and went out to see what kind of a night it was.—*London Tit-Bits.*

An Earnest Compliment.

Miss Clara—"Little Mr. Sissy paid me a very cordial compliment last night, Ethel. He was very much embarrassed at the time, as he is apt to be, you know, at a party. I'm sure he meant it, however, he spoke so earnestly."

Miss Ethel—"Why, did he, Clara? Little Sissy seems to be improving in society. What did he say?"

Miss Clara—"He said I had a beautiful back."—*The Epoch.*

The Phœnix.

O cravat of '74!
Wide-winged, shirt-concealing—
Out of the dust of a forgotten trunk I drag thee to the light of day.
Thou wert a chest-protector to me,
And a saver of laundry bills.
Hail!
Thou art in style again.
And thus do the cycles of time bring us back once more to the forgotten.—*Puck.*

A Disappointment.

Mrs. Goshley (tremulously): "Does the doctor give us any hope, Mary?" Mary (joyously): "Yes, ma'am. He says the worst is over and Mr. Goshley will recover." Mrs. Goshley (tearfully): "Go down to Yardley & Ribbons's and tell them not to send that sealskin sack. I had hoped the life insurance would pay for it."—*Lowell Citizen.*

The Mother-in-Law.

Mrs. Blifkins—"I'm afraid my darter is awful unhappy with that new husband of hers."

Mrs. Gab—"Do tell! Have you heard so?"

"No, but I've seen him on the street every day since they got married, and he walks along just as chippy and independent as ever. He doesn't look subdued a bit."—*New York Weekly.*

Two Tombs.

Miss May—Did you see Shakespeare's tomb in England?

Smith—Yes, and Ignatius Donelly's too.

Miss May—Are they buried together?

Smith—No. Sheakespeare is buried at Avon and Ignatius is buried in several bookstores.—*Time.*

"Ye."

The old form of "the," as in "Ye Merrie Englande," is often pronounced "ye" incorrectly by those who never heard that this form arose from the resemblance of the contracted form of "th" to Y. It was a form similar to the letter theta of the Greeks, embodying the consonant "t" and the aspirate.—*Xavier.*

At the Sacred Concert.

Porcine—What's that they're singin' now?

Miss Porcine—That's Handel's twenty-third psalm. Fine, isn't it?

Porcine—First-rate music, but I don't think much of the words. Who wrote 'em?—*America.*

He Misunderstood.

Robinson—How does it come that you are always in the courts?

Lawyer—That's my business.

Robinson—Oh, well, I wouldn't get so touchy about a little thing if I were you.—*Time.*

Feminine Finality.

Mr. Popinjay—My dear, why is a woman like the last page of a novel?

Mrs. Popinjay—Because she is the best, I suppose.

Mr. Popinjay—No; because she always has the last word.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Our Serial Story.

THE TALISMAN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER XI.

Leopold, Grand Duke of Austria, was the first possessor of that noble country to whom the princely rank belonged. He had been raised to the ducal sway in the German empire, on account of his near relationshp to the Emperor, Henry the Stern, and held under his goverument the finest provinces which are watered by the Danube. His character has been stained in history, on account of one action of violence and perfidy, which arose out of these transactions in the holy land; and yet the shame of having made Richard a prisoner, when he returned through his dominions, unattended and in disguise, was not one which flowed from Leopold's natural disposition. He was rather a weak and a vain, than an ambitious or tyrannical prince. His mental powers resembled the qualities of his person. He was tall, strong and handsome, with a complexion in which red and white were strongly contrasted, and had long flowing locks of fair hair. But there was an awkwardness in his gait, which seemed as if his size was not animated by energy sufficient to put in motion such a mass; and in the same manner, wearing the richest dresses, it always seemed as if it became him not. As a prince, he appeared too little familiar with his own dignity, and being often at a loss how to assert his authority when the occasion demanded it, he frequently thought himself obliged to recover, by acts and expressions of ill-timed violence, the ground which might have been easily and gracefully maintained by a little more presence of mind in the beginning of the controversy.

When he first joined the crusade, with a most princely attendance, Leopold desired much to enjoy the friendship and intimacy of Richard, and had made such advances toward cultivating his regard, as the King of England ought, in policy, to have received and answered. But the archduke, though not deficient in bravery, was so infinitely inferior to Coeur de Lion in that ardor of mind which wooed danger as a bride, that the king very soon held him in a certain degree of contempt. Richard, also, as a Norman prince, a people with whom temperance was habitual, despised the inclination of the German for the pleasures of the table, and particularly his liberal indulgence in the use of wine.

For these and other personal reasons, the King of England very soon looked upon the Austrian Prince with feelings of contempt, which he was at no pains to conceal or modify, and which, therefore, were speedily remarked and returned with deep hatred by the suspicious Leopold.

Such was the state of politics and opinions entertained by the Archduke of Austria, when Conrade of Montserrat resolved upon employing his jealousy of England as a means of dissolving, or loosening at least, a league of the crusaders.

The time which he chose for his visit was noon, and the pretense, to present the archduke with some choice Cyprus wine which had lately fallen into his hands, and discuss its comparative merits with those of Hungary and of the Rhine. An intimation of his purpose was of course answered by a courteous invitation to partake of the archducal meal, and every effort was used to render it fitting the splendor of a sovereign prince. Yet, the refined taste or the Italian, saw more cumberous profusion, than elegance or splendor, in the display of provisions under which the board groaned.

Numerous of dependents, old and young, attended in the pavilion, mingled at times in the conversation, received from their masters the relics of the entertainment, and devoured them as they stood behind the backs of the company.

All this while, and in the midst of clamor and confusion, which would better have become a German tavern during a fair, than the tent of a sovereign prince, the archduke was waited upon with a minuteness of form and observance, which plainly showed how anxious he was to maintain rigidly the state and character to which his elevation had entitled him. He was served on the knee, and only by pages of noble blood, and fed upon plate of silver, and drank his Tokay and Rhenish wines from a cup of gold. His ducal mantle was splendidly adorned with ermine, his coronet might have equaled in value a royal crown, and his feet cased in royal shoes, rested upon a footstool of solid silver. But it served partly to intimate the character of the man, that, although desirous to show attention to the Marquis of Montserrat, whom he had courteously placed at his right hand, he gave much more of his attention to his *spruch-sprecher*, that is, his man of conversation, or sayer of sayings, who stood behind the duke's right shoulder.

This person's capacity in the household of the archduke, was somewhat betwixt that of a minstrel and a counselor; he was by turns a flatterer, a poet and an orator; and those who desired to be well with the duke, generally studied to gain the good-will of the *spruch-sprecher*.

Lest too much of this officer's wisdom should become tiresome, the duke's other shoulder was occupied by his *hoff-narr*, or court jester, called Jonas Schwanker, who made almost as much noise with his fool's cap, bells and bauble, as did the orator, or man of talk, with his jingling baton.

These two personages threw out grave and comic nonsense alternately, while their master, laughing or applauding them himself, yet carefully watched the countenance of his noble guest, to discern what impressions so accomplished a cavalier received from this display of Austrian eloquence and wit. It is hard to say whether the man of wisdom or the man of folly contributed most to the amusement of the party, or stood highest in the estimation of their princely master; but the sallies of both seemed exceedingly well received.

It was not long ere the King of England was brought on the carpet by the jester, who had been accustomed to consider Dickon of the Broom (which irreverent epithet he substituted for Richard Plantagenet) as a subject of mirth, acceptable and inexhaustible. The orator, indeed, was silent, and it was only when applied to by Conrade, that he observed, "The *genista*, or broom-plant, was an emblem of humility, and it would be well when those who wore it would remember the warning."

The allusion to the illustrious badge of Plantagenet was thus rendered sufficiently manifest, and Jonas Schwanker observed, that they who humbled themselves had been exalted with a vengeance.

"Honor unto whom honor is due," answered the Marquis of Montserrat; "we all have had some part in these marches and battles, and methinks other princes might share a little in the renown which Richard of England engrosses amongst ministers and *minne-singers*. Has no one of the Joyeuse science here present a song in praise of the royal Archduke of Austria, our princely entertainer?"

Three minstrels emulously stepped forward with voice and harp. Two were silenced with difficulty by the *spruch-sprecher* who seemed to act as master of the revels, and a hearing was at length procured for the poet preferred, who sung, in high German stanzas, which may be thus translated:—

What brave chief shall head the forces,
Where the red-cross legions gather?
Best of horsemen, best of horses,
Highest head and fairest feather.

Here the orator, jingling his staff, interrupted the bard to intimate to the party, what they might not have inferred from the description, that their royal host was the party indicated, and a full-crowned goblet went round to the acclamation. Another stanza followed:

Ask not Austria why, 'midst princes,
Still her banner rises highest;
Ask as well the strong-wing'd eagle,
Why to Heaven he soars the highest.

"The eagle," said the expounder of dark sayings, "is the cognizance of our noble lord the archduke—of his royal Grace, I would say—and the eagle flies the highest and nearest to the sun of all the feathered creation."

"The lion hath taken a spring above the eagle," said Conrade, carelessly.

The archduke reddened, and fixed his eyes on the speaker, while the *spruch-sprecher* answered, after a minute's consideration, "the Lord Marquis will pardon me—a lion cannot fly above an eagle, because no lion hath got wings."

"Except the Lion of Saint Mark," replied the jester.

"That is the Venetian's banner," said the duke; "but assuredly that amphibious race, half nobles, half merchants, will not dare to place their rank in comparison with ours?"

"Nay, it was not of the Venetian lion that I spoke," said the Marquis of Montserrat; "but of the three lions passant of England—formerly, it is said, they were leopards, but now they are become lions at all points, and must take precedence of beast, fish, or fowl, or woe worth the gainstander."

"Mean you seriously, my lord?" said the Austrian, now considerably flushed with wine; "think you that Richard of England asserts any pre-eminence over the free sovereigns who have been his voluntary allies in this crusade?"

"I know not but from circumstances," answered Conrade; "yonder hangs his banner alone in our camp, as if he were king and generalissimo of our whole Christian army."

"And do you endure this so patiently, and speak of it so coldly?" said the archduke.

"Nay, my lord," answered Conrade, "it cannot concern poor Marquis of Montserrat, to contend against an injury, patiently submitted to by such potent princes as Philip of France and Leopold of Austria. What dishonor you are pleased to submit to cannot be a disgrace to me."

Leopold closed his fist, and struck on the table with violence.

"I have told Philip of this," he said; "I have often told him that it was our duty to protect the inferior princes against the ursurpation of this islander—but he answers me with cold respects of their relations together as suzerain and vassal, and that it were impolitic in him to make an open breach at this time and period."

"The world knows that Philip is wise," said Conrade, "and will judge his submission to be policy. Yours, my lord, you can yourself account for; but I doubt not you have deep reasons for submitting to English domination."

"*I* submit!" said Leopold indignantly—"*I*, the archduke of Austria, so important and vital a limb of the Holy Roman empire—*I* submit myself to this king of half an island—this grandson of a Norman bastard!—No, by heaven! The camp, and all Christendom, shall see that I know how to right myself, and whether I yield ground one inch to the English bandog. Up, my lieges, and merry men, up and follow me! We will—and that without losing one instant—place the eagle of Austria where she shall float as high as ever floated the cognizance of king or kaisar."

With that he started from his seat, and, amidst the tumultuous cheering of his guests and followers, made for the door of the pavilion, and seized his own banner, which stood before it.

"Nay, my lord," said Conrade, affecting to interfere, "it will blemish your wisdom to make an affray in the camp at this hour and perhaps it is better to submit to the usurpation of England a little longer than to"—

"Not an hour—nor a moment longer," vociferated the duke; and, with the banner in his hand, and followed by his shouting guests and attendants, marched hastily to the central mount, from which the banner of England floated, and laid his hand on the standard spear, as if to pluck it from the ground.

"My master, my dear master," said Jonas Schwanker, throwing his arms about the duke—"take heed—lions have teeth"—

"And eagles have claws," said the duke, not relinquishing his hold on the banner-staff, yet hesitating to pull it from the ground.

The speaker of sentences, notwithstanding such was his occupation, had nevertheless some intervals of sound sense. He clashed his staff loudly, and Leopold, as if by habit, turned his head toward his man of counsel.

"The eagle is king among the fowls of the air," said the spruch-sprecher, "as is the lion among the beasts of the field—each has his dominion, separated as wide as England and Germany—do thou, noble eagle, no dishonor to the princely lion, but let your banners remain floating in peace side by side."

Leopold withdrew his hand from the banner-spear, and looked around for Conrade of Montserrat, but he saw him not, for the Marquis, so soon as he saw the mischief afoot, had withdrawn himself from the crowd, taking care, in the first place, to express before several neutral persons, his regret that the archduke should have chosen the hours after dinner to avenge any wrong of which he might think he had a right to complain.

Not seeing his guest, to whom he wished more particularly to have addressed himself, the archduke said aloud, that, having no wish to breed dissension in the army of the Cross, he did but vindicate his own privileges and rights to stand upon an equality with the King of England, without desiring, as he might have done, to advance his banner, which he had derived from emperors, his projenitors, above that of a mere descendant of the Counts of Anjou; and, in the meantime, he commanded a cask of wine to be brought hither and pierced, for regaling the bystanders, who, with tuck of drum and sound of music, quaffed many a carouse round the Austrian standard.

This disorderly scene was not acted without a degree of noise, which aroused the whole camp.

The critical hour had arrived, at which the physician, according to the rules of his art, had predicted that his royal patient might be awakened with safety; and the sponge had been applied for that purpose and the leech had not made many observations ere he assured the Baron of Gilsland that the fever had entirely left his sovereign, and that such was the happy strength of his constitution, it would not be even necessary, as in most cases, to give a second dose of the powerful medicine. Richard himself seemed to be of the same opinion, for, sitting up, and rubbing his eyes, he demanded of De Vaux what present sum of money was in the royal coffers.

The baron could not exactly inform him of the amount.

"It matters not," said Richard; "be it greater or smaller, bestow it all upon this learned leach, who hath, I trust, given me back again to the service of the Crusade. If it be less than a thousand byzants, let him have jewels to make it up."

"I sell not the wisdom with which Allah has endowed me," answered the Arabian physician; "and be it known to you, great Prince, that the divine medicine of which you have partaken, would lose its effects in my unworthy hands, did I exchange its virtues either for gold or diamonds."

"The physician refuseth a gratuity!" said De Vaux to himself. "This is more extraordinary than his being a hundred years old."

"Thomas de Vaux," said Richard, "thou knowest no courage but what belongs to the sword, no bounty or virtue but what are used in chivalry—I tell you that this Moor, in his independence, might set an example to them who account themselves the flower of knighthood."

"It is reward enough for me," said the Moor, folding his arms on his bosom, and maintaining an attitude at once respectful and dignified, "that so great a king should thus speak of his servant. But now, let me pray you again to compose yourself on your couch; for though I think there needs no further repetition of the divine draught yet injury might ensue from any too early exertion, ere your strength be entirely restored."

"I must obey thee, Hakim," said the king; "yet, believe me, my bosom feels free from the wasting fire, which for so many days hath scorched it, that I care not how soon I expose it to a brave man's lance. But hark, what mean those shouts, and that distant music, in the camp? Go, Thomas De Vaux, and make inquiry."

"It is the Archduke Leopold," said De Vaugh, returning after a minute's absence, "who makes with his pot companions some procession through the camp."

"The drunken fool!" exclaimed King Richard, "can he not keep his brutal inebriety within the veil of his pavilion, that he must needs show his shame to all Christendom? What say you, Sir Marquis?" he said, addressing himself to Conrade of Montserrat, who at that moment entered the tent.

"Thus much, honored Prince," answered the Marquis, "I delight to see your Majesty so well, and so far recovered; and that is a long speech for any one to make who has partaken of the Duke of Austria's hospitality."

"What! you have been dining with the Teutonic wineskin," said the monarch; "and what frolic has he found out to cause all this disturbance? Truly, Sir Conrade, I have still held you so good a reveler, that I wonder at your quitting the game."

De Vaux, who had got a little behind the king, now exerted himself, by look and sign, to make the Marquis understand that he should say nothing to Richard of what was passing without. But Conrade understood not, or heeded not, the prohibition.

"What the Archduke does," he said, "is of little consequence to any one, least of all to himself, since he probably knows not what he is acting—yet, to say the truth, it is a gambol I should not like to share in, since he is pulling down the banner of England from St. George's Mound in the center of the camp yonder, and displaying his own in its stead."

"What say'st thou?" said the king, in a tone which might have waked the dead.

"Nay," said the Marquis, "let it not chafe your Highness that a fool should act according to his folly—"

"Speak not to me," said Richard, springing from his couch, and casting on his clothes with a dispatch which seemed marvelous—"speak not to me, Lord Marquis!—De Multon, I command thee speak not a word to me—he that breathes but a syllable is no friend to Richard Plantagenet. Hakim, be silent, I charge thee!"

All this while the king was hastily clothing himself, and, with the last word, he snatched his sword from the pillar of the tent, and without any other weapon, or calling any attendance, he rushed out of the tent. Sir Conrade, holding up his hands, as if in astonishment, seemed willing to enter into conversation with De Vaux, but Sir Thomas pushed rudely past him, and calling to one of the royal equerries, said hastily—"fly to Lord Salisbury's quarters and let him get his men together, and follow me instantly to Saint George's Mount. Tell him that the king's fever has left his blood and settled in his brain."

Imperfectly heard, and still more imperfectly comprehended, by the startled attendant whom De Vaux addressed thus hastily, the equerry and his fellow servants of the royal chamber, rushed hastily into the tents of the neighboring nobility, and quickly spread an alarm, as general as the cause seemed vague, through the whole British forces. The English soldiers waked in alarm from that noon-day rest which the heat of the climate had taught them to enjoy as a luxury, hastily asked each other the cause of the tumult, and, without even waiting an answer, supplied, by the force of their own fancy, the want of information.

Some said the Saracens were in camp, some that the king's life was attempted, some that he had died of the fever the preceding night, many, that he was assassinated by the Duke of Austria. The nobles and officers at an equal loss with the common men, to ascertain the real cause of the disorder, labored only to get their followers under arms and under authority unless their rashness should occasion some great misfortune to the Crusading army. The English trumpets sounded loud, shrill and continuously. The alarm-cry of "bows and bills—bows and bills!" was heard from quarter to quarter, again and again shouted, and again and again answered by the presence of the ready warriors, and their national invocation, "Saint George for Merry England!"

The alarm went through the nearest quarter of the camp, and men of all the various nations assembled, where, perhaps every people in Christendom had their representatives, flew to arms, and drew together under circumstances of general confusion, of which they knew neither the cause nor the object. It was, however, lucky, amid a scene so threatening, that the Earl of Salisbury, while he hurried after De Vaux's summons, with a few only the readiest English men at arms, directed the rest of the English host to be drawn up and kept under arms, to advance to Richard's succor if necessity should require, but in fit array and under due command, and not with the tumultuary haste which their own alarm, and zeal for the king's safety, might have dictated.

In the meantime, without regarding for one instant the shouts, the cries, the tumult, which began to thicken around him, Richard, with his dress in the last disorder, and his sheathed blade under his arm, pursued his way with the utmost speed followed only by De Vaux, and one or two household servants, to St. George's Mount.

He outsped even the alarm which his impetuosity only had excited, and passed the quarter of his own gallant troops of Normandy, Pictou, Gascony, and Anjou, before the disturbance had reached them, although the noise accompanying the German revel had induced many of the soldiery to get on foot to listen. The handful of Scots were also quartered in the vicinity, nor had they been disturbed by the uproar. But the king's person, and his haste were both remarked by the Knight of the Leopard, who, aware that danger must be afoot, and hastening to share in it, snatched his shield and sword, and united himself to De Vaux, who, with some difficulty, kept up with his impatient and fiery master. De Vaux answered a look of curiosity, which the Scottish knight directed toward him, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, and they continued, side by side, to pursue Richard's steps.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Didn't Believe in Miracles.

The story the other day about the pious little boy who tried to walk on the water in the bath tub recalls another of an equally pious little girl. She was 8 years old and lived in the country. She had started one day rather late for school with another little girl about her own age. On their way they caught a glimpse of a clock dial through an open door; it lacked five minutes of 9.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the pious little girl, "it's five minutes to 9, and we will be late to school!"

"I'm afraid we will."

"Jennie," said the pious little girl impressively, "I'll tell you what we must do; we'll kneel right down here and pray we won't be late!"

"H'm!" said the other, "I guess we'd better skip right along and pray as we go!"

They "skun" and got there.—*Lewiston Journal.*

They Both Condemned It.

"The great American evil," said the clerical looking gentleman on the train, "is betting. Gambling is the growing iniquity in this country."

"Yes," said the traveling man whom he was addressing, "you are right. It is an awful and growing evil. Something should at once be done to stop its baneful progress."

"Whom did you bet on this election?"

"Cleveland."

"So did I."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Need's a Good Night's Rest.

Doctor to Bobby—So you're sick again, are you, my little man?

Bobby (who doesn't like medicine)—I don't think I am; I don't feel sick.

Doctor—Well, we'll see. Show me your tongue, please.

Bobby—Well, now, doctor, you can't always tell that way. I've had a busy day of it to-day, and if my tongue looks bad I guess it's only because it's tired and needs a good night's rest.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Trust Necessary.

Customer—You say only one-half cent is made on this sugar?

Proprietor—Yes.

"And it is absolutely pure?"

"Yes."

"How can you afford it?"

"Ain't enough profit to pay for the sand!"—*Time.*

Recent Literature.

HOLIDAY BOOKS, RICH AND RARE.

Personal Memories of General Sheridan—Daudet's "Immortal"—Henry James's Stories—The Critical Period of American History—Gift Books From Prang—New Magazines.

Anything connected with General Sheridan will always arouse interest and enthusiasm until the Civil War has gone so far into the past that it becomes merely distant history. Sheridan's bravery, his bold exploits, his love for his soldiers and theirs for him are all well known, and though the volumes before us entitled "Personal Memoirs" do not show all these in their true colors, yet the reader will supply the omission, knowing that it was only a feeling of modesty upon the part of the writer in speaking of his own merits.

The volumes are a plain, unvarnished statement of facts regarding General Sheridan's participation in our great struggle for national existence. The first pages are devoted to a brief description of his early years and education, of his entering West Point and thus belonging to the United States army. The narrative of his early cadet days is full of interest, for it clearly shows in the youth some of the characteristics of the man.

Naturally the larger part of these two volumes is devoted to the civil war, and his words throw light upon several severely disputed points in the different campaigns. Now that we have the story of the war from several of those who bore the most prominent part in its stirring events, judgment in regard to it can be made more justly than has hitherto been the case.

The work is published by Charles L. Webster & Company, New York. It is in two handsomely bound large octavo volumes, with maps and illustrations, and will form a desirable addition to any library.

From Estes & Lauriat, Boston, comes "The Sailor Boys of '61" by James Russell Soley, the author of "The Boys of 1812," etc. It is a finely written history of the part the sailors of the United States navy took in the war of the rebellion, beginning with its first outbreak. Written in an easy, pleasant style, there is yet a briskness and breeze in the descriptions of the brave deeds accomplished that sends the blood more rapidly through the veins while reading. The book is well illustrated, is printed upon fine paper and handsomely bound.

The fifteenth volume of the series of "The People's Bible" by Joseph Parker, has made its appearance from the hands of its publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, New York. It covers the ground from the first chapter of first Chronicles to the twentieth chapter of second Chronicles. This volume is full of deep spiritual penetration as those which have preceded it were. The thought is original and helpful. The series cannot fail to be an inspiration to all who read them.

Harper & Brothers, New York, issue Colonel Quaritch, V. C.," which is further described as "A Tale of Country Life," by H. Rider Haggard. This story has run as a serial through *Harper's Weekly*, and is therefore somewhat familiar to the public. It has none of the elements in it that made "She" so popular.

"The Immortal," by Alphonse Daudet, is translated from the French by J. M. Percival. It is a satire upon the famous company of the "Immortals" so-called, which constitute the French Academy. At first it was thought to have had its root in a personal grievance against the institution, but that view of the case is not taken by those who know best. Daudet has again and again declared that he has no sympathy with the aims and ideas of the institution; that it fetters free thought and benumbs original effort; and that when its portals have once closed in upon a man, he is a slave—a bondsman to dead principles." At any rate the book is worth reading. Published by John B. Alden, New York.

Macmillan & Co., New York, issue in a pretty volume a collection of three stories by Henry James. They are named respectively "The Aspern Papers"; "Louisa Pallant"; and "The Modern Warning," the last having appeared under a different name in *Harper's Magazine*. The stories possess the characteristics of the author and will be read with pleasure. The first is the longest and gives its name to the volume. Criticism in a notice like this is needless. The name of the author is sufficient.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, issue a volume of exceeding interest entitled "The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789," by John Fiske. It is a sketch of the political history of the United States from the end of the Revolutionary war to the adoption of the Federal constitution. The author considers these six years as the turning point in the development of political society in the western hemisphere, and he has in this volume given a very clear and succinct statement of his views. The events summarized were germinal events fraught with tremendous alternatives of future welfare or misery for mankind. Everything which has come afterward, important as it may have been, yet had not decisiveness with regard to effects upon civilization that this epoch had. The book is full of interest to the thoughtful reader.

"Three Greek Children" is a story of home in old time, by Rev. Alfred J. Church. The book is written in that cosy, familiar style which always interests young people. It first describes a home in Athens, then one in Marathon, the three children going from their city residence to one in the country. The early customs of the Greeks are well described. The book is prettily illustrated after Flaxman and the Antique. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The second volume of "American Literature 1607-1885," by Charles F. Richardson, has been received from the Putnams. This one treats of American poetry and fiction, beginning with the first efforts of poetry in the colonies, which were, to say the least, real caricatures. The "Bay Psalm Book" was the first book produced within the present limits of the United States. The first real poem was not written, the author thinks, until the first part of the present century. The volume gives a cursory yet critical glance at all of the principal writers of both poetry and fiction down to the present day.

The Putnams also issue a volume of great interest entitled "The Economic Interpretation of History," by James E. Thorald Rogers, a writer who has given a lifetime of thought in this direction, and has thoroughly digested the subject, and the result is here given in a most readable form. They were lectures given in the Oxford University where he is a Professor of Political Economy. His object has been to examine into and expound the history of social facts, drawing his conclusions therefrom. He feels that the condition of the working man of England is not what it should be; that he has not made the progress which the optimist would have the nation think, and that there are grave reasons for this failure, which he points out without fear or favor. Some of the headings of the chapters will give an idea of the contents of the volume: "Legislation of Labor and Its Effects"; "The Cultivation of Land by Owners and Occupiers"; "The Social Effect of Religious Movements"; "The Distribution of Wealth in England at Different Epochs"; "The History of Agricultural Rents in England"; "The Origin and Progress of English Pauperism"; "The Guild and Apprentice System"; "History of the Protectionist Movement in England," etc. The work is a valuable addition to the literature upon political economy.

L. Prang & Co., Boston, issue in their usual fine style, "Autograph Recipes," designed to unite the sentimental with the practical, by having the owner's friend write the recipe of some favorite dish over their own signature. There are over 200 pages, each one 6½ by 9 inches long. The book is divided into fifteen sections, according to the natural divisions of the menu (as soup, fish, meats, pastry, etc.) Each section is introduced by a full-page monochrome title, followed by a full-page illustration, with an original verse, in a charmingly humorous vein. The cover is sateen, printed in colors, with a particularly attractive and appropriate design. The edges of the book are tinted.

A volume from the same publishers, full of brightness and beauty, is "The Old Garden," by Rose Terry Cooke, which preserves the spirit of many an old nook that lives in the memory with its tulips, crocuses, daffodils, etc. The illustrations are in colors by Harriet D. Andrews and Mary K. Tolsoit. The text accompanies the illustrations which depict in turn the tulip, Canterbury bell, crocus, daffodils, narcissus, rose, lily, honeysuckle and sweet pea. It is bound in sateen, on which appears, in soft colors, the title, while round a latticed border are entwined the flowers which make up the book.

A rare and beautiful work, also from L. Prang & Co., is entitled "The Home of Shakespeare," after water-color sketches, by Louis K. Harlow. From title page to Finis the work is exquisite. All of the interesting and now familiar scenes of Shakespeare's birthplace and early life are here depicted, with corresponding extracts from the great poet's writings. The contents include the Poet's Home, the Grammar School, the West Gate, Guy's Mill, Warwick Castle, Kenilworth Castle, the West Tower, the Old Mill, the Bridge, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, the Weir's Walk, Holy Trinity Church, the Avenue, the Tomb, and other beautiful scenes of the village and its surroundings.

Roberts Brothers, Boston, issue a holiday edition of Edward Everett Hale's matchless story, "The Man Without a Country." This remarkable tale, first published in the early days of our civil war, brought upon the publisher and author, as well as to the Army and Navy departments at Washington, a deluge of letters of inquiry. The old story is as interesting to-day as it was then, and its moral is just as large—perhaps larger, for love of country is a less active principle in time of peace than during war. The nominal excuse for republication is the illustrations, of which there are a great many, all of them being pertinent to the text, and some of them very strong. The book is published in what has come to be known as "holiday style"—fine, thick paper, ornamental binding and gilt-edged pages.

"First Harvests," further named as "An Episode in the Life of Mrs. Levi on Gower," is according to the author a satire without a moral. It is written by F. J. Stimson, known to the reading public as J. S. of Dale. It is a sort of panorama of New York life, its characters being drawn from the both extremes of the social scale. It is a story complete in its attempt to portray good society in its relations to the world at large. The publishers are Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Harper's Young People" for the year appears in a bound volume, which makes a magnificent volume for a holiday present. The boy or girl who is so fortunate as to have this given for a Christmas present will have a fund of pleasure which will last a long time. The stories are by the best authors. The same is true of the poetry, and the illustrations are always good.

"On Horseback; a Tour in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee," with notes of travel in Mexico and California, is the title of a most enjoyable book by Charles Dudley Warner, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. It is one of those delightful books of travel, good for any mood of the reader, and at any time. Solid facts are so sandwiched with entertaining gossip as to remove every page from dullness. The reader goes with the travelers from place to place with much of the enjoyment and none of the fatigue which attends them from day to day.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's popular copyright novel, "The Discarded Daughter," has just been issued by her publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It is an exciting story in which the characters stand out boldly, and holds the reader through to the end, which is what the reader would desire after all of the intense and tragic events which he has followed through.

A little pamphlet entitled "Birdseye View of Christian Science" is an address given by Frank E. Mason, C. S. B., at the National Christian Science Association in Chicago last summer. It sets forth in clear and unmistakable language the aims and purposes of Christian Science, what it does and what it does not teach. Those who are in doubt and desire to know will do well to get this little pamphlet and read it carefully. Christian Science Publishing Society, Boston, Mass. Price, 25 cents.

"The Locksmith of Lyons; or, the Weavers' War," by Prof. William Henry Peck, is one of the Sea and Shore series in pamphlet form issued by Street & Smith, New York. Price 25 cents.

Literary Notes.

John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, has now reached the 81st mile post in his life journey.

Says the *Publishers' Weekly*: It is a great compliment that the *Youth's Companion* has been appointed to be read in schools in various localities, Toledo among them.

J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press a book by Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor, entitled "Robert's Wife, and other tales."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson-Burnett will occupy a beautiful new house in Washington, her husband having purchased a home on Massachusetts avenue, near Dupont circle.

Dr. McCosh's criticism of "Robert Elsmere," which was read in the doctor's library the other day before invited guests, is to be printed in the New York *Ledger*.

Mark Twain, who owns nine-tenths of the stock in the house that published Gen. Grant's memoirs, says that Mrs. Grant will shortly receive over $250,000 as the profits thus far from the sale of her husband's books.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has written a new novel which she will print, not in an American, but in an English, periodical. It is entitled "Woven of Love and Glory," and it will appear in *The Sunday Magazine*. It is a "Story of a Struggle for Independence."

The edifying record of a busy and blameless life may be read in the "Memorial of Sarah Pugh," a rare woman, one of the Society of Friends, whose thought was always of the afflicted, and whose endeavor was always directed to the alleviation of distress.

W. E. Norris, who is the author of exceedingly clever short stories, has one in the current *English Illustrated Magazine*, which bears a curious resemblance in conception and method to those of Henry James. The heroine is an American, and might have stepped out of one of James's books.

The book written by Capt. Driant, Boulanger's literary son-in-law, for the publication of which he was arrested, is entitled "Guerre de Demain." It is said to describe with imaginative detail the coming war of "revanche," the militia subjection of Germany, and the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish next February F. Hopkinson Smith's new book of travel, "A White Umbrella in Mexico," with illustrations by the author. One of the chapters is given in the December *Century* and another will appear in the January *Atlantic*.

A queer statement comes from Berlin that the statistics of the free libraries show that foreign literature is more popular there than the German national literature. Each volume of foreign literature was lent out last year at the rate of 5.3 in the year, and each volume of the national literature at the rate of 5.1 times.

Dr. Leon Kellner is editing for the Early English Text society the romance of "Blanchardyn and Eglantyn," which Caxton Englished and printed in 1484. Lord Spencer has kindly loaned his copy of this rare work, the few missing pages of which have been transcribed from more perfect copies in the archives of the national library at Paris and the Burgundian library at Bruxelles.

SMILE PROVOKERS.

New Orleans Picayune:—Wisdom that comes after the election is better than none.

Pittsburg Chronicle:—It is not strange that we get "conflicting reports" about a fight.

Binghamton Republican:—There is no moderation in the anger of a crow. He is raven mad or nothing.

Chicago Globe:—Mr. Clarkson says it was American flags that elected Harrison. Was it not American eagles?

Topeka Journal:—Whisky is so scarce in Leavenworth, they say, that a man is glad to chew a revenue stamp.

Cincinnati Enquirer:—Edison says that "the resistance of a calf to the electric current is 3,200 ohms." But a calf is not a fair test of resistance. Try a mule.

Boston Courier:—A man always thinks his love letters models of composition till they come up in a breach-of-promise case.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

WORD comes from Boston that at the fourth annual exhibition of the Water-color society, now in progress, the slapdash school of painting is conspicuous by its absence. Saints be praised! If there be anything worse than the recent craze in art (?) which hurled paints at a canvas in order to produce "fine effects"—effects which could only be obtained by viewing the thing from afar, we should like to know what it is. There are artists who could do this sort of work with wonderful results, but they are few and far between. The most of it could be characterized as daub, and if it had not been a fashion for the moment would not be tolerated. It was probably an outcome of a tendency towards the French school of painting which is broad and loose in its effects, but French, Dutch, English, Russian or South Feejean, the amateur results were anything but pleasant. A picture can be "finished" without being stiff. It is not necessary to have paint elevations so conspicuous that each individual one can be counted, if a near approach to the picture is indulged in.

TRUE genius is often eccentric, and while musicians as a rule do the most unexpected things, artists and authors are not far behind in the race. It is said when Mrs. Amelia E. Barr in writing a story she endeavors to live the life she describes, and as far as possible make herself *en rapport* with every detail of the subject. One of her daughters says: "When mamma was writing 'The Bow of Orange Ribbon,' we had Dutch dishes served at all our meals, sung Dutch songs, dressed Dutch, and quoted Dutch proverbs, and when she was writing a Scotch story, oatmeal porridge, bannocks and barley cakes were always to be found on the table, and we lived in duty bound to the kirk, Scotch songs and sayings." Without doubt the method is delightfully unique, and may be effective, but it causes one to wonder what would follow should Mrs. Barr choose to become a devotee of the Haggard school of fiction, and elect to write a realistic novel of life in Cannibal islands. To bring their mode of life in everyday practice would hardly be consistent with American notions of propriety, while to supply a table in true Cannibal style would be a decidedly difficult and not altogether agreeable matter.

THE trouble *Puck* describes in the following lines is not confined to Cupid's couplets judging from some of the poetry received by the BLADE:

I struggle hard to woo my love in rhyme,
But always miss it in the *second* line;
Inscribing Sophy what is dear "to keep,"
I'm sure to sicken it with something "sweet."

I gaily launch a bright, ambitious "hope,"
When, presto! it goes under in a "boat;"
And when I write enconiums on "home"
I ruin them by wailing out "alone!"

And so it runs on! The fact is almost anybody might be a poet if it were not for that mischievous line that must chime in at the end with some other. If only the rules of poetry might be made over, there would not be so many ambitious rhymesters mooning around in disappointment.

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD has given a long list of American wives of distinguished Europeans, most of whom have behaved themselves admirably in their new positions. The brilliant picture which she draws of some of these marriages would lead to a doubt of its being an unfortunate thing to wed a foreigner, as has been declared, only that it is quite certain that she does not mention the hundreds who found to their bitter cost that they had been wooed and won not for love, but for money. Truth to tell, many of them were quite ready to sell themselves and their fortune for a title. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Sherwood's article will not start a current of thought among the girls which will set seaward, or there will be other tragic chapters of matrimonial history soon to be written. The American girls who have married noble Italians seem, according to Mrs. Sherwood's account, exceptionally happy.

THERE is said to be one child among the "infant prodigies" of the stage who is entirely unspoiled by her success and the applause that naturally attends it. This one exception is Elsie Leslie who made her first appearance a year ago in "Editha's Burglar." She is now playing "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and it is said she has carried the entire production of the play, and its proprietors are depending upon her to lift it into the position of a New York success. This seems to be a great responsibility to be resting upon the shoulders of a little ten-year old girl, but she is without doubt a child of genius and has acquired the rudiments of dramatic art after the most thorough and laborious fashion. Her mother is her constant companion and it is thorough her watchful care that she has not lost the charms of her youthfulness and innocence. At the opening of the season the mother went among the members of the company and earnestly requested them not to praise the child or treat her in any other way than that deserved by a well behaved child of ten years. In this way the girl has preserved the charm of childish unconsciousness and it is to be hoped nothing will occur to break the spell. There are many "smart" children in the world, but it is too often the case that the pleasure which might be given through their talents is distroyed by the assumption of "grown up" airs coupled with all the disagreeable quips and quirls of a spoiled infant.

WHEN one reads the daily accounts of the rare and curious presents which are being constantly sent to the President-elect, it arouses some curiosity as to how they are all to be disposed of. Furniture, bric-a-brac and such articles are, without doubt, easily cared for, but when it comes to live stock the situation may become a trifle embarrassing. One ardent admirer recently sent to the Harrison mansion a live eagle. To be sure it is the bird of freedom, but for all that no one cares to have it flying around "easy and careless like," and to confine it in a cage requires a good deal of attention paid to it. This particular eagle, it is said, has been placed in its cage in the Presidential backyard, where it is to be kept until it is decided what it is best to do with it. It is, without doubt, a most graceful and laudable attention to send presents to the future ruler of the United States, but some little thought should be given to the selection of the gifts, as well as consideration for the comfort and convenience of the recipients.

IT has become quite the proper thing among all classes to learn the art of stenography. Some study simply for amusement or recreation, while others see in it a speedy and lucrative way of earning a livelihood. There seems to be a mistaken idea afloat that it is the easiest thing in the world to become a stenographer. The very name opens visions of wealth and a "good, clean, easy job," that induces numbers to forsake the employment for which they are fitted. A good cook deserts her kitchen to become a poor stenographer. She spends her savings and time in hard study, only to find that something is necessary besides mechanical effort. Stenography is a study which is little understood outside of the initiated. It is in reality a sign language which requires a good education in many other branches for its foundation. To the uneducated who imagine they have but to learn a few simple signs or symbols, stenography soon becomes an unknown country in which they are floundering. To become a proficient reader is an art in itself, while to learn both the reporting and corresponding styles, a well trained mind and ever ready wit is required. Of course, those lacking the advantages of a good education can learn to become stenographers, but they are generally poor ones who never attain other than purely mechanical positions with small pay and hard work. If the matter were well understood, a fine stenographer would be looked upon as one worthy of respect, possessing knowledge which is only gained through hard work and well developed intellect. If such were the case fewer people lacking a good, common school education would rush into the field of stenography, increasing competition and making those deserving of better things accept the work and wages of a mechanical drudge.

Suggestive Hint From the P. S.

Indianapolis Journal.

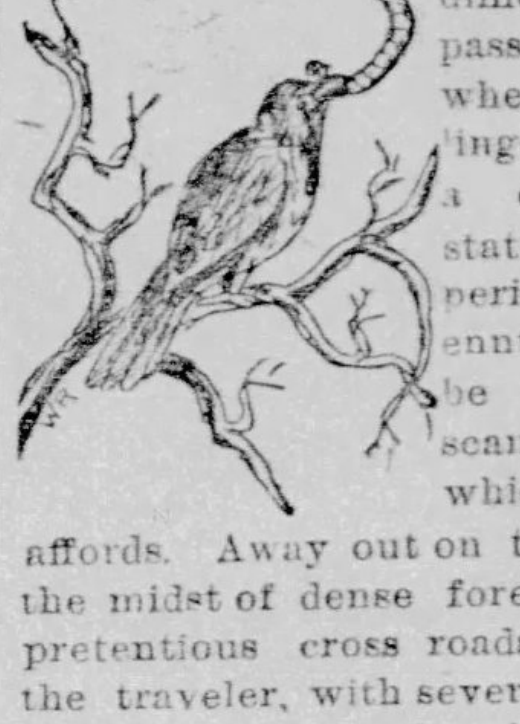
Official changes and appointments will come, of course, and in due time; but there are limitations to the work, both legal and personal, which cannot be disregarded, and we do not think it will be advantageous for those who attempt it. From what we know of Gen. Harrison we are quite sure he will not be drawn or forced in this matter beyond his convictions of duty, and that the office-seekers who attempt to crowd him will not profit by it. We are strongly inclined to believe that in the next administration those who are the most clamorous for office will not be the first to be recognized. Their forwardness and anxiety will be apt to overshadow their real claims or merits.

FOR NERVOUS PROSTRATION
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphates.
Dr. W. GRAEVES, Northfield, Minn., says: "I have used it in cases of nervous prostration, and also in combination with other remedies in indigestion, it has proved as satisfactory as could be expected."

A JAUNT SOUTHWARD.

A SHORT CHAPTER OF ADVENTURE.

Killing Time at Bohemia, Louisiana—Catching Alligators in Their Native Haunts—The Blade Reporter Studies Natural History.

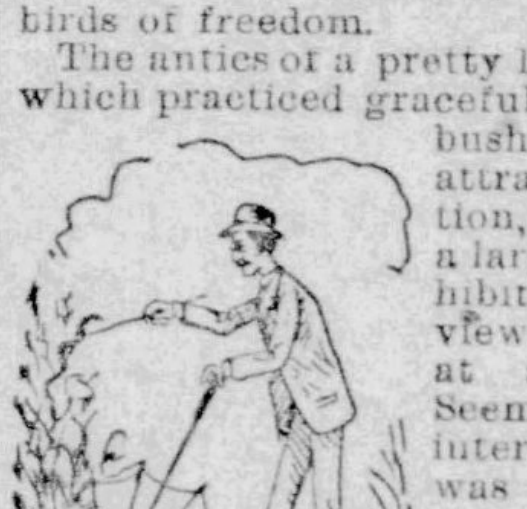


SOME travelers find it difficult to contentedly pass away the time when compelled to linger several hours at a country railway station, and often experience a feeling of ennui in the effort to be amused by the scanty entertainment which the place affords. Away out on the prairies, or in the midst of dense forests, or at the unpretentious cross roads stopping place, the traveler, with several hours to spare between his time of arrival and departure, may see something familiar, if it is nothing more than a time table or the gay colored half-sheet railroad advertisements.

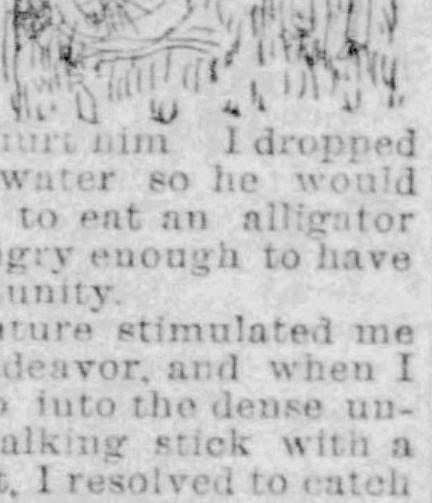
At Bohemia, in Louisiana, we found, after our steamboat ride to the Eads jetties and back, not even a time-table to give us familiar greeting. No gaily decked troubadour smiled from the walls, and no picture of the gorgeous interior of a dining car was there to tantalize the appetites already asserting themselves; there were no walls, even, no station—nothing but a shed and a water tank. When the boat unloaded her passengers at this point and then went away on another little cruize down stream, we were left alone with the hot forenoon sun and the prospects of a five hours' stay before us.

Near by was a spot which, under ordinary circumstances, would not be inviting, but even a swamp was preferable to the sizzling hot car shed. It was not really a swamp, however, but a collection of stagnant ponds lying between the levee, which had been left far inland by the eccentricities of the river, and the stream itself. The natives call it, and similar places, a "batcha," which is their way of pronouncing *batture*, the French word for a sand bank, or some thing of that sort. Its luxurious vegetation, as viewed from a distance, seemed inviting and thither I wended my way.

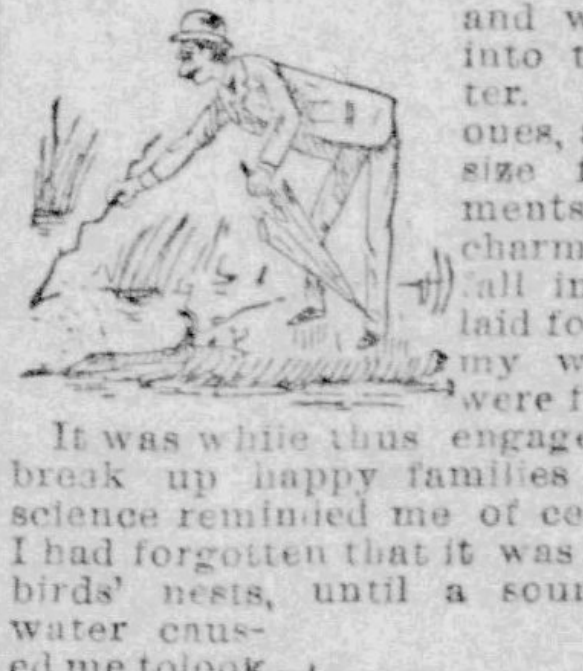
In the scanty shade of moss draped trees and thorny bushes and creeping vines, this lonesome place seemed to be the fitting abode of noxious things. In the muddy ponds were alligators who disported themselves over the partially baked mud banks, and imprinted thereon innumerable peculiar three-toed tracks, big and little. On partially imbedded logs the little alligators languidly lay in the sun, while the older ones sought more seclusion. The big 'gators had evidently retired at my approach, as none were visible, and I am told that bashfulness is a predominating trait in the character of these four-footed birds of freedom.



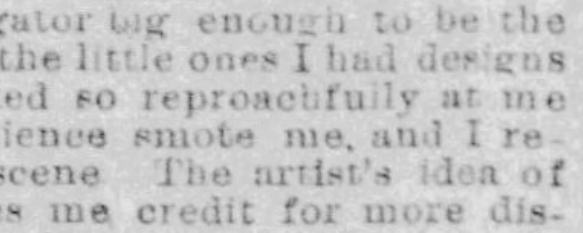
The antics of a pretty little yellow snake which practiced graceful gymnastics on a bush beside the levee, attracted my attention, and as it was not a large snake the exhibition could be viewed with pleasure at a short range. Seemingly as much interested in me as I was in it, the little creature coiled and twisted, suspended, extended and twined himself among the boughs until he had attained the topmost branch, where he rested and looked me over. He trusted too much in my benign, philanthropic, beaming countenance, for with a little stick I knocked him down into my open umbrella.



I fancied I could see the surprise the snake felt at the impolite act. Then, after he had time to note the name and address of the man who made the sun-shade, he quickly coiled himself up the stick. In less than three minutes I had a new and unique handle to my umbrella, of which I kindly let go. A discrepancy in size which favored me, enabled me to finally overcome this reptile for his effrontery, but I didn't hurt him. I dropped him down into the water so he would have an opportunity to eat an alligator for dinner. I was hungry enough to have envied him the opportunity.



This thrilling adventure stimulated me for further heroic endeavor, and when I had the temerity to go into the dense undergrowth to cut a walking stick with a hook at the end of it, I resolved to catch some little alligators to take home to my enemies. When I tried to carry out this plan, the sleepy little creatures dropped off their resting places and went ker-chuck into the muddy water. Even the tiny ones, about the right size for hat ornaments or watch chain charms, would not fall into the traps I laid for them, and all my wicked schemes were fruitless.



It was while thus engaged in trying to break up happy families that my conscience reminded me of certain precepts. I had forgotten that it was wicked to rob birds' nests, until a sound of bubbling water caused me to look behind. There, slowly and steadily emerging from the muddy flood, came the head of an alligator big enough to be the great uncle of the little ones I had designs upon. He looked so reproachfully at me that my conscience smote me, and I retired from the scene. The artist's idea of my retreat gives me credit for more discretion than dignity.

At the top of the levee I stopped to rest, and then I saw more alligators, big and little, who came out to laugh at me and take their noon siesta. When interest in their actions had diminished, I watched the awkward maneuvers of some fresh water crabs that sidled, this way and that, either to get out of the way of the big animals or to look for fresh water. The inland reader may think I mean crawfish that propel themselves backward, but these were genuine crabs that walk sideways and tack like a sail boat.

They are comical creatures, but for real humor I prefer the fiddler crab, who runs sideways and burrows holes through the levees, causing them to break and let the river flood the whole region. Their penchant for undermining levees is not their funniest trait, but the way they carry their one big claw, or "pincher," and make faces at an intruder is enough to make a dog laugh. I couldn't help laughing.

Neither could I help feeling glad when the train came down from New Orleans, bringing some cocoanut pies, and then was made ready for a return trip. The time table on Saturdays is so changed that the train from Bohemia is hauled over to Shell Beach, on Lake Borgne, on its way to the Crescent City, and we went along. At Shell Beach the mosquitoes beat the world, and I'll never forget how glad they seemed to see me.

REAM.

She Trained Well.

He—You have considered, darling, the seriousness of the step you have consented to take? Married life, you know, is not all roses. Do you think you can bear to suffer as well as to rejoice?

She—Indeed I can, Charles! Haven't I worn shoes two sizes to small ever since I was fourteen years old.—*London Tid-Bits.*

Favorable to High License.

"Here's another point in favor of the Brooks high license law," remarked Squildig.

"Well, give it," remarked McSwilligen.

"In the report of petroleum operations for November the dry list is the largest in years."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Rheumatism
Is undoubtedly caused by lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, and causes the pains and aches in the back, shoulders, knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a posive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralises the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

A TALK ON THE TARIFF.

Mr. Pettifer Tells His British Fellow-Workmen Some American Truth.

New York Press.

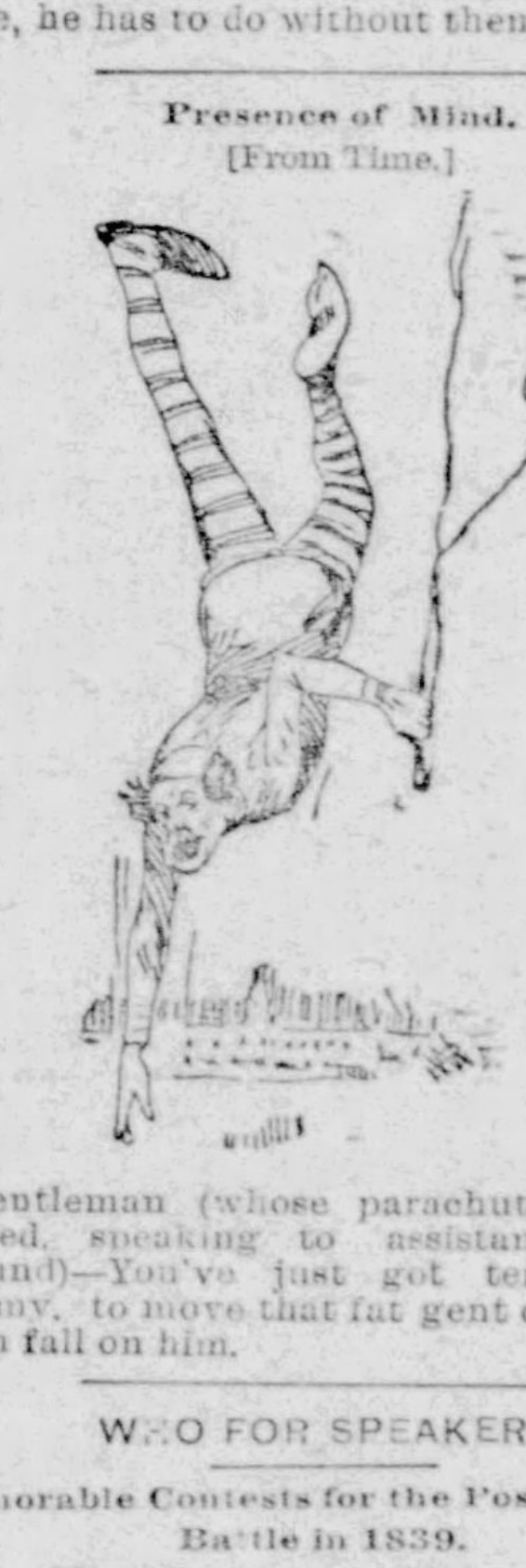
Mr. H. J. Pettifer since his return to London, has been telling the Workmen's Association for Defense of British Industry about the benefits of protection to this country. He is reported by the London *News* as sure that free trade between Great Britain and America would, in the long run, be injurious to the British workman, as one of the first results of it would be the bringing down of American wages to the English level, or even below it, and with reduced wages the Americans would not only become great competitors in foreign markets, but would also lose their present purchasing power, and consequently could not buy as much off us as they do now. The only people he found in America who were in favor of what is is there called English free trade were the professors of political economy at the different colleges. As a proof of the purchasing power of the wages obtained in the United States, Mr. Pettifer showed the boots he was wearing, bought in Boston, Mass., which could be purchased there by one day's wages, while in this country it would take at least two days' wages to buy a pair of the same quality.

He also gave the average earnings of twenty girls taken haphazard from the wages books of Goff & Sons' braid works, Pawtucket, R. I., showing that they averaged $35 per month, or thirty-five shillings in English money per week, these young women being able to earn enough in one week to keep themselves in board and lodging over three weeks. He also stated on the authority of Mr. Conant, superintendent of Messrs. Coates' thread works in the same city, that they paid double wages in their American factory to what they paid in Paisley, Scotland. Mr. Pettifer gave other figures to show the difference in wages between England and America in a variety of trades, but maintained that after all comparisons of wages are always more or less misleading. The true test is, what has the wage earner got left after paying for rent, clothes, food and taxes? Looked at from this point of view, and supposing the people in both countries to have steady work (which as a rule they have got in America and have not got in England), we find that at the end of the year the American workman, on an average, will have $75, or about £36 English money, left to spend in luxuries or to save for old age, and the English workman will have $50, or about £10 in English money, left to use for the same purpose.

Mr. Pettifer told a very amusing anecdote about a free trade Englishman he visited while in the state of New Hampshire. This man, although admitting he had been forced to emigrate because he could not compete in England with German productions, was almost moved to tears when he said: "This tariff is a tax. We in America are taxed from the crown of our head to the sole of our foot, from hat to boots it is one long tax," and, looking round his well furnished sitting room for an illustration of his argument, he went on to say: "That piano is taxed, that sewing machine is taxed, that carpet is taxed," etc., and finished up by saying that he never had to pay a tariff tax on these articles in England. "That is quite true," interrupted the wife, "because we did not have them when we lived in England." And, as Mr. Pettifer truly remarked, that put the whole matter in a nut shell. In America, where all these luxuries are taxed, the workingman has got them; while in England, where they are allowed to come in duty free, he has to do without them.

Presence of Mind.

[From Time.]



Gentleman (whose parachute has collapsed, speaking to assistant on the ground)—You've just got ten seconds, Jimmy, to move that fat gent over where I kin fall on him.

WHO FOR SPEAKER.

Memorable Contests for the Position—The Battle in 1839.

There have been several famous contests in the House of Representatives over the election of a Speaker. Twice they have occurred because a third party held the balance of power, as in 1855, when Banks was elected after a two months' struggle, and again in 1859, when William Pennington was elected at the end of a protracted fight. These were finally decided by the third party—the Know-Nothing or American party at that time—throwing their votes for the Republican party.

The most memorable of all the Congressional battles occurred in December, 1839, when there was no third party to complicate the situation. When Congress met at that time there were on the rolls 119 Democrats and 118 Whigs, but the clerk of the House had refused to enroll the six members from New Jersey either on one side or the other, there being a contest over that election and delegations from both parties claiming the seats. This episode is known in American history as the Broad Seal war. It seems that in New Jersey the six members of Congress were chosen by general ticket, just as we choose electors. At the election in October, 1838, the Democratic candidates received an average majority on the face of the returns of about 100 in the whole state. In canvassing the returns some informality was detected in a return from a strong Democratic township; the vote was thrown out, and the Whig candidates were declared elected. They accordingly received certificates of election under the broad seal of the state.

When Congress met the clerk, H. A. Garland, of Virginia, called the House to order and commenced calling the roll of states. When he reached New Jersey he refused to call that state on the ground, as he stated, that the election was disputed—a matter, really, that he had nothing to do with. It was his business to recognize the state certificates and let the House afteward determine their validity. But this he did not do, and thereupon ensued bedlam in the House, each party striving to bring in its New Jersey delegation. For three days the House was in a turmoil, and the clerk appeared to be the autocrat of the situation. Over and over again the roll call was ordered, but whenever New Jersey was reached, then came the explosion, for the clerk would not call the names of the certified members from that state. The House began to drift into an unmanageable mob, when on the third day John Quincy Adams arose in his seat and wanted to know how long the House was going to be subject to the mere whim of one of its creatures. Then in an impassioned speech he attacked the clerk for his arbitrary rulings, and so carried away the members that, on motion of Henry A Wise, Adams was appointed chairman or speaker pro tempore. This did not end the wrangle entirely, and for two weeks longer a confused and disorderly debate continued, resulting in the final selection of R. M. T. Hunter as speaker, who, though a Whig, agreed with the Democrats on the main legislative question of the time, which was the sub-treasury bill. Later in the session the Democratic members from New Jersey were given their seats, for they had, as a matter of fact been elected.

This is the only instance in Congressional history when the clerk of the House has undertaken to pass on the validity of certificates of election of the members. It can readily be seen that he entirely transcended his powers, and that he should have recognized the Whig delegation, who had the certificates from the governor. It is safe to say that no such case will ever arise again and while it has many notable features, it is especially memorable because of the heroic stand of old John Quincy Adams.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE CAMP FIRE.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

VOTING IN THE SOUTH.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As an old soldier I propose to contribute a chunk of Palmetto to the CAMP FIRE, and although it may not flash, it has staying qualities and means business. In the first place a good many of the Republicans, white and black, of the South, are old soldiers. The white ones are mostly from the North, and a great many are forced to come South on account of their health, not being able to endure the rigor of Northern winters. We felt in coming South that we were citizens of the United States, entitled to all the rights of citizens as long as we were law-abiding, and observant of the rights of others. What do we find to be the facts in the case? We find that after years of waiting and hoping for better things that we are as utterly disfranchised as if we were "heathen Chinese." Why, if you ask, are you not allowed to vote? Oh yes, in some places, and in some places not. These Southern Democrats have learned better than to obstruct voting in such places, for instance, as Tampa, but they can count the vote just as they please. All the election machinery is in the hands of the Democratic officials, and it does not make any difference what our vote or majority is, they make it just what they please. Look, for instance, at the small district in South Carolina: about 30,000 Republican voters, and not above 7,000 Democratic voters, and yet the Democratic candidate is counted in. I tell you such things have got to cease, and we look to the coming administration to help us. If not, there will certainly be trouble in the South, and we will hold the administration and our Republican friends at the North responsible, for we do not intend to be disfranchised forever. We fought for (as did a great many of our colored Republicans) a Republic; for a government that guarantees us a Republican form of government; and it does neither in these Southern states, and what is more, we never can have a fair election and an honest count with all the machinery in the hands of the Democrat party. The best of them think it is doing God's service to count a Republican out; it is no crime, but, on the contrary, a matter of pride and congratulation. How long has not a minority, but a majority, to submit to such things? I say it without fear of successful contradiction, that with a fair, free election and an honest count of the votes, we are in a majority in more than half of the Southern states. It is not a disfranchisement of an ignorant, heathenish negro population, but of thousands and tens of thousands of as intelligent, high-minded, brave white men as ever cast a ballot. It would be dastardly to abandon the colored voters to the tender mercies of the ex-rebel Democratic leaders; but you are abandoning your comrades in-arms who stood shoulder to shoulder with you in saving the country from these same men who were determined on its destruction, and making it free. And now, old comrades, stand by us, for this has been a soldiers' victory this fall, and by your united demand of the administration that it shall not abandon its friends in the South, at the demand of, and for the purpose of conciliating these same ex-rebel Democrats who laugh them to scorn, and tell us fellows down here that "your d—d Yanky administration dare not do otherwise." I wite this, and make these statements because of some statements I see made by Republicans of the North that would lead one to suppose that there were no white Republicans down here, and the nigger was not worth making a fuss about.—S. A. GLENN, late Capt. Co. A, 89th O. V. I.

A SOLDIER'S TRICK.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Comrades, would it not be as well, instead of telling what our respective regiments did, to tell some of the tricks we used to play on one another while in camp to pass the time away? The winter of 1863, while camped in a deserted village on Mattagorda Bay, Tex., this one of the many I will relate: We had a strong, burly and excitable comrade (whom I will call Snooks, for fear he may be in good health and in reach of me yet) who dearly loved to play cards. I don't remember of his playing for money, but he would play by the year if he could induce any one to sit forninst him. One day about half a dozen of us were sitting in what had been a store of some kind, and some one proposed to have some fun with Snooks, who was right opposite to us across the street playing cards. We all agreed, so the proposer told us to get two large camp kettles full of water. That being furnished, he nearl closed the door, leaving it open enough to balance one of the kettles on top, telling us to open the back door and be ready to run, he called Snooks to come over, and to hurry. Snooks answered "all right," as soon as he played that hand, which was not long. Soon he came over, walking briskly, pushed open the door, took one step in, when down came the kettle of water on him. He sprang back into the street and began to load the surrounding atmosphere with such oaths that it is doubtful if ever a Texas breeze had such a burden before or since. In far less time than it takes to tell it, the door was closed again in the same position, with another big kettle of water on top. Then we vacated the premises in a hurry, the last one going out inviting Snooks to come in, as he was the man who did it. The rush of a mad Texas steer was tame beside the way he made a charge at that door, when down came kettle No. 2, bottom up, plump on his head as neatly as a hat, only it reached down to his shoulders. He was not long in getting it off, but when his vision cleared the room was vacant. That cooled him. He never said another word, but went back to his quarters, put on a dry shirt, and then laughed as heartily as any of us.—JAMES L. SHARP, Co. L, 1st Ind. H. Art'y, Bellevue, Wash. Ter.

WANTS A SERVICE PENSION BILL

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Now that election is over and the veterans are assured of an administration friendly to their claims, it seems to me that we should begin anew and make an appeal to Congress, both as individuals and as posts of the G. A. R., that cannot be misunderstood, asking the enactment of a pension law conforming to the recommendation of the last National encampment. It is coming to be generally understood by the people of the United States that the time has come for the passage of a service pension bill, and the sooner we unite in making a demand for this the sooner our claim will be recognized. Of course, there are certain classes of survivors of the army which suppressed the great rebellion that justly believe their cases more urgent than that of the mass, and consequently our effort has heretofore been frittered away, trying to get relief for the most needy ones first. One of these classes whose claim, to my mind, (being one of them) is more urgent and as just as any claim ever presented to Congress, is that of the Union ex-prisoners. It is a well known fact that thousands of as brave men as ever breathed the American air laid their lives on the altar of their country, in those hells on earth, known as rebel prisons. It is also patent to every observing mind that it was utterly impossible for those who survived after breathing the poisoned air, eating the horrible substitutes for human food, and enduring the exposure incident to confinement there, to be other than disabled wrecks of their former selves. And these men were the innocent victims of the brutal policy of non-exchange, inaugurated during the last years of the civil war, and persisted in by our own government, after it was known all over the North that hundreds were dying daily from sheer starvation and exposure. And this same government has allowed us to suffer on for 24 weary years. It seems incredible that this should be, but, alas, it is too true. Only those who suffered it can fully appreciate. Comrades, I did not intend to wander off thus, and if you will excuse me I will close, again saying that we should work as a unit in asking the immediate passage of a service pension bill.—SILAS W. CROCKER, late private Co. I, 6th Pa. Reserves, Climax Springs, Mo.

"SAW THE ELEPHANT."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Will you allow a soldier's wife to come in and warm by the CAMP FIRE? My husband was a member of Co. H, 9th O. V. C. He was with Kilpatrick's cavalry when Sherman marched to the sea. He "saw the elephant." He would like to hear from his old comrades through the CAMP FIRE. Well, boys, you have fought a good fight, and I hope the Democrats are killed forever. I don't like the party, nor their principles, for they mean death and destruction to this glorious union. I think we have the best government the sun ever shone on. I lived in Southeastern Kansas when the war broke out. I was eleven years old. I had three brothers and two stepbrothers in the union army, and one stepbrother in the rebel army. I don't like the Democratic party, for it is the same now as it was in 1861. It makes my blood boil when I think how mean and cowardly the rebels were when Price made his last raid on Kansas. There was a band of guerillas came in and burned Marmaton and captured nine of the militia who were left to guard the town. My father was one of them. They went out of town about a quarter of a mile, and, coming to a halt, ordered the prisoners to run. Three of them made their escape; the other six were shot down like dogs. When they ordered father to run he told them he was sick, and could not run, so they shot him and left him for dead. He lived four hours after he was shot. I say good-by, Grover; he will only have a chance to veto a few more pension bills, then he can take his boat and go up river fishing. Hurrah for Harrison and Morton! I think every soldier ought to have a pension.—A. SOLDIER'S WIFE, Hammond, Kansas.

"WE STILL HOLD THE FORT."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Allow me to put a rail on the CAMP FIRE. I see from time to time sketches from comrades. I enlisted at New Albany, Franklin county, O., on Oct. 31, 1861, to serve for three years, or during the war; was assigned to Co. F, 1st battallion, 18th U. S. I. The first engagement I was in was at Mumfordsville, Ky., on the L. & N. railroad, at Green River bridge; was captured September 16, and was exchanged December 10, 1862. Was in the battle of Chicamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863, was captured and taken to Richmond and Danville, Va. Was exchanged May 8, 1864, and remained at Annapolis, Md., for nine months before I was able to go to my company, then at Lookout Mountain, Tenn. The hellish treatment we received while prisoners made me a confirmed Republican, and how any man who went all through the war votes any other ticket is a mystery to me. The Southern dog has wagged the Northern tail I hope, for the last time, at least for the next century to come. The Prohibition party, or confederate aid society, fell far short of electing "veto" Grover, which would have been a grander victory for the Southern dog than was ever won by confederate bayonet. But, thank God, we still hold the fort, and all their big guns are spiked.—PERRY W. MILLER, late Private Co. F, 1st Bat. 18th U. S. I., Sunbury, Ohio.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE SOUTH?

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I write to remedy an oversight in my letter asking "Who Hit Grover?" My address is as below. The question suggests itself to me, why is the South, both by letter and delegation, asking of the President elect what his Southern policy is going to be? We of Illinois have no anxious thoughts on that score; we have no suspicion that our constitutional rights, as one of the states of this great union, will be tampered with in any way. We expect to enjoy all the privileges that the constitution guarantees to us, and we ask for nothing more. Mr. Editor, through the columns of your excellent paper I would like to ask our Southern friends, what's the matter down there? Speak up and tell us what is wrong. What do you fear? Are you in the fix that the Irishman was in when arrested and jailed for some misdemeanor? Loudly bemoaning his hard luck, a friend undertook to console him by telling him that he would stand by him and see justice done. "Och-ahoon!" said Pat, "that is phat's the matter; that's phat worries me, be jabbers. I am afraid that justice will be done."—E. M. LOW, Pulaski, Pulaski Co., Ill.

WANTS HIS JUST DUES.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Allow me to bring a bundle of twisted hay to make a light while I talk a little. I was one of the boys who went out in 1862, in Co. C, 83d regiment, Illinois. I was in the service until June 26, 1865. I agree with Comrade Hufford, of West Virginia, that all union soldiers ought to have pensions, and they ought to date from the time of discharge. I am opposed to any reduction of the tariff until every union soldier gets his dues in the shape of a pension; for had it not been for the "boys in blue" we would not have had a government or anything else, to-day. Thank God, we have a glorious old government, with the stars and stripes still waving, and Grover is vetoed—and a soldier elected President, and the House reclaimed from the control of the enemy. Now, boys, let us stand together as we did from 1861 to 1865, until we get our just dues. We had to take depreciated currency for our services. We now ought to have the difference between it and gold at the time we did the service. Hurrah for Harrison!—J. H. JONES, Co. C, 83d reg., I. V. I., Faudon, Neb.

REMINDS HIM OF A MULE.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Since the sweeping success of the Republicans, the old boys in blue have been "whooping 'em up" pretty lively in the CAMP FIRE, and I do love to read and rejoice with the "boys." Comrade Gillispy's "letter to Grover" was a good one, for which, my dear comrade, accept my heartiest thanks. The Democratic party reminds me of an old mule I saw once. He was always in some devilment, and got so used to being licked for it, that finally he would commence dodging and trying to get away whenever he did a mean trick, whether any one was there or not. Now the Democrats in the South are blinking and dodging, and saying, "What will they do with us?" They are so full of cussedness and trickery that they expect any thing, and are only surprised when they are treated like gentlemen. Now, comrades, let us "thank God and take courage."

For with our "starry banner"
We have downed their "red bandanna,"
And laid their dirty snuff-wipe in the shade.

—A COMRADE, Porterville, Kas.

A VETERAN'S SON.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Allow the son of an old veteran to come forward, sit down by your CAMP FIRE and enjoy the warmth, listening to the old veterans fight their battles over. My father was a soldier in the Union army under Generals Thomas and Sherman. He endured the hardships common to a private soldier's life. Although he is broken down in health and his hair is streaked with gray, I love to hear him and other old soldiers talk of the days of the civil war.

I am 18 years of age, elder than my father was when he enlisted in the service. My father, mother, brother, two sisters and myself went to Columbus, O., to the G. A. R. reunion. My father said it looked as if old soldiers from all the states had gathered together for the purpose of reuniting once more to talk over the times of 1861 to 1865.—OLIVER F. REAGAN, Rock, Cowley Co., Kan.

FROM AN OREGON COMRADE.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As I am a reader of the BLADE and an old soldier I love to read the CAMP FIRE, although this is my first written for its columns. When I meditate over the past and call to memory the hardships and privations we endured, not only for our own sake, but for the Democrats, who derive the same benefit from our toil, hardships and privations, it makes my blood boil; and to hear them talk about the soldiers getting more money than they earn, and bankrupting the government to give the old soldiers a pension. If they, with Old Veto, had to lay out in all kinds of weather, rain, snow and sleet, withstand the storms for three years, I think it would shatter Democracy's sentiment a little. I would like to hear from some of the old 63d regiment, Co. D, O. V. I.—J. D. SHEETS, Milton, Oregon.

FROM THE KEYSTONE STATE.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Will you allow the son of a veteran to bring a hemlock limb and a keystone from old Pennsylvania? My father was a member of Co. Q, 16th Regt., Pa. Vol. He was shot through the left leg at Gettysburg, which has caused him a great deal of pain ever since. I like the dear old BLADE and the CAMP FIRE. I like to read the letters from such men as McKinney and Bailey. They have the interest of the nation at heart. I would like to hear from more of the sons of veterans. Boys, come out and let us learn from our fathers. Soon, too soon, the old veterans will be gone. They are drifting with the tide, and soon they must hear the roar of the last wave which shall settle over them forever. Glory and honor be to their names.—J. WESLEY MOORE, Kylertown, Pa.

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"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.
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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
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IN THE DENTIST'S CHAIR.

Some Professional Advice as to the Care of the Teeth.

The other day I sat down in my dentist's chair, says a writer in the Boston *Herald*, comfortably knowing that what was about to be done would not be at all painful or annoying, and while he was getting ready his various instruments asked, inquiringly:

"Bostonians have very good teeth as a rule, haven't they?"

The dentist smiled. "Teeth, as a rule, are rather good than bad the world over, in these days," he said. "People are gradually waking up to the fact that it is never too soon to attend to children's teeth, and as a rule they come into our hands at so early an age that we are able to correct any irregularities in growth, and to look after them so carefully at regular intervals that a fine set is assured. A baby should have a tooth-brush as soon as he has a tooth, and it should be used, too, carefully and judiciously, always once, and generally twice a day. First teeth very often decay, and need filling just as much as the second, and one can not be too particular about these things."

"Does the second set usually come as it ought to come, without any assistance from a dentist?" said I, anxiously, thinking of my infant nephew, who was just then cutting his eye teeth of the first set and decidedly taking time by the forelock.

He smiled again. "Well, I should say it is always safer and wiser to consult the brotherhood," observed he; "then there is no risk. Although those teeth which grow crookedly can be made to take their proper place after a time, with a little attention they will come properly on their first appearance, and a good deal of needless trouble and perhaps suffering would be saved. Modern dentistry, as you well know, works miracles. The only thing it hasn't succeeded in doing is to induce a third set of teeth to grow, and I fear that is something which science will never achieve. But there is no reason why every one should not have at least a fair set of teeth which, with proper care, will tide them safely over a natural existence."

"What do you mean by proper care? Brushing frequently and coming often to you?"

"They ought to be brushed after every meal, or certainly at night and morning. But one can not be too careful as to the sort of tooth powder one uses. I very often see powdered charcoal advocated by newspaper writers and quacks. Now, nothing is more injurious to the teeth than powdered charcoal. It is in reality carbon, the hardest substance known, of the same nature precisely as the diamond. Its constant use can not help wearing off the enamel and otherwise seriously affecting the teeth, and, except in rare cases and seldom, it should never be put upon a brush or into the mouth. Of course each dentist has his own particular powder which he advocates and advises in preference to all others, but this is a question upon which his opinion should most assuredly be asked. If he is consulted often, and allowed to examine the teeth at regular stated intervals, the care of them will be far less painful, and they will naturally be kept in much better order.

"People are apt to be negligent perhaps because they dread the discomfort of the dentist's chair. If they only knew, however, how very much better one's own teeth are than any artificial set, they would never hesitate about preferring any amount of filing to pulling out. A good dentist never advises the latter alternative unless it is absolutely unavoidable. False teeth, I regret to say, are rather fashionable in a certain class of humanity—the lower class, whose principal faculty is the imitative. Mrs. Jones, who really needs it, has all her upper teeth drawn, and is provided with a new set, white, even, and of the finest porcelain. Thereupon Mrs. Brown, whose morals and bicuspids are sound as a trivet, seized with pangs of envy, goes and does likewise, and regrets her folly ever after. But the deed is done, and teeth once out can never be put back. That is an axiom everybody ought to remember."

No Need of Comment.
PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., April 1, 1887.
"My wife was fully relieved. We recommend Compound Oxygen to everyone."
J. W. ANDROVATH.
"We have ourselves used Compound Oxygen. We confidently recommend it."
HOMER A. KING,
Of *Evangelist and Herald*, Springfield, Mass.
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"I recommend your Compound Oxygen."
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ACHILLES, Kan., April 22, 1887.
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A. LYLE MCKINNEY.
ALMOND, N. Y., May 20, 1887.
"It is a marvelous remedy."
MRS. J. C. GOFF.
We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 331 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

HALF A MILE UNDERGROUND.

A Vast Coal Hole in France and Its ducts.

The Hasard colliery was opened in 1842 by M. d'Andrimont. The area of its concession is 4,170 acres. The colliery employs 961 workmen underground and 273 at the surface. Its output in 1886 was 232,742 tons. The seams worked vary from two feet to four feet one inch in thickness and the coal is of a semi-bituminous character. A notable feature in the working of the mine is the use of the Plom and d'Andrimont excavator, an ingenious contrivance for increasing the useful effect of blasting. The shot hole is drilled in the ordinary manner and the excavator is introduced, which hollows out a space at the back of the hole much greater than the diameter of the hole. This enlarged powder chamber is found to greatly increase the useful effect of the blast and also the proportion of round coal. It is used in six seams in the colliery, and has also been adopted at Lens, France. The coals are not brought to the surface of the shafts, but only to the level of 400 feet, whence an endless chain road, two miles long, extends to Bay Bonnet.

The St. Andre du Poirier mine claims to be the deepest coal mine in the world. It has a royalty of 864 acres and a yearly production of 200,000 to 250,000 tons. There are two coal-drawing shafts, the one 2,952 feet deep, the other 3,083 feet deep. The first shaft is being deepened to 3,149 feet. Each of the pits is ventilated by a Guibal fan working in a second shaft. A remarkable feature in the working at these mines is the comparatively low temperature experienced. The maximum temperature is 75 degrees Fahrenheit, and it is very often considerably lower. The air passing along the "face" is not warm. This tends to show that elevation of temperature is by no means the greatest obstacle in working very deep mines—*Age of Steel.*

Mary and Theodore.

Mary—"What do you mean, sir?" (Flaring up more or less.)

Theodore—"Mean by what?" (As innocent as a little kitten.)

Mary—"Why, sir, by kissing me in that manner!" (Indignantly.)

Theodore—"If that style don't suit, just give me a hint." (Wonderingly.)

Mary—"Now, don't be funny; I'd just like to see you do that again." (Witheringly.)

Theodore—"*Verbum sap.* I'm with you." (And he kisses her smack on her kisser.)

Mary—"I think you are just horrid, now then." (Resignedly with never a struggle.)

We came away at that stage of the game.

"STAR" FOUNTAIN GOLD PEN.
STAR
Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality of Gold Pen. Stylo, $1; Fountain, $1.50 and up.
J. W. Ulrich & Co. 106 Liberty St., N. Y.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The National Banking System.

1. Explain the workings of the national banking system.

2. Which is the best agricultural region, western Nebraska or western Kansas? In which are crops surest?

The act providing for the organization of the national banking system was approved June 3, 1864. The provisions relating to circulation constitute the feature of the measure which has always occupied the foremost place in public discussion. The essential point in that feature is bond security for circulating notes. It was borrowed from one of the numerous state systems (if they may be called systems) that existed before the civil war. It was generally known as the New York system, though it had been adopted by other states, among which were Illinois and Wisconsin. The laws of these states provided for the deposit of state bonds, with some restrictions in regard to the states issuing the bonds, in the state treasuries to secure circulation. The national law provided for the deposit in the national treasury of the United States bonds only. The government was greatly in need of money at the time, and one of the proposed purposes of the law was to "make a market" for its bonds. In reality Secretary Chase, who was the "father" of the national banking system rather than of the greenbacks, looked far beyond the immediate necessities of the government and aimed to found a permanent system to supersede entirely the chaos of state bank currency which then existed.

It was provided that circulation should be issued to banks organized under the law to the amount of 90 per cent of the par value of the bonds deposited as security. This provision has never been changed. At first the state banks did not come into the national system as fast as was desired, because they found it more profitable to issue notes under the lax state laws. Accordingly a supplementary act was passed and approved June 30, 1864, offering inducements to the state banks, and, what was more important, imposing a tax of 10 per cent on the amount of notes of state banks paid out by such banks after July 1, 1866.

By the end of June, 1864, about $31,000,000 of circulation had been issued to national banks; by the end of June, 1865, about $146,000,000; by the end of June, 1866, $281,400,000; by the end of June, 1867, $298,000,000, by the end of June, 1868, $299,700,000, and the total remained at about this figure for the two following years. At first the amount of circulation in the aggregate was limited to $300,000,000. In 1870 the limit was extended to a maximum of $354,000,000. The reason assigned for the extension was this: At that time the banks were holding $45,000,000 of 3 per cent treasury certificates as part of their lawful money reserve. Congress directed that these certificates should be called in and redeemed. As this would make it necessary for the banks to fill their reserve with "lawful money" (greenbacks), withdrawing the same from circulation, Congress saw fit to prevent the contraction by authorizing the banks to increase their circulation. And as they would have to hold a reserve of about $9,000,000 against an additional circulation of $45,000,000 the amount of additional circulation was placed at $54,000,000. Congress was very careful in those days to avoid anything savoring of contraction.

In January, 1875, the resumption act was passed, making definite provision for the redemption of greenbacks in coin on demand on and after January 4, 1879. It was expected that this act would have the effect to restore the greenbacks gradually to par, when the bank notes, which were by law redeemable in greenbacks, would be practically redeemable in coin. Therefore it was thought to be safe to remove entirely the limitation upon the aggregate amount of bank circulation, and this was done. Since then the only limit to the amount of bank circulation has been the amount of United States bonds that could be obtained by the banks to deposit as security.

Under the act of 1870 authorizing an increase of $54,000,000 in bank circulation the note issues gradually increased, but never quite reached the prescribed limit before the passage of the act of January 14, 1875, removing the restriction as to the aggregate amount. After the passage of that act the banks reduced their circulation instead of increasing it, and the total fell from $354,400,000 on the 30th of June, 1875, to $317,000,000 on the 30th of June, 1877. After that they increased their issues until an aggregate of $362,000,000 was reached in the summer of 1882. Since then there has been a steady decrease, and the total at the end of last month was only $239,200,000, or about $123,000,000 less than maximum, reached in 1882.

Of the present total only about $152,300,000 is secured by bonds, the remainder, $86,829,022, being in process of redemption, "lawful money" having been deposited in the treasury for that purpose under various acts of congress. The actual reduction of circulation by the voluntary action of the banks since the summer of 1882 has, therefore, been much more than $123,000,000—probably not less than $180,000,000. Nevertheless the system has been growing. There are many more banks, and they have more capital and deposits by many millions than ever before.

2. We think the two localities named are much the same in their general agricultural features.

If Harrison and Morton Should Die?

E., Cortland, N. Y.:

1. If one or more of the electors should die before the electors meet, how would the vacancy be filled? 2. If, when the Presidential electors of the states meet in the capitals of their states to vote for President and Vice President, Harrison and Morton are dead, who would the Republican electors vote for? 3. If Harrison and Morton should die during the interval of time after the vote of the electors and the counting of the votes in the United States Senate, who would be declared elected by the Senate?

1. If any of the Presidential electors in any state should die before the electors meet to formally cast their ballots, the vacancies so made would be filled by the surviving electors of that state. They would elect men of their own politics. The full number of 401 electoral votes will be cast. 2. If Harrison should die before the electors meet, the Republican electors would vote for some one else for President. Such a case has never risen, and it is difficult to say what steps would be taken to decide upon whom the Republican electors should unite as their candidate; but we may be perfectly certain that a Republican President would be chosen, and receive all the votes Mr. Harrison [illegible]. Should Mr. Morton die before the [illegible] meet, the electors would elect some [illegible] as Vice President. [illegible] should Harrison die after the electors have met, and before his inauguration, is is a question whether Mr. Morton would become President, or whether the House of Representatives would have to elect a President, or whether Secretary Bayard would not, under the Presidential succession law, become President. No such case has ever arisen, and the matter is by no means clear. The probability is that Mr. Morton would succeed.

Should Mr. Morton die within the same period, and not Mr. Harrison, there would be no Vice President. There is no provision for filling a vacant Vice Presidency. The Senate would elect a President *pro tem.* of that body, and the succession to the Presidency, in case of Harrison's subsequent death, vest in the members of the Cabinet, in the following order, provided the officer on whom it devolved had been confirmed by the Senate and was by birth and otherwise, qualified to hold the office: The secretaries of state, of the Treasury, of War, the Attorney General, the Postmaster General, the secretaries of the Navy, of the Interior. The officer thus selected would serve out the unexpired term.

If *both* Mr. Harrison and Mr. Morton should die after the meeting of the electors and before March 4, the case would be a very doubtful one. It would either be a case under the Presidential succession law, and Secretary Bayard become President; or else the House of Representatives would have to fill the vacancy, under the twelfth amendment to the constitution. The succession law provides for "the removal of the President (and Vice President) from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of said office." But authorities would probably differ as to whether the supposed circumstances constituted a case of "removal," "death," "resignation" or "disability." Neither Harrison nor Morton would ever have been President or Vice President, if both died before March 4, and in case of death it could therefore hardly be said that the "President" or "Vice President" had been "removed," or "died," or "resigned," or been "disabled," and it is only in one of these cases that the constitution authorizes Congress to "provide by law" for the succession. On the other hand the twelfth amendment to the constitution authorizes the House to choose a President only when after a count of the electoral vote it shall appear that no one has received a majority of the votes "of the whole number of electors appointed." In this case some one would have received such majority. But, if the House assumed that a case had arisen in which it was authorized to choose a President by states, it would be compelled to choose Mr. Cleveland, for the constitution says that "if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest number, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President," and Mr. Cleveland would be the only living person on the list.

Cyrus the Great.

James ——, Cheyenne, Wyo.:

How did Cyrus the Great come to his death?

Cyrus, the founder of the Persian monarchy, commonly called Cyrus the Elder or Cyrus the Great, according to Herodotus, was the son of Cambyses, a Persian noble, and of Mandane, daughter of Astyages, the Medo-Persian king. His birth was a source of alarm to his grandfather, Astyages, who had previously had a dream, the interpretation of which portended that the offspring of Mandane would one day be the master of Asia. The grandfather contrived to get the infant into his own hands and gave it to a servant with orders to put it to death. The servant failed to do so, and gave the child to a herdsman, who brought it up among his own children. Astyages, by his tyranny, caused his subjects to hate him, and Cyrus aided by the servant who was to put him to death, he took steps to overthrow his grandfather. In 559 B. C., Cyrus, who overthrew the forces of Astyages and started on his work of conquest. The kingdom of Lydia first yielded and the famous Croesus fell into his hands and ultimately the whole of Asia Minor was subdued. Cyrus's crowning triumph was the capture of Babylon (538 B. C.) Under Cyrus's rule the Jews were delivered from captivity and allowed to return to Palestine. Cyrus wished to overshadow all Asia, and although his dominion already extended from the Hellespont almost to the Indies, he resolved to subjugate the Scythian people and began an unjust war with the Massagetae, a nation who dwelt on the northeast of the Caspian beyond the Araxes, whose queen was called Tomyris. At first Cyrus was successful but in the second engagement he was defeated and slain (529 B. C.)

Waterproofing Cloth.

Subscriber, Richwood, O.:

Please give directions how to make ducking waterproof, and what to put in to make it black. Want it for a horse cover.

To waterproof linen, canvas, etc., three baths are required. The first in 1 part of neutral sulphate of alumina (concentrated alum cake) and 10 parts of water. For the second boil 1 part light resin, 1 part soda crystals and 10 parts water till the soda is dissolved; add 1/3 part common salt to separate the water and collect the soap; dissolve this soap with an equal amount of good palm oil soap in 30 parts of water. The third bath consists of water only. Soak the fabric thoroughly in the first or alum bath; next pass it through the soap bath, and lastly rinse in water. There are many patents for keeping cloth waterproof but the process is kept a secret. 2. For your second question you will have to consult some dry goods house in a large city.

United States Marshals.

S. A. G., Tampa, Fla.:

What are the duties and salary of a United States marshal, and what are the bounds of his territory? Is it one Congressional district, or more? Does he receive a stated salary?

The duties of a United States marshal are to the United States' court what the duties of a sheriff are to a county court, or of a constable to a justice of the peace—to serve all papers connected with the court. The marshals are paid in fees, and their income depends on the amount of business transacted by the court. The bounds of a marshal's jurisdiction is the territory over which a United States judge presides. The Congressional districts have nothing to do with his bounds.

Minority Presidents.

O. N. C., Fulton, Wis.:

The *American Almanac* for 1888 give the per cent of the popular vote received by each successful President from 1824 to 1884, as follows:

J. Q. Adams	29.92	Buchanan	45.34
Jackson (1828)	55.97	Lincoln (1860)	39.91
Jackson (1832)	54.96	Lincoln (1864)	55.06
Van Buren	50.83	Grant (1868)	52.67
Harrison	52.89	Grant (1872)	55.63
Polk	49.55	Hayes	47.95
Taylor	47.36	Garfield	48.26
Pierce	50.93	Cleveland	48.82

Thanksgiving Day.

O. L. B., Vanderbilt, Dak.:

I would like you to publish a history of Thanksgiving Day, how it originated, etc., for the benefit of your readers.

Thanksgiving Day is an annual religious festival which originated with the Puritans in New England in the early days of the country. Since 1862 it has become a national institution, and is designated by a Presidential proclamation. The time chosen is usually the fourth Thursday in November.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. H. L. S., Oelrich, Dak.: Your question violates rule 4 above.

E. M. S., Edison, Neb.:

"Bill Nye's" real name is Edgar Wilson Nye.

C. T. N., Perkinsville, Ind.: Your questions were all answered a few weeks ago in the BLADE.

H. L. E., Zaleski, O.:

Read rule 2 above. Ask your local bookseller to see if he cannot obtain it for you.

J. L. L., Mitchellville, Iowa:

Senator Quay's name is not pronounced Kay, nor Kee, but exactly as spelled—Kwa.

H. C., Wick, Pa.:

Write to the astronomer in charge of the naval observatory, Washington, D. C.

R. W. V., Capac, Mich.: A silver coin of 1791 is worth just what some collector will pay for it. Such articles have no fixed value.

C., Toledo, O.:

We do not know of any pugilist ever being elected to Congress except John Morrissey.

Mrs. J. M. A., Imperial, Pa.:

The eagle cent of 1857 has nothing but its face value. It is not rare enough to command a premium.

J. W., Fresno City, Cal.:

For the price of the book you name, write to Brown, Eager & Hull, booksellers, Toledo, O., inclosing stamp.

R. S. R., Wheeler Station, Minn.:

The iron stove came into use about two centuries ago. The name of the person who invented it is not known.

H. E. P., Manston, Wis.:

The question "When the electors meet," is answered editorially in the Weekly BLADE of December 6, 4th page, 3d column.

M. L. F., Perry, Kan.:

We have never seen the book, "Seven Great Conspiracies," but from extracts given in newspapers it is entirely misleading in its views and statements.

H. T. G., West Hingham, Mass.:

Read rule 2 above. When you want a book, get your bookseller to order it from New York. "Elizabeth, the Exile of Siberia," can be bought almost anywhere.

W. J. H., Darlington, Wis.:

1. The popular vote of the states is given in an editorial, page 4, Weekly BLADE of December 13. 2. A list of governors, etc., is not worth the space required.

H. B. S., Napoleon, O.:

Is the tea that is imported into this country exported with dead bodies wrapped in it; then imported into this country again for use?

No. The question is absurd.

J. F. M., East Bethlehem, Pa.:

The article you inquire for is published on the seventh page of the Weekly BLADE of December 6. Please read rule 1 at the head of this department, and always send your name.

G. C. B., Beulah, Wyo.:

Gen. Lew Wallace's life of Gen. Harrison, recently published, is the only one that is reliable. Now don't write to us to ask where to get it, but get the nearest bookseller to order it for you.

D. C., Norristown, Pa.:

Mugwump is an Indian term signifying "chief" or "leader." The credit of its first application to American politics has been much disputed, but the New York *Sun* has the best claim.

L. M. L., Hamilton, Mo.:

Salt River is a small stream in Kentucky, very difficult of navigation. Hence a defeated candidate is said to "go up Salt River," because he has a difficult task to accept defeat with equanimity.

E. L., Moree, Ill.:

The *Congressional Record* is published daily during the session of Congress. It costs $4 by mail, for the present session, which is the short one. Send to the Public Printer, Washington, D. C.

G., Bridgeville, Pa.:

To answer your first two questions would be to advertise the springs, and to violate Rules 2 and 3 above. Your third question has been handed to the editor of the FARM department. Watch it for an answer.

A. S. K., Farmersville, Pa.:

We do not know of any paper "through which one can improve in composing by contributing articles on subjects of interest on the moral and scientific development of such topics as will likely interest the young."

C. H., Newburg, Md.:

The civil service examinations embrace the common school branches, and the special knowledge needed for the kind of clerkship the candidate desires. 2. A candidate can vote as he pleases, the same as any other voter.

S. H. M., Hunter, O.:

We have not the name of Jeff Davis's father and mother. There are gold $1 coins, but they are no longer coined. We think there never was a 50-cent gold coin, though some twenty years or more ago there was a gold 25-cent piece coined.

E. N. Belmore, Ind.:

A church has a right to decide whether liquor-selling is cause for exclusion from its membership. Whether a court of law has jurisdiction to restore him is a question for a lawyer. Your other questions refer to the state law. Consult an attorney.

G. D., Mt. Vernon, Mo.:

1.—"Private" Dalzell is an Ohio lawyer, who went through the war as a private. He has considerable local reputation as a political speaker. 2.—The G. A. R. is not a political organization. 3.—Many Democratic members of it hold responsible offices in the order.

R. S. D., Hendrysburg, O.:

Dr. Brooks, the third party candidate for Vice-President, was a rebel sympathizer in Kentucky in the war time. On the approach of the Union forces, he fled, and accompanied the rebel army for some time, but was not an officer. He was not connected with the rebel government, we think.

C. H., Pewaukee, Wis.:

To "impeach" is to accuse formally, the same as a grand jury indicts a man. Andrew Johnson was impeached, and tried, but was not found guilty. Shillings have gone out of use, and the question concerning their value is not worth the space it would take.

E. L. E., Ellis Prairie, Mo.:

Which were the seven "hardest fought battles" of the world is a matter of individual opinion. No such list has ever been made out. Some very trivial engagements have been very hardly fought. Sometimes a mere skirmish is more hotly contested than a general engagement.

N. C., East Liberty, O.:

Harper's geography gives 70 square miles in the District of Columbia, and the Eclectic gives 64; which is correct?

The Peoples' Encyclopedia gives the area at 64 square miles. It was originally 100, but that part of the territory south of the Potomac was receded to Virginia.

T. R., Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.:

1. See answer to another correspondent. 2. The method of purifying petroleum is by the use of acids and distillation, the lighter products, such as naptha, benzine, etc., coming over first, and heavier oils later. It was first put in operation in the first half of the '50's, we think.

J. L. J., Industry, Pa.:

Please say whether December 31, 1899, or December 31, 1900, is the closing day of the nineteenth century?

Dec. 31, 1900, is the closing day of the nineteenth century. Readers will please not send us articles taking opposite ground, for no amount of talk can change the fact, which is as above stated.

Inquirer, Grinnell, Kan.:

To apply for a postoffice, write a petition to the President, if it is a Presidential office, or to the Postmaster General, if it is not, asking for your appointment, and certifying to your fitness and good character, and get the citizens to sign it. Then take it in person or forward it to Washington. Get your Representative and Senators to help you.

J. D. G. Hesperis, Mich.:

Has France a standing offer of one million dollars to the inventor of perpetual motion for the right of the world, as soon as they are convinced of its utility?

There is no standing offer by any government or person for perpetual motion, because its impracticability is understood and acknowledged. No machine can create power.

J. S. J., Tampico, Ill.:

The popular vote is given on page 4 of Weekly BLADE of Dec. 13. There is one elector for each Congressman and Senator from each state. The vote on governor of Illinois in 1884 was: Oglesby, Rep., 334,222; Harrison, Dem., 319,599; Harper, Gbk., 8,642; Hobbs, Pro., 10,764. This year it was: Fifer, Rep., 367,860; Palmer, Dem., 355,313; Harts, 19,915; Jones, 5,364.

E. A. V., Fallston, Pa., writes: I have in my possession a queer-shaped bottle, that was carried through the war of 1812. It was made before they used molds. It is canteen-shape, and used to be covered with leather. Is it a rare trophy, and what is its probable worth?

Of course it is rare. It is worth just what a collector or antiquarian would pay for it—probably $5 would be an extreme sum. You should present it to the National Museum at Washington.

D. T. R., Thompson, W. Va.:

1. What was the "West Virginia colonization lie" about Elkins? 2. Did Cleveland gain votes in every manufacturing city and town in the United States? 3. Certain Democrats claim that the wages of our workingmen are controlled by trusts. Are they?

1. That he had imported a lot of negroes from other states, to work on a railroad, and vote the Republican ticket. 2. No. 3. No. This matter was discussed at length editorially in the BLADE during the campaign.

J. M. B. R., Guilford, Ind.:

Can you publish the poem in which are the following lines:

"I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast."

The poem is "Anthony and Cleopatra," written by the late Gen. W. H. Lytle, of Cincinnati, Ohio. We cannot publish it, but if any reader wishes to send it directly to this inquirer, we shall be glad. The address is given above. Don't send to the BLADE, but directly to him.

J. G., jr., Leopold, W. Va.:

I see in the BLADE that "white hair is particularly scarce and dear, coming as high as $50 and $100 per ounce," and that real brown or golden will bring nearly as much. Please tell me through your valuable paper where such prices can be gotten. If you can't answer through the BLADE please answer by mail.

Please read Rule 2, at head of this column; also Rule 7. The same answer must be given to L. A., Imogene, Iowa. Also C. B. C., Geneva, Minn., who will also please read Rule 7 above.

C. A. S., Hinsdale, N. Y.:

1. Some 20 years ago I read something in your paper about a baby that was nice for a little boy to speak in school. It commenced: "I don't like this world, it seems so flannelly." Will you reprint? also "Whistling in Heaven." 2. Tell us which is correct: "Our Father which art in Heaven," or "who art in Heaven?"

1. We cannot reprint pieces which have appeared in the BLADE. 2. Language is constantly changing—slowly but surely. At the time the King James translation was made, "which" was used to refer to persons. Usage has change since then, and "who" is now used in such connection.

F. H. P., Quincy, Ill.:

Theatrical companies are most frequently organized in New York, that being the headquarters of most theatrical enterprises. The usual plan is to hire the people required to produce a certain play, or several of them. A route is laid out, before starting, by correspondence with managers of theatres or halls in the various towns. We would advise you not to attempt management without thorough experience. It is a remarkably easy business in which to lose money. Write to the editor of the *Clipper*, New York, for theatrical information.

M. C. A., Tecumseh, Neb.:

1. What has become of the famous Tichborne trial in England, the man supposed to be passing himself of as somebody in order to become heir to property? 2. In civil government, we read that the President is commander-in-chief of the army and navy; has it been changed? If so, for what cause? and how is the position filled—by rank or appointment?

Tichborne was defeated in his attempt to prove himself heir to a large estate, and imprisoned for several years for fraud. After his release he came to this country, where he remained until some months ago, when he returned to England. 2. The President is, under the Constitution of the United States, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, but as it was never expected that the President should take the field in person, an actual commander is appointed, who is known as the lieutenant general.

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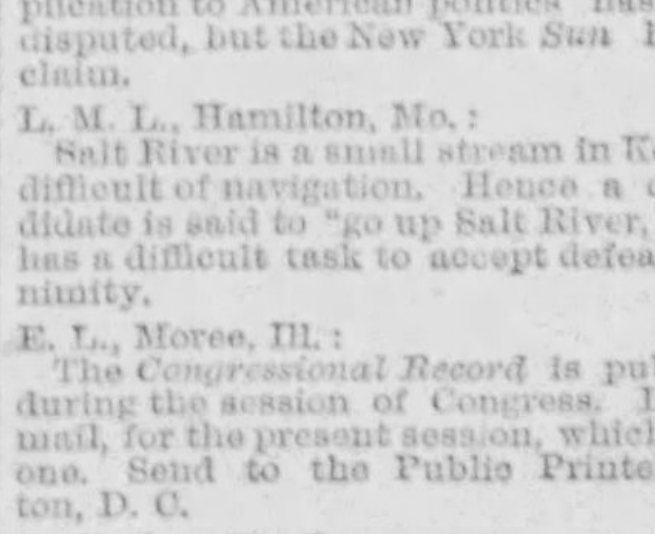

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CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

The Favorite

Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures **Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,** and **Asthma;** soothes irritation of the **Larynx** and **Fauces;** strengthens the **Vocal Organs;** allays soreness of the **Lungs;** prevents **Consumption,** and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this

Cough Medicine

to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman *Headlight*, Morrillton, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me." Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1257 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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THE DOUBLE CHIN.

Its Great Value as an Index of Character.

The great justification of the double chin rests, of course, on its unrivaled value as an index of character—and such a character! It is really nature's patent of nobility. This was long ago discerned by the great master of physiognomy. It is not difficult to divine what Lavater thought of a double chin. He carefully points out that man differs from the animals chiefly by his chin, laying it down as an axiom that the chin is the distinctive characteristic of humanity; consequently, double-chinned people are doubly differentiated from the beasts that perish, which is greatly to their credit. He expressly takes for his model of "the tinker, full of sagacity and penetration," a man with a flashy double chin, coupled with a nose rounded at the end. The portrait he gives is even better than the letterpress, as the gentleman is limmed with at least five chins, so that his lower jaw is a vista of magnificent distances, like Washington. This happy physiognomy of the double chin, coupled with the rounded nose, characterizes, he tells us, the mind which can rise to heights, and which follows its designs with reflecting firmness, unalloyed by obstinacy. Let, therefore, those with double chins rejoice, whether they possess rounded noses or not, and quote Lavater in gratitude. He gives again another example of the *double menton*, and the face so endowed, he says enthusiastically, is Reason's own image. He quite revels in this feature. He takes an example of Raphael with a beautifully rounded double chin, and in criticising it he acknowledges that the profile is wanting in truth, harmony and grace; but then, asks he, how is it it so strongly takes captive our sympathy? Where lies the illusion? Merely in the chin, he answers, and, as the chin is a double one, the matter is no longer a mystery. He points triumphantly to Cicero's magnificent double chin, and in a burst of eloquence says of Wren's that, if you can find a man with (among other things) such a chin as that, without being gifted with some extraordinary talent, he renounces forever the science of physiognomy. What Lavater has thus laid down experience amply corroborates. The double-chinned, therefore, should hold their heads up higher, in the consciousness of modest merit, and give free play and just prominence to their certificates of character. It is, as hinted above, rather difficult at present to tell who is endowed and who is not. Portrait-painters are craven enough to dissimulate a double chin; they leave it to the caricaturist, who seem to think it great fun for a popular statesman or poet to have two chins, whereas these appendages are the secret of their success. Some of our more observant writers have got a glimpse of the truth; Mr. Wilkie Collins, for instance. He very properly credits Count Fosco, the man of daring, resource and determination, with a double chin, to which Fosco's pet cockatoo calls public attention by rubbing his head against it in the most appreciative manner possible. But your ordinary novelist would never have thought of that. As an Englishman, by the way, one naturally turns to Shakespeare to see whether his appearance corroborates Lavater's views. Shakespeare undoubtedly foresaw the point, as he foresaw everything else, but he was sufficiently artful to wear just enough beard to place it in eternal doubt, whether he had a double chin or not. Thus he leaves it open to all parties, single-chinned or double, to quote him as an instance of anything they like, which, after all, is the great use which Shakespeare has always been put to.—*London Standard.*

"RING FOR THE SAMOVAR."

New York Ladies of Fashion Gone Crazy Over Russian Fads.

"Ring for the samovar, please," said a lady of fashion, the other afternoon, as some friends dropped in to see her on her day "at home," says the New York *Morning Journal.*

The lady was in a tea gown made of the new shade of crimson known as Patrovsky red, trimmed with bands of Russian sable fur. On a little stand back of her was a big photo of Tolstoi, with a pile of his books beside it. On the music-rack beside her were a number of little sheets of Slavonic music; and at her elbow, on one of the numerous round tables with which a lady of taste likes to litter her drawing-room, was a big photograph of the beautiful czarina in full Russian costume. The little hostess was holding the last copy of the *Century*, and tears were in her eyes over the woes of the Russian exiles as told by George Kennan.

A maid came in with a big tray, on which rested a samovar and a half dozen quaint little cups and saucers, with the city of Moscow pictured on the cups, and the guard of the lily bed of St. Petersburg on the saucers. A small oblong dish was heaped with very thinly sliced lemons, and a tiny pink china bowl made in the form of a tulip held the lump of sugar.

The hostess poured the strong, clear, fragrant tea into the cups and dropped two bits of lemon into each and a young man handed them round. Then the maid brought in some thin, dark-looking stuff and that was passed around.

"Mercy! what stuff!" said a fair cousin of the hostess, as she took a bite of it. "What is this, Maria? It's too awful!"

"It's Russian bread, darling. I wrote to Tolstoi to get the recipe for it. It is really delicious, if you only think so, and I have just sent for more Russian tea. They press it in cakes there and break it off, I believe, and I think it will be so much nicer than measuring it out in a spoon."

Verestchagin, Tolstoi, and Mr. Kennan have set many of the members of the fashionable world Russian crazy.

There are many drawing-rooms in town where tea is always served in a samovar, and the old lady who likes cream and sugar can never have them, but must set her teeth on edge by having lemon dropped into her cup instead. Russian rugs of white fur are strewn over drawing-room floors. Russian hounds repose upon them. Russian colors draped the chairs—green and red. St. Petersburg tea gowns are worn, and the difficult Slavonic names are rolled with ease from the tongues of maids and matrons.

The few ladies—including Mrs. Willie Astor, Mrs. M. O. Roberts, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, and Mrs. Levi P. Morton—who have passed a season in St. Petersburg are frequently consulted about Russian furnishings and fashions. Russian sleighs and fur coats are in demand, and the whole town has gone in for a genuine Russian craze, which will probably just outlast the winter.

Postage Stamps of the World.

There are about 6,000 different descriptions of postage stamps in existence. The museum of the Berlin postoffice alone contains between 4,000 and 5,000 specimens, of which half are from Europe, and the remainder divided between Asia, Africa, America and Australia. Some of the stamps bear coats-of-arms and other emblems impartially borrowed from the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth—stars, eagles, lions, horses, serpents, railway trains, dolphins and other "fearful wild fowl." There are, moreover, the effigies of five emperors, eighteen kings, three queens, one grand duke, several inferior titled rulers and many presidents.

Wood Petrified by Artificial Means.

A Swedish scientist claims to have discovered the secret of petrifying wood by artificial processes. He thinks it will be possible ere long to construct edifices of wood and convert them into stone. As it takes three months and costs about £500 to petrify a block of wood of the dimensions of one cubic inch, it will probably be some time before his process will be generally adopted.

The Toast Not Appreciated.

It was at the close of the wedding breakfast. One of the guests arose, and, glass in hand, said:

"I drink to the health of the bridegroom. May he see many days like this!"

The intention was good, but the bride looked up as if something had displeased er.—*London Telegraph.*

Hadji Sulyman Saba, of Constantinople, was 98 years of age when he took his last wife, and he lived to be 132. He had 60 sons and nine daughters, and seven wives, and survived them all.

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A TAP AT THE DOOR.

A hand tapped at my door, low down, low down;
I opened it, and saw two eyes of brown,
Two lips of cherry red,
A little curly head,
A bonny, fairy sprite in dress of white,
Who said with lifted face, "Papa, good night!"

She climbed upon my knee, and kneeling there
Lisped softly, solemnly, her little prayer;
Her meeting finger-tips,
Her pure, sweet baby lips,
Carried my soul with hers, half unaware,
Into some clearer and diviner air.

I tried to lift again, but all in vain,
Of scientific thought the subtle chain;
So small, so small,
My learning all!
Though I could call each star and tell its place,
My child's "Our Father" bridged the gulf of space!

I sat with folded hands at rest, at rest,
Turning this solemn thought within my breast:
How faith would fade
If God hath made
No children in this world, no baby age—
Only the prudent man, or thoughtful sage.

Only the woman wise; no little arms
To clasp around our neck, no baby charms,
No loving care,
No sinless prayer,
No thrill of lisping song, no pattering feet,
No infant heart against our heart to beat!

Then if a tiny hand, low down,
Tap at thy heart or door, ah! do not frown;
Bend low to meet
The little feet,
To clasp the clinging hand; the child will be
Nearer heaven than thee—nearer than thee.

The Christian Advocate.

A Mean Trick in Disguise.

Dinguss—Shadbolt, here is that dollar I borrowed of you a month or two ago.

Shadbolt (in extreme vexation)—Confound you, Dinguss! What did you want to break your record for? McStab offered to bet me $5 the other day that you would pay that dollar, and I took him up.

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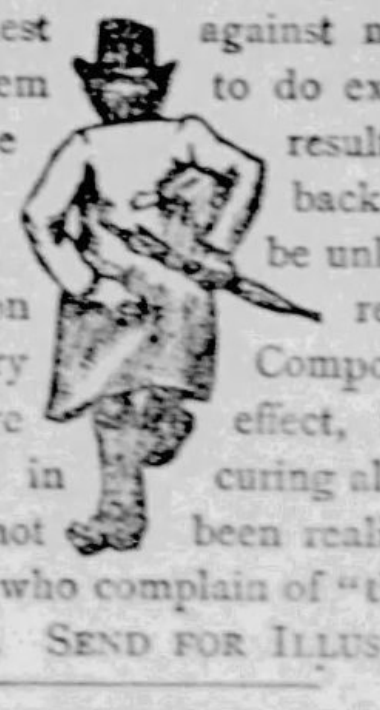

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1888.

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THE RUM TRAFFIC AS A TAX.

The question whether the tariff is or is not a tax on the consumer was widely discussed during the late Presidential campaign. The Democratic orators and papers declared that "the tariff is a tax;" the Republicans took the opposite ground. But suppose a thing is clearly proved to be a tax on the people? What then? Evidently the assumption was, that a tax is a burden, and a thing to be gotten rid of if it be unnecessary. "Unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation" was a favorite Democratic battle-cry during the campaign, and nobody dissents from that opinion. The Republican answer was, not that unnecessary taxation is all right, but that the tariff taxed nobody.

There is not a doubt but that, if the free traders could have shown that the tariff *is* a tax, the result of the election would have been different. Yet the total of this tax, if tax it is, is but about $220,000,000 a year. There is, however, a tax paid by the people of this country which is a far more onerous one than this would be. It is, the $900,000,000 per year which the people pay for Rum in all its forms; and it is paid, not to the government, but to the Rum Power.

A man who pays taxes to the government receives some benefit. It goes to support the government, which in turn affords him undisturbed possession of his property, and protects him and his from interference by others. It is not lost, but he obtains substantial benefits for it. But the tax paid to the Rum Power is a positive injury. It injures men who pay it; it is an injury to the community where it is paid.

But it must not be presumed that the burden of this tax ends there. Aside from the loss of money, of time, of health, of reputation, of all that makes life worth living, on the part of those who pay their money for Rum, the traffic itself increases the burden of government taxation, and makes those who have property, even though they do not ever purchase a drop of Rum, pay more taxes than they would were the Rum curse lifted from the nation. The influence of the Rum traffic on municipal, county and state taxation is easily seen, though it is extremely difficult to make an estimate of the actual amount which it adds to the tax payers' burdens.

Taxes are laid at a certain per cent on the assessed valuation of all taxable property, or a certain number of mills on every dollar of that valuation. Supposing the total amount needed for public purposes to remain the same, the rate decreases with the increase of the amount of taxable property; and the rate increases with the decrease of the amount of taxable property. Hence, whatever tends to increase the amount or the value of taxable property, decreases the tax; and, conversely, whatever tends to lessen the value or amount of taxable property increases the tax on each tax-payer. Hence it is plain that whatever tends to develop the resources of a state or locality, and favors the rapid accumulation of property, increases the valuation and lessens the tax; and whatever hinders or retards such development or accumulation, tends to increase the tax. Now, does the Rum traffic increase the amount or value of taxable property, and favor development and accumulation, or does it not? And therefore does it tend to make taxes lighter or heavier?

Industry is a potent factor in the creation of wealth. Given the same conditions and the industrious man will accumulate property, while the idle one will not. Hence a thing which produces idleness hinders accumulation; and there is no one can deny but that drunkenness destroys the industry of its victims. An authority estimates that we have in the United States one million habitual drunkards, and four times that number of drinking men not yet advanced to the drunkard stage. The same authority estimates that one-half the productive power of each drunkard is destroyed by his vice, and that an average of one-fourth the productive power of each drinking man is thus lost. That would equal the entire industrial force of 1,500,000 men. Assuming that each man's earning power, if steadily at work, is $400 per year, the annual loss to the United States is $600,000,000 a year. This is a serious drawback to the increase of wealth, which would reduce taxation; hence here is a clear case in which the Rum habit involves unnecessary taxation.

A large share of the sums raised by taxation is paid out for the support of penitentiaries, jails, work-houses, poor-houses and asylums for the insane and imbecile; for the payment of police and other officers of the law; and for the maintenance of criminal and police courts, with their numerous officials. A large proportion of all this expense is simply because of Rum. The inevitable tendency of the use of Rum is to excite the baser passions. All that is savage, and wild, and vicious, and lawless in human nature comes to the surface under its infernal stimulus. It is estimated that at least three-fourths of all those who are inmates of poor-houses and insane asylums are either brought there directly or remotely through the use of Rum. That it is directly promotive of crime is apparent to every one. Street brawls, quarrels and murders result from it, and a whole brood of vices are born of the use of Rum.

It is estimated by criminal statisticians that nearly 90 per cent of all crimes may be traced to the influence of Rum, from murder, outrage and other crimes of violence, down. The vast machinery of our criminal courts and our police systems is enormously expensive, and 90 per cent of that expense is to be traced directly to the use of Rum. It costs, on an average, a thousand dollars for every criminal sent to the Ohio Penitentiary. That institution contains over 1,600 convicts, whose average term of imprisonment is three years. The actual cost to the people of Ohio of the crimes which are punishable by imprisonment can thus be easily calculated, with the additional factor to be considered that not one-half the persons arrested and indicted are finally found guilty.

Add to this the burden of the county jails and workhouses, and other institutions for the punishment of offenses of less magnitude; the cost of our asylums and poorhouses, our reform schools for boys and girls, all of which are supported by the tax-payers of the state, and the total cost of the Rum traffic to the men who pay taxes is something appalling in its magnitude. The tax-payers foot the bill, and the farmers pay the largest share of the taxes. Add the indirect cost of the Rum traffic to the direct tax of $900,000,000 a year which is paid out for Rum, and say whether it would not be a wise and politic thing, as a mere matter of business, to abolish Rum and the Rum traffic by Prohibition, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power!

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly Blade and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the Blade portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." For fifteen subscribers and $15 we will give a Mascot Watch. For eighteen subscribers and $18 we offer a Blade Wringer. For 75 subscribers and $75 we will give a Blade Sewing Machine. Except in the case of the Sewing Machine offer, we require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to these who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

THE "AUSTRALIAN" SYSTEM OF VOTING.

To increase the penalty for law-breaking is often a very poor way of preventing its violation. It is much easier sometimes to render the violation difficult or impossible. Representative Howard, of Indiana, has introduced a bill in the House making it unlawful for any person to receive money or other valuable consideration for his vote at any election for Representative in Congress. The payment of money for the vote of any person at such election is also declared unlawful. Persons violating the law shall, upon conviction, be disfranchised for not less than six years, and for said period be disqualified from holding any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States. This is not the proper measure to extinguish bribery at the polls. The true method is to render it impossible that a would-be briber can tell whether the vote is delivered for which he bargains. This can be done by the adoption of a secret ballot. When the vote buyer has to accept the word of a man that the latter has performed a criminal act, with no possible way of proving it, the purchasable voters will find no one willing to buy.

The "Australian" system of voting, which has been for several years in successful operation in Australia, and in Great Britain and Canada, has already been adopted in Massachusetts, where it goes into operation next year. Its object is to prevent bribery and intimidation, to place all candidates for office on an absolute equality, and to break the power of political machines, by rendering the ballot absolutely secret. The method of voting is as follows:

The voting is done in a room, in which no one is allowed to remain except the Judges of election and such other persons as the law may specifically permit to be present. The tickets are printed by the state, and each contains the names of all candidates for all offices to be filled at that election, with their politics designated after the model given below:

	For Sheriff.	Vote for One.
Democratic.	John Doe.	
Republican.	Richard Roe.	X
Prohibition.	David Smith.	
Independent.	Samuel Jones.	

	For Constables.	Vote for Two
Democratic.	Alanson Jacobs.	X
	Harvey Sylvester.	X
Republican.	Martin Rawson.	
	Wyman Simpson.	
Prohibition.	Valentine Remsen.	
	Victor Sampson.	
Independent.	Erastus Myers.	
	Samuel Bixby.	

The voters enter in single file. Each, on entering, receives from two election officers, selected from different political parties, one of these tickets. On the back is placed, as he receives it, a stamp or signature (not a number) which is, and is only sufficient, to certify that the ticket is official. As will be seen, there are no separate party tickets. There is but one set of tickets and they are furnished by the state.

Having received the ticket, the voter goes into one of a number of compartments, where he is entirely shielded from the view of any person, and prepares his ticket by placing in the blank column a cross (X) opposite the name of the candidate for each office for whom he desires to vote. Or, he may write therein the name of anybody for whom he may desire to cast his ballot for any office. This is illustrated in the sample of part of a ticket given above, where the voter has chosen to cast his ballot for the Republican candidate for sheriff and for the two Democratic candidates for constables.

After preparing his ballot by indicating every candidate for whom he votes, the voter folds it in such manner as to conceal the face and expose the endorsement, and, withdrawing from the booth, gives the ballot to the inspectors, who identify it by the indorsement as official. Then, if there is a registry law, his right to vote is verified by the records; if not, he is subject to challenge. All things being proved correct, the ticket is deposited in the box and the voter leaves the polls. From the time he receives his ticket until he casts it, the voter is permitted to have no communication with any one but the election officers, and with them only for official purposes; and only election officers and persons actually engaged in voting are ever admitted within the room.

Upon proof of inability from physical infirmity or illiteracy, a voter may call into the room officers appointed and sworn for the purpose, to aid him in preparing his ballot; and when a ballot is accidentally destroyed or defaced it may be exchanged for a clean one. The importance of the latter requirement may not at once be apparent; but, to secure secrecy, every ballot delivered to a voter must be either cast or returned. This explains the necessity for indorsing ballots. But for the indorsement, a blank paper outwardly resembling a ballot might be cast by a voter, who would then be able surreptitiously to carry away an official ballot. This could be prepared for a bribed voter, the proof of its use being his production of a second official ballot. That could be similarly prepared and used, and so on. Such a fraud, known as the "Tasmanian dodge," was successfully perpetrated in Australia in the early days of the system; but its repetition was prevented by requiring ballots to be officially endorsed.

As it is essential that ballots be printed at public expense and distributed by public officers, the system must include some mode of certifying nominations to the proper authorities a reasonable time before elections. That proposed by the Yates-Saxton bill, which was passed by the New York legislature and vetoed by Governor Hill, is perhaps as convenient as could be desired. Under it, state nominations are to be certified fifteen days, and local nominations ten days, before election; nominations of a political party which at the next preceding election polled three per cent. of the whole vote are to be certified by party officers; and independent nominations, if for state office, are to be certified by a thousand voters, and if for a local office, by a hundred voters, to the proper election officials.

It is a matter of experience that penal laws are ineffectual to prevent bribery and intimidation. The primary remedy is a secret ballot. And this is best secured when the proof of an elector's vote in his own uncorroborated assertion. Under the Australian system no other proof can be made. The fact gives to the most timid among dependent voters a sense of security which makes him free. And to bribery it is fatal. Bribers are not likely to invest money on the faith of a bribed man's naked assertion.

The evils of the present system of having each party prepare tickets and of voting so that some one can obtain proof for whom a voter casts his ballot are thus summarized by Hon. Wm. M. Ivins, of New York city, with a parallel column showing how the Australian system offers a remedy, which is as follows:

THE EVIL.	THE REMEDY.
1. The necessity for voluntarily printing and distributing the ballot justifies organization for this purpose.	1. The printing and distribution of all ballots at public expense does away with the necessity of organization for this purpose.
2. It practically vests the machine with the monopoly of the election machinery;	2. And will deprive the political machines of the monopoly of an essential part of the election machinery.
3. And, as a consequence, with the monopoly of nominations.	3. It will enable any body of citizens of the number prescribed by law to have the name of their candidate printed on the same ballot with the names of all other candidates for the same office, so that before the law and before the voters all candidates and all party organizations will stand on a perfectly even footing.
4. It involves the necessity of defraying the expenses of both printing and distribution by means of assessments on or contributions by candidates, office holders or party leaders.	4. This will dispense altogether with the necessity of and excuse for levying political assessments.
5. Which facilitates bribery and corruption by affording them convenient covers.	5. And leave no legal cover for bribery.

THE CLEVELAND "SCANDAL."

There is a small tempest in a teapot raging in social circles at New York and Washington, which has been raised by the wife of Secretary of the Navy Whitney in making the nonsensical charge that Chauncey M. Depew is responsible for the circulation of certain tattle about the domestic relations of the President. Mrs. Whitney has unfortunately given herself the reputation of a gossip by stirring up these unsavory stories. There has been nothing said new in the recent publications in the mugwump and Democratic press of the East about this matter. At the St. Louis convention last summer, the hotels were flooded with an anonymous pamphlet making the same charges against Mr. Cleveland. It is to the credit of the Republican press of the country that no use was made of these stories in the campaign. The battle was fought on issues, not on private scandals.

The present writer, who was at St. Louis all the time, talked with a number of Washington correspondents on the stories embraced in this pamphlet, and was told that they had long been floating about the capital, and had been in the possession of every newspaper man there for months. No use was made of them, for, from their very nature, they were intangible and incapable of proof. They were, in brief, to the effect that Mr. Cleveland was jealous of the attention excited by his young wife, and was abusive to her on occasion, especially when, as alleged, he was in his cups. We are frank to say that we have not the slightest idea that there is any truth in one of them. The evidence of many reputable people who are in a position to know all about the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland is uniformly to the effect that Mr. Cleveland is an excellent husband, and that the couple are a model for married people in general in their domestic relations.

The stories were revamped a couple of weeks ago and published by the New York *Times*, a mugwump newspaper, which strongly supported Mr. Cleveland during the late campaign. Its conduct in this is utterly inexcusable. The attempt is now making to charge the origin of the stories upon Republicans. This is an atrocious lie. The one man who is more responsible than any one else for them is a prominent Democratic journalist, who was socially received at the White House, and who, while under alcoholic stimulation one night, a year or so ago, told a somewhat circumstantial story in Washington bar-rooms. He has since denied the whole matter, and we are perfectly willing to follow classical precedent and "appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober"—and to accept the latter's story instead of the former's.

Bill Scott, the Pennsylvania free trade leader in Congress, and the intimate friend of President Cleveland, who was so acutely distressed during the recent campaign because he thought the laboring men had to pay more for manufactured articles than they should, is one of the heads of the anthracite coal trust, and is not regarded with so much affection by his own miners as we would expect such a champion of labor to be. The new national union of miners and mine laborers is about to concentrate all its efforts on Scott, in forcing him to pay his men as much as the same kind of laborers receive from other employers. It is painful to see this ardent friend of labor and the laboring man subjected to such coercion.

Apropos of the discussion which comes up regularly after each Presidential election, regarding the abolition of the electoral college system, it is well to remember that if the popular majority of the whole country were to decide the choice of the President, every vote would be valuable in every state, and where intimidation or fraud could be safely used it would be, not only to the extent of carrying that state, but to swell its fraudulent majority to overcome the honest majorities in other states. The result would be long in doubt, keeping the country in suspense and anxiety, with charges of fraud fiercely made and repelled, and the final canvass of the votes by national authority would be a task of great difficulty and danger.

Senator Allison, the prime mover in getting up the Senate substitute for the Mills bill, puts a quietus on the Democratic campaign charge that the measure was gotten up simply for political effect—which charge is still repeated by some idiotic Democrats—in the following utterance on the floor of the Senate:

> For myself I disclaim presenting a bill that is to be put through on party lines or for party purposes. I shall listen with pleasure to any criticisms on the details of the bill. The bill in its general framework is intended to protect American industries and American labor, but as to its details I stand ready to listen to amendments and vote for them if they convince my judgment that the rate is either too high or too low. I think that some of the proposed rates are too low and I have no doubt that I shall vote to raise them. I think that some are too high and I shall vote to reduce them.

The leaders of the political Prohibitionists are inquiring what caused the falling off of the Prohibition vote from 294,853 in 1886 to 257,233 in 1888, and no two agree. Some say the vote of 1886 was not a genuine vote, others say the cause was weighed down by the women and the woman question, and now comes the chairman of the committee, and says that the St. John vote was 50,000 too high, being swelled by the mugwumps. Still the fact remains that the aggregate vote this year is 257,243, or about one voter in 44, as the growth of twenty years.

THE BLADE'S NEW OFFER.

A Chance to Make One Hundred Dollars.

There are among the thousands who read the Blade a great many who have keenly watched the past campaign, and with unerring eye have read the signs of the times. They believed that Harrison was to be elected President, and they said so. Their political sagacity made them winners. Now their attention is directed to the new administration, and the first point of interest is President Harrison's Cabinet.

In order that the Blade readers may have a chance to further show their judgment in political matters, we have decided to offer

A Cash Prize of One Hundred Dollars

to the regular subscribers of the Blade who will, between now and the first of March next, guess the Cabinet to be appointed by President Harrison.

Every regular subscriber is entitled to a chance at this prize, provided that he send us with his guess, the name of one new yearly subscriber, with one dollar. Mind this does not mean that when your subscription expires you can send a dollar, renew your subscription, and be entitled to a guess for the hundred dollars. You must already be a subscriber, and must send us one new subscriber at the regular rate. Then you will be entitled to make your guess.

In case two or more should give the correct Cabinet, the hundred dollars will be evenly divided.

In making your guess, send the name of the new subscriber and his money and on a separate sheet of paper the names you think will constitute the new Cabinet. For instance, let your letter read thus:

> Editor Blade:—Enclosed find one dollar, for which please send Weekly Blade one year to ——— ——— (giving full postoffice address), a new subscriber, which entitles me to a guess as to the Harrison cabinet.

Then, on the other sheet, write:

> Editor Blade:—I believe that President Harrison's cabinet will consist of
>
> Secretary of State—..........................
> Secretary of the Treasury—.....................
> Secretary of War—..........................
> Secretary of the Navy—.......................
> Secretary of the Interior—.....................
> Postmaster General—.......................
> Attorney General—.........................
> Secretary of Agriculture—....................

Sign your own name and address to *both* sheets. Guesses may be sent in at once and changed as often as desired between now and March 1. Guesses will be numbered in the order in which they are received at this office.

Here is an opportunity the like of which we are sure has never before been offered our readers. We want them to take hold of this matter, and to aid them we will, in the future as in the past, give them through our columns a faithful reflex of the feeling in political as well as all other circles. Send in your guesses.

THE PROTECTION MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

While the people of the United States have just set the seal of their condemnation on the efforts of the free trade theorists to change the economic system of this country, the efforts of the workers for protection in Great Britain are increasing. They call their plan "fair trade," to distinguish it from free trade. The movement is largely in the ranks of the workingmen; and, according to the London *Fair Trade*, the late conventions and conferences among the trades unions have been the scenes of determined attacks upon the two main free trade positions—"unlimited" competition, and buying in the cheapest markets, regardless of all other considerations. At the Co-operative congress, a leading speaker was warmly supported in the following declaration:

> We are now making an attempt to free ourselves from the clutches of foreign competition, and to establish ourselves on such a firm foundation that we can honestly undertake work, honestly carry out our work, and get honestly paid for our work—so that a good day's work shall receive a fair day's pay.

And, at the congress of trades unions, the opening address contained this declaration:

> With regard to free trade in labor, we see the old nostrums trotted out again, to the effect that we should buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest one, quite regardless of the consequences and the conditions by which that cheapness might be produced. If that principle were sound, then let us introduce Oriental labor into western civilization, and encourage the sweating system, or the products of slave labor.

And, again, we have this utterance:

> There are various degrees of "sweating," but the demon of cheapness has permeated our whole social system; and while the cheapness of goods has been a matter for wonder, purchasers seldom or never give a thought to the human blood and muscle that have been ground up in the production of the articles supplied to minister to their necessity, to add to their luxury, or to gratify their vanity.

And a speaker at the trades unions congress, in a public address to an audience of workingmen, declared:

> I am a rigid fair trader, a protectionist, if you like, because the work-people of this country are starving in the streets, undersold by foreign markets. I look upon free trade as a sort of brotherly international system of sweating.

And here is another extract from a speech made at the same congress, showing that the workingmen are beginning to understand clearly the inevitable misery and poverty that must result from the free trade idea:

> The rage for manufactures and commerce at the expense of agriculture is a disease which has been the eventual ruin of every nation that has suffered from it. Nor can we hope to escape the consequence of its deadly ravages, unless by retracing our footsteps before it is too late.

The Cobden Club will soon have enough to do in England to maintain the supremacy of their free trade theories in Great Britain, even at this time the only great nation which has a free trade policy, without attempting to find disciples in the United States and in other countries. The current of feeling among the intelligent portion of the working classes of England is setting heavily against the fallacious theory which in practice inures to the benefit of the merchant, the middle-man and the manufacturer, at the expense of the toiler.

The state of South Carolina is actually proposing to solve the "dominant race" problem in a way that is constitutional, which will dispense with shotgun methods. In the state house of representatives a few days ago a joint resolution was introduced providing for the submission to the people of an amendment to the state constitution, making the citizen's ability to read that instrument, as also the constitution of the United States, and to write his own name, a condition *sine qua non* of his voting at any election, state or national. According to the report, there is no doubt of the bill's passage.

Lord Salisbury, not long ago in a public speech, referred to a certain well educated and highly intelligent Hindoo gentleman, in a sneering way, as "a black man." Now, the Hindoos are of the purest Caucasian blood, and the British Prime Minister "put his foot into it" with a vengeance, for he has affronted millions of Hindoo subjects of the British crown, who are extremely sensitive, too, on matters of race and color. The Indian newspapers are making it hot for Salisbury, and the Liberal press of England has taken up the cry. A politician should be more politic.

June 10, 1890, is the day practically fixed for a combined effort on the part of organized labor for an eight-hour working day.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

Before the next issue of the Weekly Blade will have reached its many readers, the great festival of the Christian year, the day on which we celebrate the birth of the Savior of man, will have passed. As we celebrate on that day the advent of the child "Wonderful, the Prince of Peace," it is but fitting that we should make it the children's festival. Wearied as one may be with the trials of life and the cares of business, he can revive the spirit of the Christmas time within his heart by mingling with the throngs who crowd the streets of any city and watch the eagerness and the interest manifested by the children.

What dreams they have been dreaming these latter days! Every show-window filled with dolls and toys, with candles and firecrackers, with tool-boxes and little dinner sets, has been a section of fairy land. The world is beautiful to them, and so it should be, for it is lighted by the Star in the East. School and its study and discipline, the little vexations and disappointments of everyday life, have all vanished like the morning mists. It is a time for home gatherings, and a little child should be in the midst of every one of them. These days bind closer the ties of kindred and of friendship, and as one grows older one values all they bring more truly and tenderly.

The age in which we live owes all that is best for humanity in it to the religion of which Christmas celebrates the Founder's birth. The spirit of this new religion slowly but irresistibly permeated the thought and the heart of the civilized races and brought them under a new dominion. It is felt every where and affects alike the just and the unjust. Not seeking its own, it has still had added unto it all the good things of this life. It opened new fountains of light and knowledge; it has touched the barren hills and breathed on the waters, and, like the rock struck by Moses's rod, streams of abounding mercies flowed to bless mankind. This is the day that is to ring out the old, ring in the new.

> Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
> Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
> Ring out the thousand wars of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace;
> Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The eager heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be.

The chief glory of Christianity lies not in material triumphs which have marked its progress. Let us not boast merely of our wealth and physical comforts, but rather that time, knowledge, experience has softened the hearts of men and made them quicker to respond to claims made by brother upon brother. It is not to day the song of battle which we hear everywhere, but rather the songs of peace and good will.

It is the children's day, and it is the children who will, under the growing influence of Christianity in the coming years, make the world still better than they find it to-day. The burden we lay down they will take up. Their fresh hands, their warm blood will make good the tasks at which we fail. The joyfulness and the trust with which they make Christmas blossom are the pious forces with which the world must be made over again. We can look upon our little ones on this Christmas day and see shining on us out of the far future the faces of mankind in the happy days surely coming, when poverty, war, and plague shall have ceased to print their ugly wrinkles on our front, and when all men shall have become as these little ones.

SUPREME BENCH SALARIES.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate, doubtless prompted by the fact that Chief Justice Waite's death left his immediate family in poor circumstances, to increase the salaries of judges of the Supreme court of the United States to $20,000 per year, instead of $10,000, as at present—an amount ridiculously inadequate, when the social exigencies of the justices and their families are considered. In no country are the judges of the court paid less than those in the United States. That our courts should in the main be regarded with so much respect and confidence, and that the administration of justice should be as pure as it now is in so rich a country as this, is one of the most gratifying features of our public life. It is particularly so when we bear in mind that the judges are, as a rule, poor men, and that the salaries which they receive for their services are not much more than is sufficient to enable them to live in a decently comfortable manner.

The positions of our judiciary, especially of the highest in the land, should have every safeguard that will protect each occupant not only from temptation, but from those conditions which give rise to temptation. It is not right that we should expect a man, when he is raised to the judicial office, to deny himself comforts and pleasures and to disregard the future wants of his family. Yet this is what we expect of a poor man when we make him a judge. The Supreme court justices are obliged to incur heavy expenses in living at the capital, in traveling through their various districts and in maintaining their families, and it is certain that after defraying these expenses they do not have much left out of ten thousand dollars a year. The late Chief Justice Waite's death left his family in a condition that undoubtedly was a cause of grave anxiety to him in his old age. There can be no greater wrong done to a judge than that he should be compelled, while giving his life to the service of his country to practice the ways of drudgery and severe economy in order to make both ends meet. It is a mistake, both in common justice in rating the value of the services of men, and in public policy, to treat our judges in beggarly fashion.

If Osman Digna's letter concern Emin Bey and Stanley proves genuine, the British government is placed in a dilemma. The Soudanese chief offers to surrender them if Great Britain will cause the evacuation of Suakim. For Great Britain to refuse and cause the deaths of these two eminent men at the hands of the fanatic in whose power they are, would disgrace her in the eyes of the civilized world; while to surrender Suakim would be to involve her in many complications in the settlement of the Egyptian trouble.

The direct tax bill, refunding about $17,000,000 of the war tax to the states which paid it in 1861, has passed both Houses and goes to the President. Its veto is predicted by some of Cleveland's close political friends; but the men who still have any remnant of faith in the President's common sense will hesitate to believe that he can be guilty of such an official and political folly.

The House committee on Pensions has evidently understood what the late election meant. In reporting favorably the bill granting a pension of $3,500 a year to Mrs. General Sheridan, it says:

> There has been decided opposition in this committee to these unusually large pensions to widows, but this report is made favorable in this case upon the ground that Congress can not well refuse such action after giving large pensions to others who are less meritorious.

Again does Mr. Thurman announce that he is "finally out of politics" and that he means to live the rest of his life with his wife and his books. The Old Roman is not taking his defeat to heart, and he will probably be much happier than if he had been sent to Washington for the next four years.

Judge Lynch got a severe lesson at Birmingham. It is to be hoped that extra-judicial attempts to execute vengeance will be less popular after this lamentable transaction.

RESTRICTING SUFFRAGE IN THE SOUTH.

The election of Harrison to the Presidency has had one significant effect—it has set the Southern people to discussing some method of avoiding the danger of negro domination, in some other manner than by intimidation of colored voters. They feel that the present state of things has lasted as long as it can, and that a return of the nation to Republican rule is a warning to them that the unfair political advantage over the remainder of the states of the Union, in holding seats in Congress that would never be theirs but for the methods of vote-suppression in vogue, will not longer be tolerated.

The Fifteenth amendment stands in the way of the disfranchisement of the negroes as a race. In point of fact, there are but two ways in which the bulk of the negro race can be constitutionally deprived of the right to vote—and they are, by an educational or a property qualification of the voters. Any state has the right to declare what shall be the qualifications of its voters; but those qualifications must apply to whites as well as blacks. No citizen can be discriminated against on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." And the difficulty in the adoption of any such restriction, in any state, North or South, would be, that it would require an amendment to the state constitution, which would have to be voted on by the present voters; and no man is going to vote to disfranchise himself. Hence it would be extremely difficult, probably impossible, to adopt such an amendment.

We admit that, were only the negro votes to be considered in the vote on such an amendment, it could easily be carried, in the same way that elections are now carried; but the South is full of "poor whites"—unlettered and poor—who would be disfranchised by either an educational or a property requirement. These men would oppose any such action, and probably defeat it.

The problem is a grave one—one to be approached in anything but a bitterly partisan spirit. It is a hopeful sign that the Southern people are beginning to discuss it. It gives ground for the belief that wise counsels are going to dominate the politics of that section after awhile. The present status is dangerous in many ways. It breeds a contempt for the sacredness of the ballot that bodes no good to republican institutions. It familiarizes the public mind with the idea that political advantage is to be gained at any cost—if not by fair means, then by foul—but it is to be gained.

Nor is it, on the other hand, to be supposed that the people of the other states will allow the perpetuation indefinitely of methods which give to the Southern Democrats twenty-seven seats in the present House of Representatives which could by no possibility be theirs, if the constitutional rights of the colored voters in these districts had not been overridden by intimidation. In no Northern state would such a wholesale reversal of the will of a majority be tolerated. Why shall it be tolerated in the South, to the political advantage of a party which is in a real minority?

Here is a list of the Democrats in the present House of Representatives who hold their seats through elections at which the negro majorities in these districts were annulled by intimidation of voters or else by frauds in the count:

	Colored Rep. Maj.
James T. Jones, 1st Alabama	2,858
William C. Oates, 3d Alabama	3,149
A. C. Davidson, 4th Alabama	20,612
H. G. Turner, 2d Georgia	3,763
Charles F. Crisp, 3d Georgia	2,431
Thomas W. Grimes, 4th Georgia	2,947
James H. Blount, 6th Georgia	8,229
H. H. Carlton, 8th Georgia	4,180
George T. Barnes, 10th Georgia	6,145
N. C. Blanchard, 4th Louisiana	5,753
C. Newton, 5th Louisiana	22,154
S. M. Robertson, 6th Louisiana	4,545
J. B. Morgan, 2d Mississippi	2,468
T. C. Catchings, 3d Mississippi	14,720
F. F. Barry, 4th Mississippi	5,773
C. L. Anderson, 5th Mississippi	1,570
T. R. Stockdale, 6th Mississippi	1,327
C. E. Hooker, 7th Mississippi	6,440
F. M. Simmons, 2d North Carolina	9,538
Samuel Dibble, 1st South Carolina	2,236
G. D. Tillman, 2d South Carolina	6,643
J. S. Cothran, 3d South Carolina	1,200
W. H. Perry, 4th South Carolina	1,500
J. J. Hemphill, 5th South Carolina	2,610
G. W. Dargan, 6th South Carolina	3,296
William Elliott, 7th South Carolina	24,899
James Phelan, 10th Tennessee	3,673

There is a wrong in this which must be righted. How to accomplish this—how to hold fair elections and honestly count the votes, and yet keep down negro supremacy—is the problem that presents itself to the people of the South. The problem is theirs, and they must solve it. The North gives every man his vote, and counts it fairly. To do this in the South would be to put the negroes in control, in several states, of the entire state government, and of most of the counties and cities. This would be intolerable to the whites, and probably an unwise thing for the prosperity of those states. The problem, it will be seen, is by no means an easy one to solve.

The official vote which was cast in the territory of Montana at the November election was 40,104. The Republicans have a majority of 5,000, although in former years it has been Democratic. The aggregate vote is worthy of attention in considering the claims of the territory to the rights of a state in the Union. It is not large enough to warrant its admission, but it is a proof that no very long time will be required before it will equal that of many of the other states. It already exceeds that of Delaware and is equal to that of Rhode Island.

The Democrats of the House are showing gleams of returning reason. Their caucus has yielded to the inevitable so far as to agree to admit Dakota as two states, Montana, Washington, New Mexico and Utah. The first five are to be admitted on one bill and Utah by a special bill. That scheme won't work. Utah must purge herself of polygamy and show due repentance for her sin before she can enter; and New Mexico's population is not fit for self-government yet. There needs to be a large influx of the Anglo-Saxon element before she is ready for statehood.

The *Bankers' Monthly* makes a good-natured suggestion that as the two great parties are nearer together than they have been on a proposed tariff revision, that we have a fusion without further delay, pass the Senate tariff bill, and get ready for a big trade in 1889. That esteemed magazine does not seem to know fully the utter lack of business in the average Democratic member of Congress.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The Blade desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the Blade *everywhere*.

Here is the political history of West Virginia in a nutshell:

Tilden's plurality, 14,564.
Hancock's, 11,148.
Cleveland's (1884), 4,221.
Cleveland's (1888), 536.

The Republicans should carry it by 5,000 in 1892.

There is some talk down in West Virginia of changing the name of that state to Kanawha. It should be done. A double name for a state is as silly as a triple name for a man.

The Philadelphia *Press* reads, in Mr. Cleveland's message, the following between the lines:

> You have told me to go out, and I'll go; but you will notice that I slam the door real hard. There now!

THE BLADE AND USEFUL ARTICLES.

The Blade has always aimed to bring out a list of useful household articles, wherewith to supply its readers who may need them, without their having to pay the several intermediate profits with which they are charged when they purchase of local dealers. We have always aimed to obtain articles or actual necessity in families, and also to have them of the *very best* quality; and we have always sold them at a price which will not more than cover the actual cost of production and our trouble in handling them.

A few years ago we were offered sewing machines by various companies—cheap affairs, which were sold as premiums with various newspapers. They were not as good as we desired, nor were we able to get a really reliable and thoroughly well-made machine at a low price. Hence the Blade, at an expense of a great many thousand dollars, built a factory, filled it with machinery especially adapted to the manufacture of sewing machines, and since it has been in operation has scattered many thousands of Blade Sewing Machines throughout the United States. It is a perfectly reliable machine, as good as any on the market, simple, durable and cheap; for we can furnish it, and the Weekly Blade for one year, for $18.

The books which are offered in connection with the Blade are of our own publication, and of the highest standard of excellence in their particular lines. We furnish them, with the Blade, at prices not over *one-third* those at which the same class of books sell for in stores. Our stock of "Nasby's" books is going very fast, and they will soon be out of print. Our catalogue of books offers the very best selection for holiday presents, especially Miss Bouton's books, which should be in every family.

The watch which we offer in connection with the Blade is as good a time-keeper as any man need carry. They are a newer watch than the Waterbury, and much more satisfactory. They have a short, stem-wind, and are stem-setters. They cannot fail to please.

The last step we have taken in the line of supplying household needs is in bringing out the Blade Bench Wringer, which is announced elsewhere. We have had a large number manufactured for us by one of the largest factories in the country. They are made of the best material, under the latest and best patents, and are sold at the lowest possible price. They are offered, with the Blade, at half the price that a wringer alone of this quality can be purchased for at retail, and as cheap as the very cheapest and poorest tub wringer can be bought at the stores.

We aim to bring out only such articles as are really household necessities, and no one need hesitate to order anything we offer in connection with the paper, for the reason that we are willing to, and do, guarantee everything which we offer over our own name.

The announcements of the Blade Sewing Machine, the Blade Watch, the Blade Wringer, and the Blade Books will be found on the fifth page. Read them carefully.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

Now that the De Lesseps Panama canal scheme has collapsed, the Congress of the United States should promptly charter the Nicaragua company. The measure has already passed the Senate, but is buried in a House committee. Some of the abominably slow coaches who were sent to that body by deceived constituencies are trying to load the measure down with amendments that will defeat it, or cripple the company by absurd conditions. This is not their avowed purpose, but it is their real intent.

The route proposed is feasible. The line is longer than that over the isthmus of Panama, but it presents not one tithe of engineering difficulties of the latter, and none which can not be overcome. It can be built more cheaply than the Panama canal can be completed. The expenses can be gauged with reasonable accuracy, and its total cost will be between $65,000,000 and $75,000,000. The company asks simply a charter from the United States government. The capital can be raised with perfect ease. This government is not asked for a dollar in money, nor for any guarantee, nor to incur the slightest responsibility, financial or governmental. We need the canal between the oceans, and it will be of immense advantage, not only to our commerce, but to that of the world; and if built as an American enterprise, it will save us from possible complications that might arise with foreign nations if it were built by anybody but Americans, and from the necessity of having to enforce the Monroe doctrine.

This matter needs the attention of the American people. The gentlemen in the House who are secretly opposed to the plan, and endeavoring to kill or delay it, should cease their efforts, or they may have to explain to the public the hidden springs of their opposition.

It appears, from an interview with a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic in the New York *Sun*, that the toleration of the Knights of Labor by that church is under certain limitations. One of these, to quote Cardinal Simeoni's language, is:

> Those words of the preamble of the constitution for local assemblies which seem to savor of socialism or communism shall be so corrected that they signify that the earth (soil) was so given by God to man, or rather to the human race, that every one may enjoy the right to acquire some part of it, by the use, however, of lawful means, and the right of property being preserved.

This is a clear condemnation of Henry George's doctrine of land confiscation—for it amounts to nothing less—and serves fair warning on the order that it must not officially adopt his theories, under pain of falling under the ban of Rome.

Cleveland's order extending the rules of the civil service over the railway postal service is a transparent dodge. It is done, not through devotion to civil service reform, but to keep as many Democrats as possible in office after March 4 next. He did not make this extension when the service was full of trained and competent men, but waited until the latter were dismissed and their places filled with Democrats. This order will not prevent the dismissal of incompetent and ignorant men as promptly as it can be done after March 4.

The criticism has been made on Cleveland's late message that it contains no epigrammatic sentence likely to attract popular attention. What's the matter with "the communism of combined capital?" Grover must have had Secretary Whitney, his father-in-law, Senator Payne, and their Standard Oil affiliations in mind when he penned it. Or perhaps he was thinking of the Sugar Trust, which had such an important finger in the Mills bill pie; or perhaps he was thinking of his bosom friend, Bill Scott, and the coal trust.

Democratic apathy at Washington is complained of by that party's organs. Almost anybody would be apathetic after a knock-down blow. Bret Harte's account of the scientific society on the Stanislaus records a parallel case to that of the Democracy after election, in stating that one of the members, after being hit with "a chunk of Old Red sandstone,"

> Curled up on the floor,
> And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

We predict that the Democratic "omnibus bill" for the admission of a lot of territories, including Utah and New Mexico, will fail. The next Congress will admit the territories that are fitted for statehood, however.

CURRENT EVENTS.

There are 5,063 Indians in the state of New York.

One acre of land in Wall street, New York, is worth $14,300,000.

The London *Telegraph* got 2,200 letters on "Is Marriage a Success?"

During ten weeks 49 men committed suicide at Monte Carlo.

White is, as ever, the preferred color for young girls' festival wear.

Poplar green is that ashy hue seen on the under side of a poplar leaf.

There are only about 5,000 elephants in the world, and the number is decreasing every year.

The Princess of Wales is wearing dresses made up in her favorite shade—deep Russian blue.

A lot of land 50 feet front and 150 feet deep recently sold at St. Paul, Minn., for $50,000.

Rhine green is a new shade of the fashionable tint. It is very effective and quite light in color.

Terra cotta, mahogany and copper colors stand next in popular favor to the prevailing greens.

The price of corner lots in Washington has gone up since the result of the election was announced.

London newsboys cry "Speshal!" instead of "Extra!" and the venders there sell "lights," not "matches."

Miss Ethel Ingalls, daughter of Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is writing a fairy story for a child's magazine.

Pale gray tulle flecked with steel spangles and belted with a steel corset makes a very effective ball gown.

The marriage state is entirely different from the state of Michigan. One is doubtful and the other isn't.

There are 3,000 women telegraph operators in England, and their salaries range from $300 to $1,000 a year.

England uses about 190,000,000 post cards a year, and the United States not far from 339,000,000 annually.

The state of New York has produced this year more than 1,000,000 boxes of cheese, valued at nearly $5,000,000.

Boston has a literary genius who invents catching names for books and plays, copyrights them, and waits for bidders.

There will be but four farmers in the next Missouri state senate and only one merchant, while the lawyers number 22.

The lumber sawed in the mills at Minneapolis this season will exceed 300,000,000 feet, the largest cut in the history of the city.

Ostrich feather fans are mounted on pearl, shell and ivory sticks, with handles of tortoise shell, cornelian, sandalwood or coral.

While a reporter of the London *Methodist Times* was on his way to a teachers' meeting, he was arrested as the Whitechapel murderer.

Pretty trimmings for bonnet crowns are little squares of fine cloth, braided in small, close set figures, buds, leaves, bees, flies and stars.

Fifteen thousand students engaged in the last annual competitive examinations in China. The excitement was so great that a number of contestants went crazy.

A new remedy for whooping cough, and said to be very efficient, is antipyrin. It causes the disease to "absorb," so as to appear only as a mild bronchial catarrh.

Boutonnieres, glove hooks and ivory tablet cases come in dead, bright and old silver, and with other fanciful pendants are worn dangling from the chatelaine.

This is a season of ostrich feathers. They are made into fans, boas and band trimmings for hats and dresses. Tips made of the swaying plumes are very popular for hats.

Among the new products on the market under its proper name is cotton seed oil lard, which has strong claims to superiority in healthfulness and purity over hogs' lard.

The largest continuous sleeping car service in the world is that on the Santa Fe system, which runs through sleepers from San Diego, Cal., to Chicago, a distance of 2,311 miles.

The pretty French breakfast caps so popular some years ago are being worn quite generally. The revival is a popular one, especially with young women, whether married or not.

The man selected by Gen. Harrison as his private secretary is known in Indianapolis as "Whistling Lige," as he can "whistle the most difficult music" in a manner to astonish the natives.

Nearly 12,000,000 pounds of freight are handled annually at Deadwood, Dak., nine-tenths of which is merchandise. The travel going in and out will average 1,000 persons monthly.

Dressy tea-gowns have silken waistcoats, while other indoor frocks for dressy wear are sometimes covered with silver tinsel dots and small figures. They are fastened with buttons to match.

Young debutantes are enamored of the grace with which Mary Anderson wears the sling sash on her pretty plum gown in "Perdita." It is an attractive feature of her costume and not hard to imitate.

Madam Hading had an idea that people who lived in Chicago could buy divorces for 5 or 10 francs apiece, and was very much disappointed when in that city to find out her ideas were not entirely correct.

The latest victim of "Jack, the Ripper," in the Whitechapel district was singing "Sweet Violets" when her slayer came upon her. Some of the enterprising London papers printed the words of the song in their accounts of the crime.

The New York *Hebrew Standard* and the Rochester *Jewish Tidings* both advocate the celebration of Sunday instead of Saturday as the Hebrews' day of rest. They advocate the change from business reasons and inexorable necessity.

The czarina has never recovered from the shock to her nerves caused by the recent accident to the czar's railway train. The real state of affairs is concealed from the public as much as possible, but a great deal of anxiety is felt for her health.

The Southern Pacific road claims the longest through-car service of any line in the world, between New Orleans and San Francisco, 2,495 miles. The fastest through train is timed at 113 hours, 25 minutes, or at the rate of 23 miles an hour.

M. Corry, a well known resident of Montpelier, Vt., won enough money by betting on Harrison's election to warrant his inviting 1,300 of his friends, including the entire state legislature, to dine with him.

The mocking birds in Orange, Cal., feed on the berries that grow on the Chinese umbrella tree, and this sort of food makes them tipsy. They act very foolishly after a hearty meal, and stagger about badly intoxicated.

Unmatched gloves are creeping into wider fashion in Paris. For example, for second mourning a black and slate colored glove are worn. At the opera the same situation is indicated by a cross match of black and white.

The French mint will soon replace the copper sous with nickels. Singularly enough the 5 and 10 centime pieces will be perforated in the center after the manner of Chinese coins. This enables them to be strung and counted or handled with great ease.

A citizen of New Ulm, Minn., owns a horse which he considers an unerring weather prophet. He can always tell when a storm is coming by watching the animal's eyes, which change from a very light color to a dark blue twenty-four hours before a change in the weather.

The ice palace at St. Paul, Minn., the coming winter will be an elaborate structure. The outside measurements are 212 by 252 feet, and the maze, which will be the most intricate yet built in connection with an ice palace, covers about 100 feet square. One tower will be 40 feet square and 110 feet high.

In the last fifteen months $3,150,000 worth of new buildings have been erected in Helena, Mon. The list includes 21 new marble, iron and brick blocks; 20 new warehouses, manufactories, etc., 16 remodelled business houses, 400 residences and one of the largest smelting works in the United states.

School attendance is compulsory in Japan and there are 3,000,000 children in the public schools, of which 1,000,000 are girls. There are 1,800 students in the Imperial University. Japan has 124 high schools, 65 normal, 103 technical, which are public, and 1,853 schools which are maintained by private funds.

Maggie Wilson, of Cincinnati, who died there a short time since, left a clause in her will which reads as follows: "It is my will that the two china dogs now in my room be separately put in a box with glass fronts, both alike, and one placed on my dear husband's grave at Spring Grove, and the other on my grave, and all to be paid for out of the money I leave."

It is reported from France that the Huguenots are very actively engaged in evangelical work there, having established 600 stations or headquarters. In the American chapel in Paris one of their leaders recently said in the course of an address that the Huguenots could not be crushed out, but would live and work until France was spiritually free if it required another St. Bartholomew.

There were about 350,000 milch cows in Minnesota in 1885; now there about 515,000, an increase in three years of over 47 per cent. In 1885 the butter product of the state approximated 25,000,000 pounds; for 1888 it will go beyond 40,000,000 pounds, an increase of over 62 per cent. The product of cheese has moved in a like ratio. The annihilation of oleomargarine has wonderfully revived the dairying industry.

A young Frenchman, named Tiquet, was recently sentenced at Paris to imprisonment for defrauding several persons. He protested that he was innocent, but his accusers swore to his identity. The next day another man was before the court on a similar charge. He presented so wonderful a resemblance to Tiquet that the magistrate determined to investigate, and the result was that Tiquet was found to be innocent, and that the fraud was perpetrated by his unknown double.

Librarian Spofford is competent to testify that of the making of many books there is no end. The accessions to the Congressional library for 1887, from copyright sources, were: Of books, 13,685; periodicals, 6,708; dramatic compositions, 536; musical compositions, 7,744; photographs, 1,850; engravings and chromos, 1,848; maps and charts, 1,322; miscellaneous including prints, designs and models, paintings and drawings, 1,390. No wonder a new Congressional library building of immense proportions is required.

BOSTON WOMEN VOTE

AND HELP TO WIN A GREAT VICTORY

Description of the Battle of the Ballots and the Results Accomplished—Rare Old Books—A Gossippy Letter.

THE election which has caused so much excitement is at last over. Women in considerable numbers went to the polls early and worked hard, largely for the ticket recommended by the Committee of One Hundred. Many ladies drove up in carriages desposited their votes, and drove away again, and during the day over 10,000 exercised the right of ballot for the school ticket, and as near as I can find out, they were treated quite as respectfully as they are anywhere. Nor can I discover that there was any loss, as has so often been prophesied would be the case, through this indiscriminate mingling for a few minutes with men at the polls, of "that retiring modesty which is the charm of the sex." So that bugbear is disposed of.

Of the eleven members of the school committee elected all were Republicans and not one a Catholic. The result is held to be largely due to the earnest and systematic work of Boston women. Great is the rejoicing over the victory.

SHE WOULD NOT DO IT.

Speaking of the school question, reminds me that the advocates of woman suffrage here are decidedly provoked with Lucy Stone, who has so long and so honorably served as one of their most efficient leaders. She could not vote because she would not use her husband's name. She stood firm in the position taken when she was married that a woman's name was, or ought to be her own, whether she was married or single, and she would not be forced by any law to be Blackwell, unless she herself so elected. I think she was right in standing firm to her principles, even under the present press of circumstances. Lucy Stone remains Lucy Stone still, and probably will do so, so long as she lives. Her daughter very properly calls herself Alice Stone Blackwell.

RARE OLD BOOKS.

In a city like Boston, where there is such a strong literary flavor to the society, one grows insensibly into the way of watching for every crumb of interest that is fresh and novel about books and authors. The other day my cousin brought me a new volume just issued by Armstrong & Co., of New York, entitled "The Bookworm." A hideous name, is it not? and why it should be given to the very class of people who do their best to preserve what is rare and curious in the world of literature, I cannot see. Usually we expect some logical connection between the name and its possessor but in this case there is absolutely none. It is simply a contradiction of terms.

Well, the volume I speak of is, as it claims to be, "An Illustrated Volume of Old Literature," and I have delved in its pages with intense pleasure. It had never occurred to me that the book world abounded in so many curiosities. One that interested me greatly in description is a volume belonging to the family of Prince de Ligne, of France. It is neither written nor printed, but every letter of the text is cut out of the leaf, and then as it is interleaved with blue, the words are as plain as any print. Think of the patience and dexterity required for such a work! The letters are exceedingly minute, and cut with almost absolute precision, from vellum of the most delicate kind. Some two centuries ago a sovereign of Germany, desiring to possess such a treasure, offered what would be equivalent to $60,000 but it was refused. It is, of course, of a religious character, and is entitled "The Passion of Christ." It was, doubtless, the labor of some painstaking monk.

A COSTLY WORK.

One of the most costly works described, and probably there are few, if any, that have ever exceeded it, was a cyclopedia published in London the very first of the present century. It consisted of thirty-nine quarto volumes, and it was gotten up at an expense of $1,500,000. Think of that amount of money put into a single work! It is said to contain a great deal of rare and curious information about America.

The first publication in both New England and the Middle States was an almanac, showing that our forefathers had the same anxiety about the weather as their descendants, but they did not, as we do, have a weather bureau to tell them what it was going to be, so that they could calculate to a certainty that it would be just the opposite. There were a good many things that our ancestors did not know about, which we plume ourselves upon, but they seem to have had a pretty good time after all.

THE NUN OF KENMARE.

Boston is all agog with excitement over the new book issued by the Ticknors on Wednesday. It has been looked forward to for weeks as an event of interest, and the publishing house ought to feel that it has made a ten strike—isn't that what they call a successful money-making venture? in securing the handling of the work. It is an autobiography of sister Mary Frances Cusack, a very accomplished English woman, who was a member of the Established Church, and a friend of the celebrated Dr. Pusey under whose influence she entered an Anglican sisterhood in London.

The book tells how she was finally led into the Roman Catholic communion. Being young, highly accomplished, and unusually gifted, she attracted the attention of Cardinal Wiseman, by whom she was confirmed, and he persuaded her to become a nun, in order to devote herself to Romish literature and work. "It did not occur to me," she says, "to look into the history of the Roman church. It never occurred to me that there could be any real evils in the communion I had entered, because I believed it perfect."

The arraignment which she makes of the Roman ecclesiastics and the whole machinery will be hard to explain away. She supports her statements by evidence, said by those who have seen the book and know of her life personally, to be incontrovertible. She paints the evils of the autocratic rule of the priesthood in colors that can not be mistaken. The publishers believe that the revelation involves "far more than a history of prolonged disagreements between the author and her superiors,—this much greater question of the principle (or the want of principle) exercised by the Roman Catholic church in its dealings with its members. Its statements involve one of the most vitally-important problems of the age to society and politics, and its appearance will prove the initial opening of such an examination of the principles and practice of the Roman church into this country, as this age, or any age preceding it, has never known."

Perhaps one thing which will give it a stronger effect is the earnest search after spiritual truth, awakening to the necessity of a higher spiritual life, which is greater perhaps than that ever known, or, at least, of which we have any account, in that it extends over the whole world. Here in Boston, too, the excitement over the school question intensifies the interest in the new publication.

A VENETIAN FESTIVAL.

I attended the opening entertainment of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, a few evening's since, and a grand affair it was. It was held in the Mechanics' building, and if numbers and brilliancy in an audience are any indications of success, then those who had it in charge are to be congratulated.

It was called a Venetian Festival. There were 500 young gentlemen and ladies of Boston who took part in the performance and their movements through the intricate dances that were performed seemed marvelous for amateurs. In the first scene the pretty Venetian maid performed with her friend the "Mirror" dance, in which they move as one, to represent a reflection in a mirror. A little later others came in and the "Fasching" dance was entered into with great merriment. Then came the "Tennis," and it was the very poetry of motion.

The costuming was beautiful throughout the whole. It was particularly pretty in the second scene, which was opened with a chorus of 200 voices heard in the distance, then when the curtain rose upon the city of Venice, all were massed upon the platform, their different colorings producing a perfect kaleidescopic effect as they moved through the dances. The first of these was the "Pierrots" of the Napoleonic era; the second represented the time of Frederick the Great; the third was the dance of the Venetian gondoliers, and then the Grecian cymbal dancers appeared.

The final and perhaps the most effective of all was the "Fire Fantasie." It was supposed to represent fire and smoke, and a great mass of shimmering lights and dark black smoke was intensified by the lights and shades cast upon the dancers as they emerged from their respective places to enter into the wild skirmish of young ladies and gentlemen. The former wore short skirts of brilliant yellow satin, with rows of scarlet ribbons around the bottom. A loose overskirt, caught high upon the hips and from which depended tinsel of every hue, produced by the combination of flame and smoke, helped to enhance the already mystifying effect. The gentlemen were in costumes of black and red, trimmed with tinsel in rich profusion. The finale was a grand march, after which a grand tableau was presented, while the chorus of 200 voices sang the march.

NEW WAY OF ENTERTAINING.

Boston claims the glory of having originated a new form of evening entertainment which bids fair to be very popular here. Any one who wishes to entertain in this new manner sends out engraved or written invitations bearing the word "Causerie," followed by the line from Paradise Lost: "With thee conversing, I forget all time." To carry out the idea correctly, it is necessary that there should be an extra lady in the party. For instance, if nineteen guests are invited, ten of them should be ladies.

When the guests are assembled the hostess gives out ten current topics for discussion, and instead of drawing numbers for places at the card tables, each lady flits about and chooses her partner for a chat. As there is always one lady too many, much zest and merriment is added to the choice. But fifteen minutes is allowed for each conversation, and at the tinkling of a bell a new move is made. The "left out" lady stands a fair chance of having the best time of all. Moving from couple to couple she can ascertain "just how popular Mrs. Cleveland is in this country;" "Whether it is the correct thing for ladies to smoke cigarettes," in fact she has the privilege of listening to any or all of the ten conversations which are going on about her. It is hardly to be believed, however, that this Boston invention will ever gain the widespread popularity attained by progressive euchre. Card parties seem to be an easy way of entertaining one's friends and acquaintances and at the same time they are a never failing source of comfort to those who have "no conversational powers." SYLIME.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 17.

REVOLUTION IN SUGAR MAKING.

The New Process of Diffusion Extracts All the Saccharine Matter, Utilizes Waste, Saves Expenses and is More Effective.

Sugar manufacturers in the South are enthusiastic over the adaptation of the diffusion process to the production of sugar from the cane, and look upon it as the most brilliant achievement in the history of sugar. As by the diffusion process nearly every trace of saccharine matter contained in the cane is extracted, and as high as 251 pounds of sugar can be obtained from a ton of cane as compared with from 125 to 140 pounds produced by the best of the older processes, the success of the experiments made becomes a matter of national importance, affecting as it doubtless will the price of this staple of daily food consumption.

The process is as simple as it is effective. The cane is fed to a carrier upon which it is carried to a set of revolving knives, which cut the stalks into pieces about three-quarters of an inch long. After being freed from leaves, stems and dust these pieces of cane are reduced to a pulp in a machine in which four planing knives revolve with great rapidity. The pulp is then placed in cells, which are large, jug-shaped iron tanks, with removable bottoms, and capable of being tightly closed at the top. These are arranged in a battery and are connected by means of pipes.

When these cells have been filled with pulp, lime is added to clarify the juice and the covers are securely fastened down. Hot water is then admitted into the first cell, and by compressed air is forced, in turn, through each until it emerges from the last cell and is conducted through a pipe to a measuring tank. The concentrated juice is then led to the double-effect apparatus, and afterward to the strike-pan and ground into sugar and centrifugaled.

Not only is the product of sugar much greater per ton of cane when extracted by the diffusion process, but the great power and speed of the machinery required by other methods is not needed, consequently a great saving is effected, in that the danger of the machinery becoming deranged is reduced to a minimum. The machinery can be kept constantly in motion, for as one cell is being emptied another can be filled while the work is progressing, and the removable bottoms make it possible to quickly free the cells of the bagasse or refuse chips. Analysis has shown that but one-quarter of 1 to 1¼ per cent of sugar is left in these chips, and rarely does this waste equal 1 per cent.

Beneficial Missionary Work.

The magnitude of the operations of the American Missionary association will, no doubt, surprise a good many people, even among those who have contributed to its support, to learn that at the present time the association has in the South alone 17 normal schools, at which 7,000 colored men and women have been educated and are now employed in the instruction of nearly 500,000 pupils of their own race. In addition to the normal schools there are all other grades, from the primary school to the well equipped college, of which latter the Atlanta University is the most conspicuous example. The work of the association among the Indians is not so extended, but for the use of the aborigines there are 18 schools maintained, with 50 teachers for 580 pupils. The good work of the organization is extended to the Chinese of the Pacific Slope, for the benefit of whom there are 17 schools supplied.

How Tommy Got There.

Tommy was at the boarding-school, and it had been decided that, for various practical reasons, it would be better for him to spend Thanksgiving with a neighboring aunt, instead of taking the longer journey home. This conclusion was announced to him, with as much gentleness as possible, and in a few days his father received the following note:

"Dearest Papa—When the turkey's in the oven, and the 'tatoes in the pot, when the cranberry bubbles rediy, and the pudding's smoking hot—when the nuts are cracked and waiting, and the raisins heap the plate, and you're so awful hungry that you'd rather die than wait—'then you'll remember me!' O, pa, mayn't I go home? Your miserable TOMMY."

They sent for him by the next mail.—*From the Youth's Companion.*

A Plot Miscarries.

Winks (cheerily)—"Hello, Jinks, how did that little plot of yours work yesterday?"

Jinks (savagely)—"What little plot?"

"Why, old fellow, you know you suspected Mrs. J. rather liked Mr. Dashaway's society, and to satisfy yourself you had arranged for them to go to the theater, and then you intended to slip in unobserved and see whether she gave attention to the play or to him."

"Y-e-s, I remember."

"Well, did you do it?"

"No-o; she let the nurse go off, and I had to stay home and mind the baby."—*New York Weekly.*

It is at Least Worth a Trial!

Himself for 15 years a victim of CONSTIPATION, PILES and REDUCIBLE HERNIA, the writer in 1879 adopted an unheard of system of treatment—employing neither Drugs nor Truss—and (*at an expense of less than $5 for any purpose*) succeeded in effecting apparently a PERMANENT cure, and has scarcely known an ache or pain since. Having absolute faith in the System, and its far reaching and soothing effect upon abominable troubles generally, he proposes to impart it to fellow-suffers on receipt of *one dollar.* Address, THOMAS S. TAYLOR, P. O. Box 419, Washington, D. C.

A Losing Business.

"The times are hard," said Z. "I have given up literary pursuits for the present."

"And what are you doing now?"

"I have gone into business."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I have turned furniture dealer."

"And do you sell much?"

"I should think so; I've sold all my own."—*From the French.*

King of the Roads.

Visiting Boy—Who is that tired-looking man out there?"

"He is the turnkey, my child."

"And those gentlemen inside playing whist and reading the papers?"

"Those are prisoners."

"Do they have to work?"

"No, my child?"

"Are they kings?"

"No, my child, they are tramps."—*Kennebec Journal.*

—The United States Mutual Accident Relief Company of Massachusetts, for which the appointment of a receiver has been sought, must not be confounded with the United States Mutual Accident Association of New York City. It is an entirely different company in every way.—*N. Y. Commercial-Bulletin.*

A RACE WAR.

RIOTS IN MISSISSIPPI.

Blacks and Whites Meet at the Muzzle of the Pistol.

MERIDIAN, Miss., Dec. 18.—A number of telegrams were received here yesterday morning stating that a riot had occurred at Wahalak, Kemper county, fifty miles north of Meridian, and that Holly Morton, of this place, had been killed. A party of twenty men was at once organized, and left for the scene on a regular passenger train.

Subsequently another party of 40 was raised and left on a special train.

A number of wild rumors were soon circulated to the effect that the posse from here had had a fight with negroes and that several of them had been wounded.

These rumors were set aside by the arrival of the possee on the regular mail train last night.

They reported that everything was quiet at Wahalak and that their presence was not required there.

WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT.

They told the following story of the riot: Last Thursday a son of G. F. Nicholson, a prominent farmer of Kemper county, was driving along the road, when he met a negro desperado driving in the opposite direction. Young Nicholson's vehicle, by accident, came in collision with that of the negro, who kept in the middle of the road as if determined to drive the boy out. The negro cursed the youth, when old Mr. Nicholson appeared and interfered.

The negro thereupon drew a revolver, but instead of firing, closed with Nicholson and knocked him senseless with the pistol. The negro then fled.

The following day Mr. Nicholson told his friends of the assault, and on Saturday it was determined to organize a posse and arrest the marauder. Information of this determination of the whites reached the negroes in some way. It is said two white men gathered a party of negroes together at church Sunday night, and, after haranguing them, organized a force of ten of them to resist any attempt to arrest Mauray or an attack on his house.

These whites are known to the people of Wahalaka, but their names cannot be learned.

It is the settled determination to lynch them when found and the people argue that when they are hanged it will be the proper time to make their names known. The negro force raised by the two white men went to Mauray's house when the church meeting adjourned and concealed themselves in the smoke-house and cotton houses. Very soon after this the posse of white men came up the road and halted in front of Mauray's house. Four of them walked up to the house but found it deserted.

They then went to the smokehouse, where they found three negroes. These men were questioned as to Mauray's whereabouts, but they pretended they could not tell where he could be found.

While the whites were trying to gain some information from them, a man on the outside shouted:

"Here is Mauray. Suppose you come and arrest him."

THEY MET A VOLLEY.

The whites rushed in a body from the building, and as they emerged were met with a volley from eight or ten muskets and shotguns.

Wm. Vaughan was seriously wounded by buckshot in the left arm, neck and shoulders, and another man, whose name the whites will not reveal, received a slight wound in the hand.

This volley came from the cotton house, and was promptly returned by the Whites, but the negroes being behind stout plank walls received no injury.

The Whites soon discovered that they were fighting at a great disadvantage, and moved around to the north side of the structure. There they received another volley, resulting in the instant death of Henry Mauray and the wounding of his brother, J. F. Mauray, in the arm near the elbow, both whites.

The Whites now drew off, and the firing ceased temporarily.

A SECOND ATTACK.

Notwithstanding these losses, however, the possee determined to make another attack on the cotton house, approaching it this time from the south. As they came up to the building they received a third volley, the negroes apparently awaiting the order to fire, as they had done in two previous instances.

At this third volley Seth Cobb received 22 buckshot in the breast and stomach, tearing the entire front part of his body away.

John Dew, another of the whites, was probably mortally wounded by a pistol ball in the groin.

The whites again drew off for consultation, when it was decided that another attack on the building with their reduced force would be useless, and they determined to wait for daylight and reinforcements.

While they were consulting, the negroes rushed from the cotton houses to Mauray's residence in a body and proceeded to fortify that building, and the whites went back to Wahalaka.

Yesterday morning another force of 50 men was raised, and proceeded to Mauray's house.

THE NEGROES HAD LEFT.

The place was found entirely deserted, even the bedding and furniture having been removed. The whites burned the buildings on the place, together with those on the farm adjoining, and scoured the woods for the negroes, but could find no trace of them. It was impossible to find a negro within five miles of the scene of the trouble.

White people from the adjoining towns poured into Wahalaka all day, and joined in the search, but as none of the negroes except Mauray were known, they accomplished nothing.

One negro was seen lurking in the woods, and was fired upon by a party of whites, but he instantly disappeared. When the posse from Meridian, under command of Capt. Thomas Jamison, reached Wahalaka, they were told that their services were not required.

They say the whites throughout Kemper county are very sore, and think more trouble will occur.

It is certain that if any of the negroes who fired on the whites are caught, they will be killed at once.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT'S WEIGHT.

The feeling, however, is now against the whites who are said to have organized the negroes. Not a single negro is known to have received any injury. Two white men besides those already reported were wounded, but as their hurts are slight, their names are not given for prudential reasons.

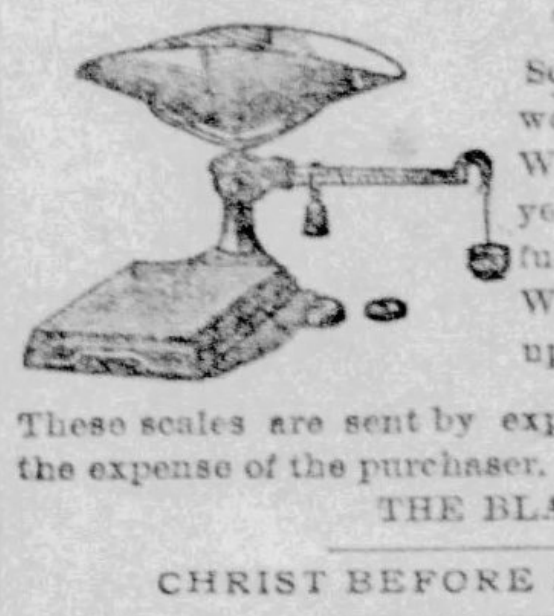
It does not appear that the Whites in attempting to make the arrest were acting under any legal authority, but they are sustained by the entire white population of Kemper and the adjoining counties and it is unlikely that any proceedings will be taken against them.

Publishers' Column.

LADIES HAIR FRIZZER.

Cheapest price ever heard of. A beautiful nickel-plated hair frizzer (curling iron) sent post-paid by mail to any lady reader of the BLADE on receipt of 20 cents, or the same with Weekly BLADE one year for $1.10. We guarantee them fully equal to those usually retailed for 50 cents. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



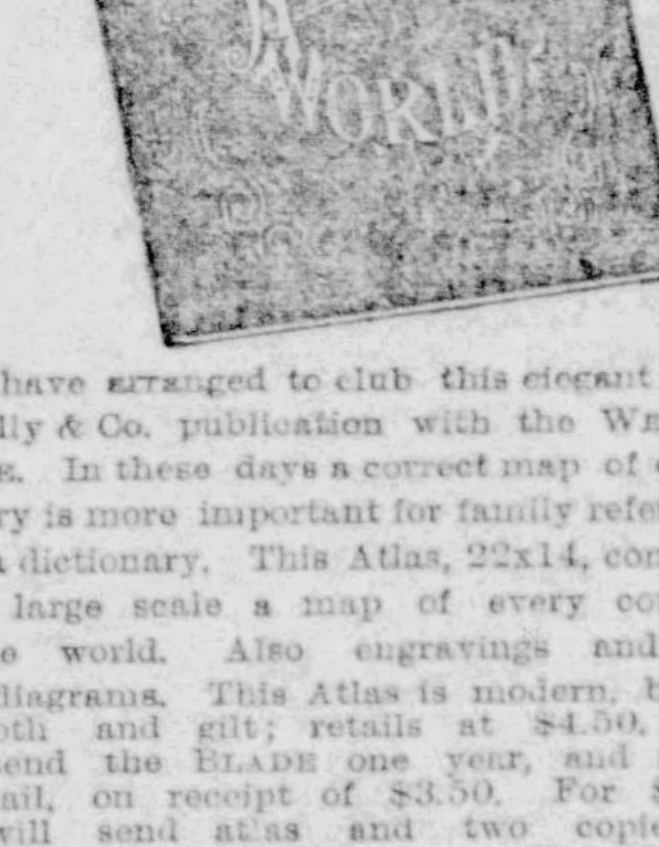
The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD



Rand McNally Standard Atlas World

We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
Over a Million Distributed.

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its MAMMOTH DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS,
For Integrity of its Drawings, and Prompt Payment of Prizes,
Attested as follows:

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING,
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
Tuesday, January 15, 1889.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

100,000 Tickets at $20; Halves $10; Quarters $5; Tenths $2; Twentieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF $300,000 is	$300,000
1 PRIZE OF 100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF 50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF 25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF 10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF 5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF 1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF 500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF 300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF 200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 Prizes of $500 are	$50,000
100 do. 300 are	30,000
100 do. 200 are	20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.	
999 Prizes of $100 are	$99,900
999 do. of 100 are	99,900
3,134 Prizes amounting to	$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

☞ FOR CLUB RATES, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed
M. A. DAUPHIN,
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NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
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"REMEMBER, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of all imitations or anonymous schemes."

ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest part or fraction of a Ticket ISSUED BY US in any Drawing. Anything in our name offered for less than a Dollar is a swindle.

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GOOD BOOKS

FOR

Winter Reading or Holiday Presents.

Published by the Toledo Blade Co.

REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for the BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without the BLADE, at the following prices:

NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.25, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $2.10.

STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

HANNAH JANE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill. Retail price, $1.50. Will mail copy, postpiad, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.75.

SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE," by Nasby paper. Retail price, 50c. Will mail copy postpaid, for 25c., or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.10.

"EKKOES FROM KENTUCKY," by Nasby; "ABOU BEN ADHEM," by D. R. Locke; "A PAPER CITY," novel by D. R. Locke; same prices and terms with or without BLADE as "SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE."

"ANDERSONVILLE," a Story of Southern Prisons, by John McElroy, 700 pp., ill., cloth. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES," cloth, 600 pp. Retail price, $2.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $2.00.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $1.80.

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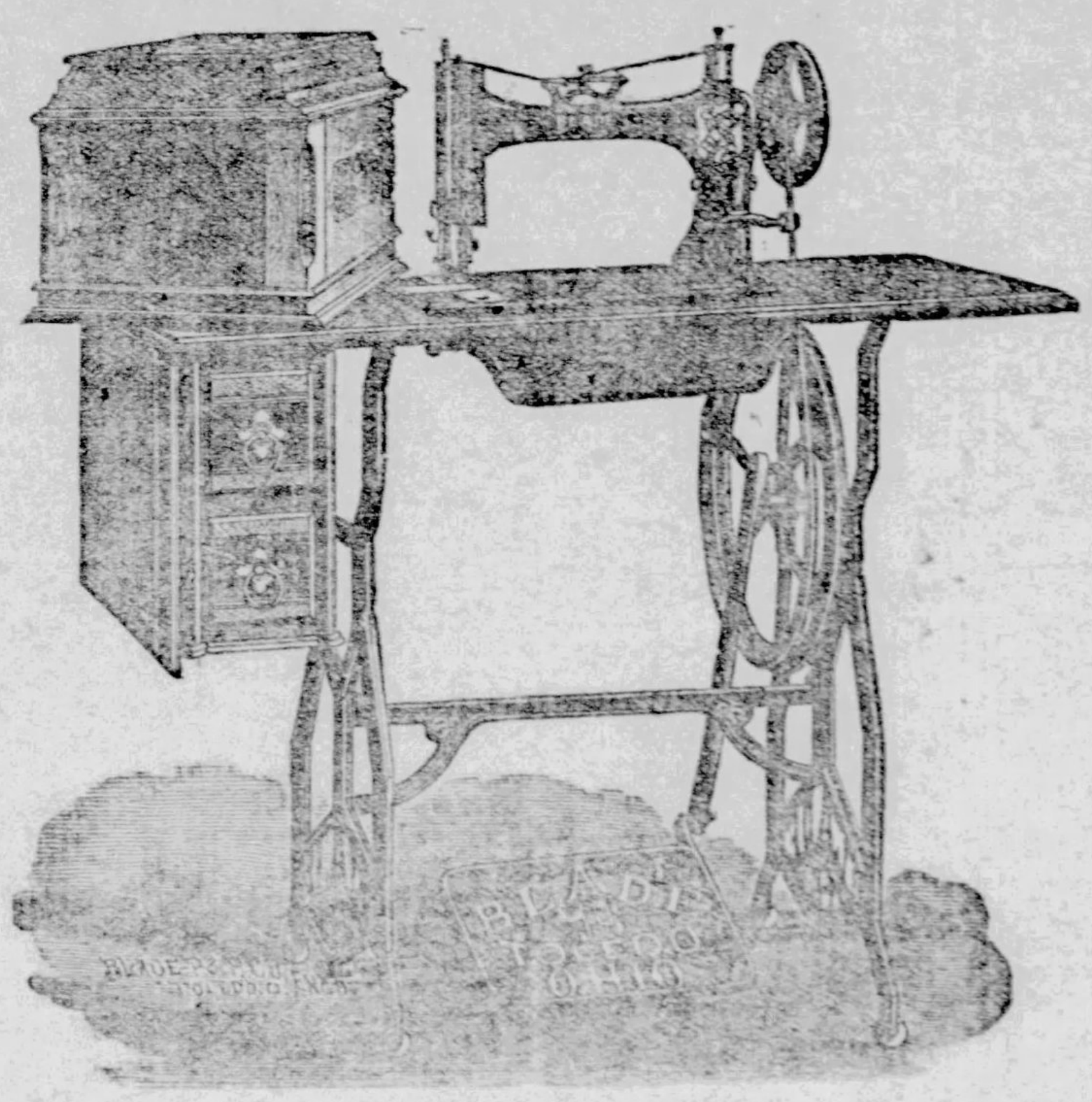
Address,
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

"THE IMPROVED"

BLADE SEWING MACHINE

OF 1888

A Grand Success



The above is a correct representation of our "Improved Blade Sewing Machine," manufactured by us and sold to the people direct and without the intervention of middlemen.

Over 6,000 "Blade" Machines are now distributed all over this country, but the unanimous verdict of all who received and used our "Improved Blade Machine" is

UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

Testimonials received by us from wherever we sent one evidence its continuously

GROWING POPULARITY.

We know why this is so; because it is the simplest machine on the American market to-day, because it is light running, built as good as the best of them, crosses heavy seams, and works from thin to thick goods better than any other make, and because our

FAST INCREASING ORDERS

from all places where an "Improved Blade Machine" went to demonstrate this to be the fact beyond any doubt. We had to abstain from advertising for a while to be able to fill orders on hand; but now can ship again daily, as the orders are received.

Our machines are sent to our patrons direct from the factory. There is no agent there to teach its workings, show its advantages over other makes, and to "Sing" its praise incessantly as the "King" and "Star" of all of them.

In many cases it is even looked upon with severe prejudice on account of its low price, because the reason for such is not understood.

We are well aware of all of these disadvantages, but willing to risk it, because we know our machine, and wish that it shall, without any assistance,

STAND ON ITS OWN MERITS

from the very minute it enters a household; our experience tells us that it will come out of this ordeal "victorious", and that it will, after it is used once

NEVER BE REPLACED BY ANY OTHER MAKE

except one of its own kind.

The following are a few of the many hundreds of similar testimonals received within the last few months:

TESTIMONIALS:

STONY RIDGE, Ohio, May 29, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo Ohio:

Gentlemen—Being in want of a Sewing Machine for use in my family, I, by the advice of a friend, resolved to try a "Blade". For me to resolve, is to do, so the first time I happened to be in your city, I called at your establishment, left my order and paid my money.

A few days after, a Domestic Machine Agent called at my place, and desired to leave one for trial, but when I stated that I had already ordered a "Blade" he expressed his regret and, manifested a good deal of sympathy for me, stating that the "blade" was worthless, if I got one which he seemed to doubt.

Then a number of my neighbors thought I was foolish to pay my money for a useless machine, and that the "Blade" had made an assignment, etc. etc.

Now this set me to thinking, especially as my machine did not arrive as I expected; so, being in Toledo again, I determined to satisfy myself about it, and sought out your factory, where the machines were supposed to be made. Having stated my business, I was courteously invited to witness the process of manufacture and the operation of the machines. Saw one of yours tried and tested with one of another make. Sat down and operated it myself and satisfied myself that I had not been deceived, and came away feeling much better, as I had the promise that on the following Saturday, a machine would be shipped to me.

Well, we have had it more than a week, have tried it thoroughly subjecting it to every test we could think of, and we are well pleased and satisfied.

Some parties who condemn the machine without seeing it, and whose opposition to it doubtless arose principally from the fact that it was gotten up by the "Blade" Company, confess their astonishment and admiration when seeing its operation, and beholding its beauty.

And you may expect a number of orders from this vicinity, as I shall continue to sound its praise, and exhibit its perfomamance all I can.

Respectfully, G. W. WAGONER.

DECATUR, ILL., June 27, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:

Gentlemen—I am in every way satisfied with the Blade Sewing Machine, it being exactly as represented. Yours truly, MRS. W. L. B. HALL.

DIXON, CAL., June 22, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:

Gentlemen—After having used your machine a year. I am perfectly satisfied with it. It as proven satisfactory in every respect, and is, I think, just as good as any high-priced machine have ever seen. Yours truly, MRS. H. ALLEN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 30, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:

Gentlemen—The Sewing Machine to hand all O. K. Is just what I expected from the Blade" Company—equal to the best. Yours truly, K. STEPHENSON.

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 11, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:

Gentlemen—I am above all expectations satisfied with the machine. I think it will compare with any machine in the market. Yours truly, D. B. HIRSCHLER.

RHEA SPRINGS, TENNSY, M. 26, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:

Gentlemen—The two machines were ordered for two of our best lady customers who had determined to buy machines of some other make, never having seen yours. Not the slightest annoyance" has been reported. They give unbounded satisfaction.

Yours truly, J. C. ABERNATHY & SON.

GARFIELD, WASH. TER., June 19, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:

Gentlemen—Received the machine all right, and I am more than pleased with it. Hope it may find its way to many families. I will do all I can in this part for that purpose.

Yours truly, C. J. MORRISON.

LANSING, KAN., June 12, 1888.

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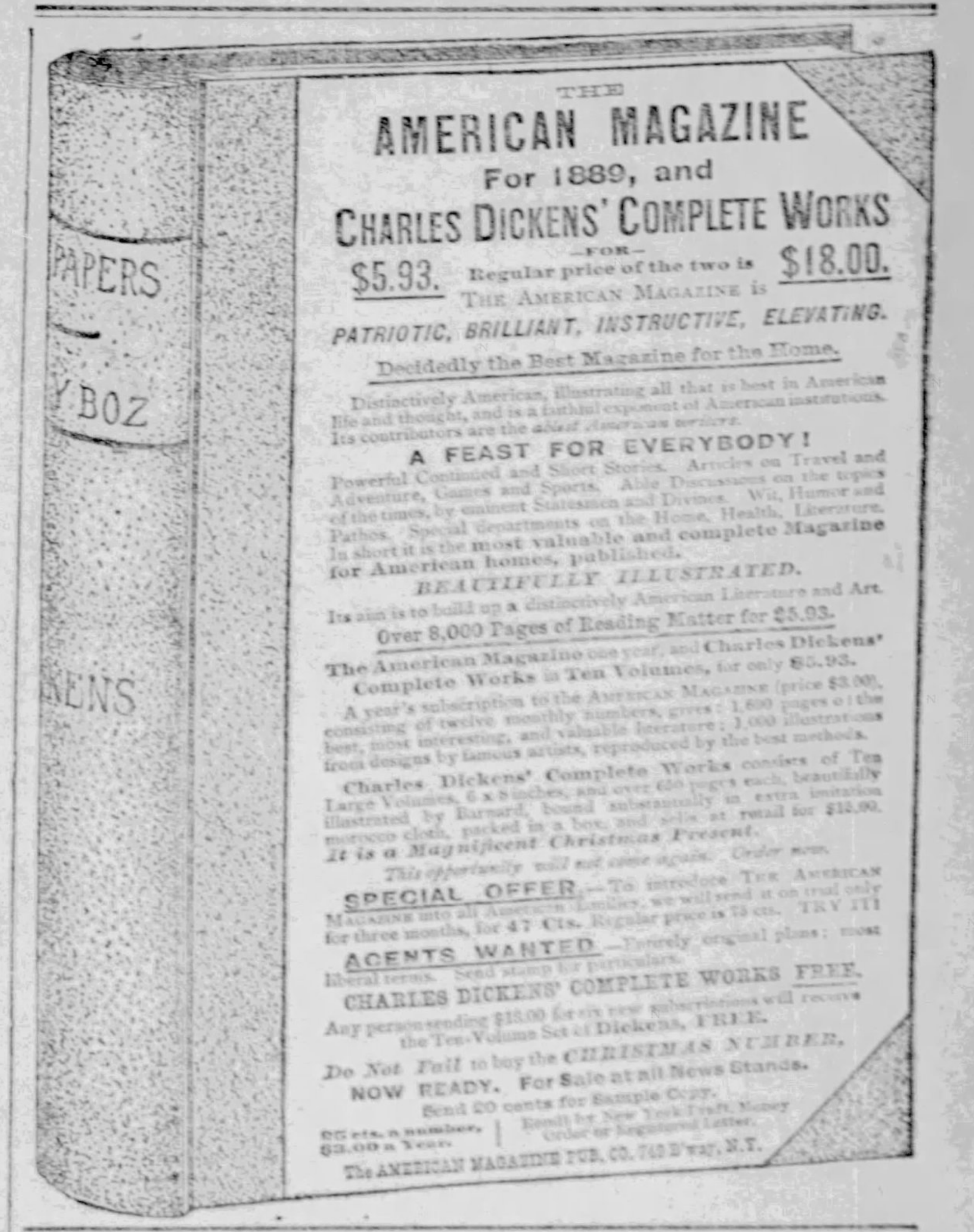

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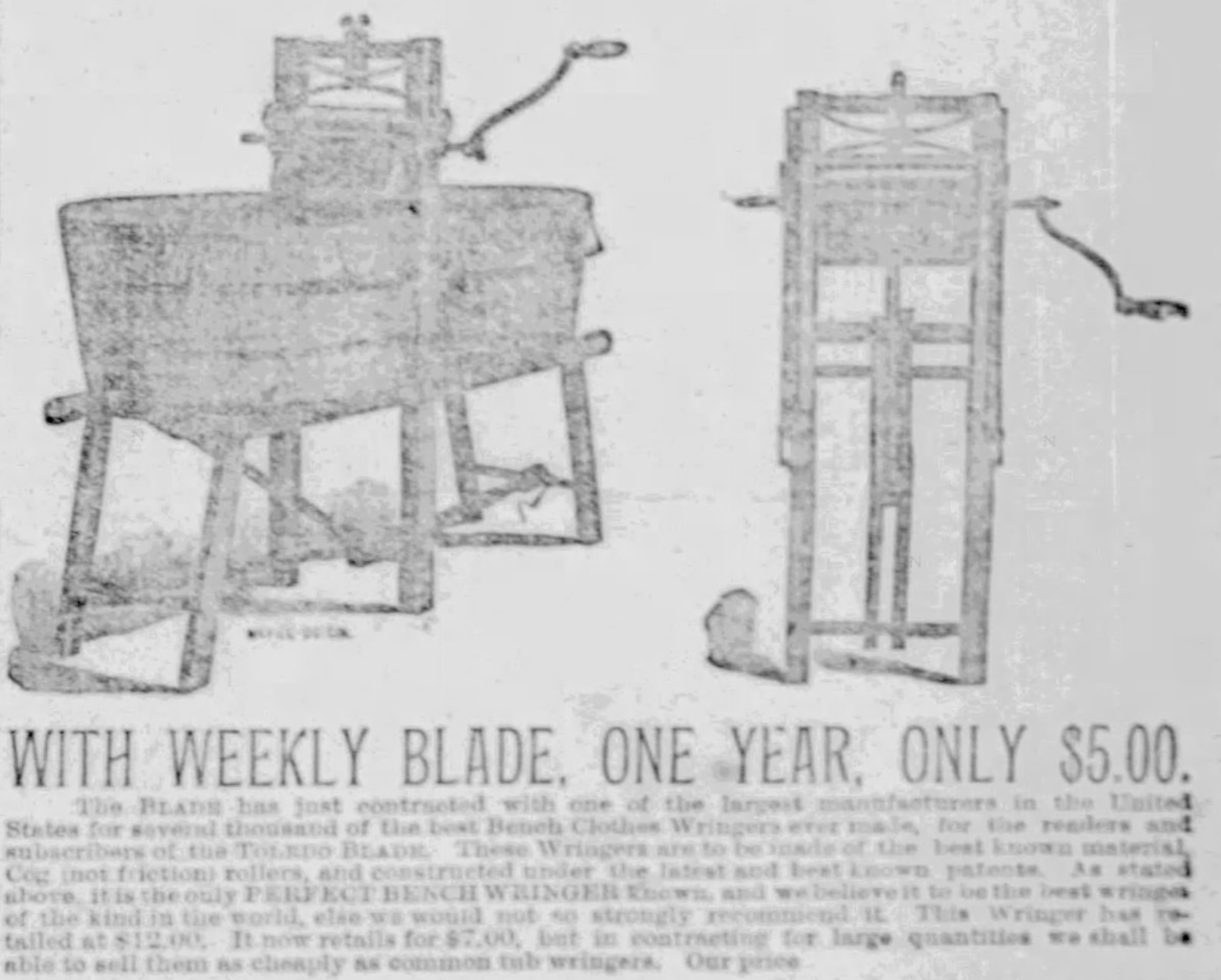

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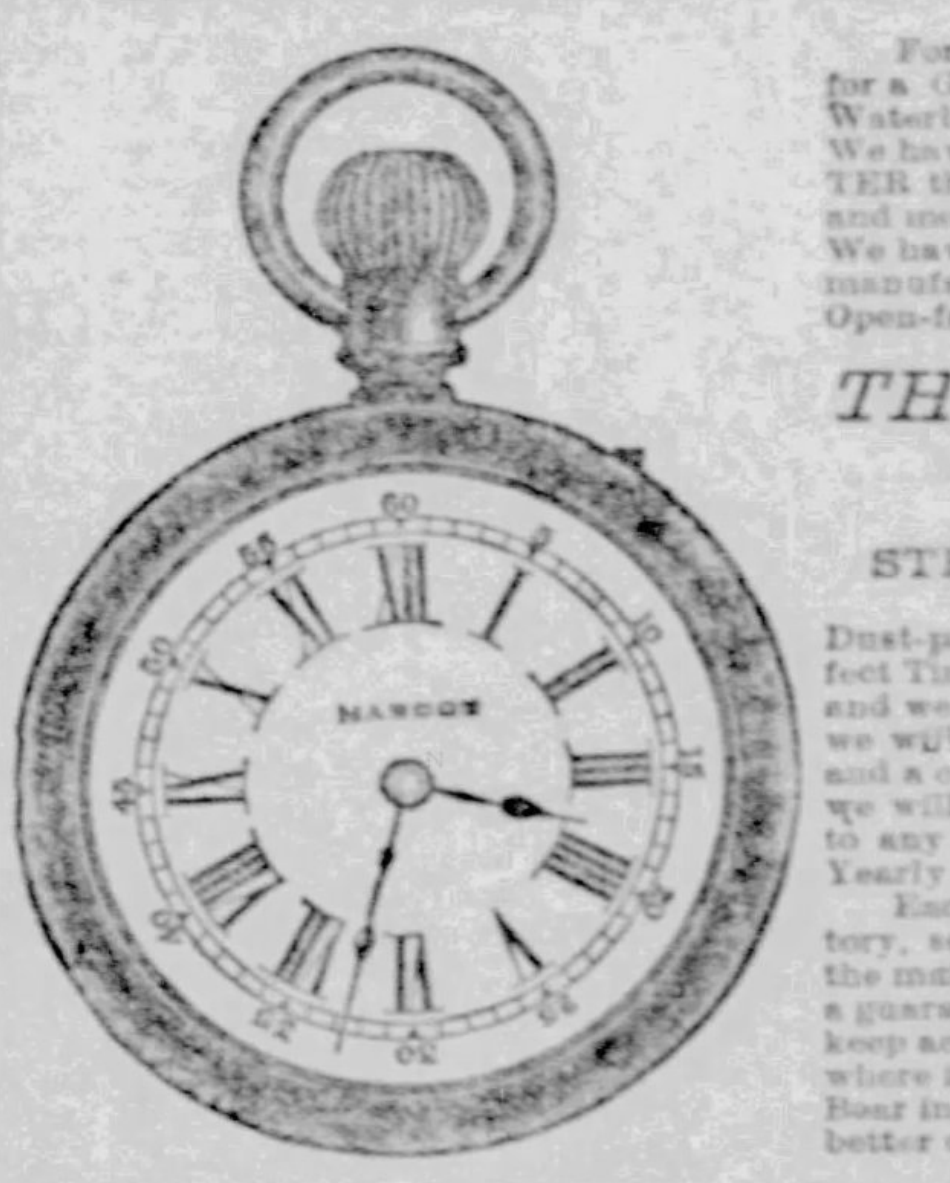

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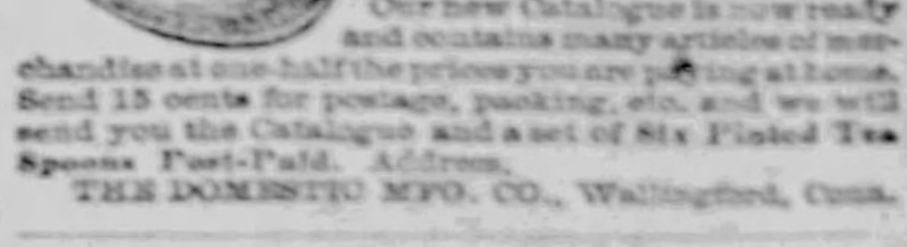

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

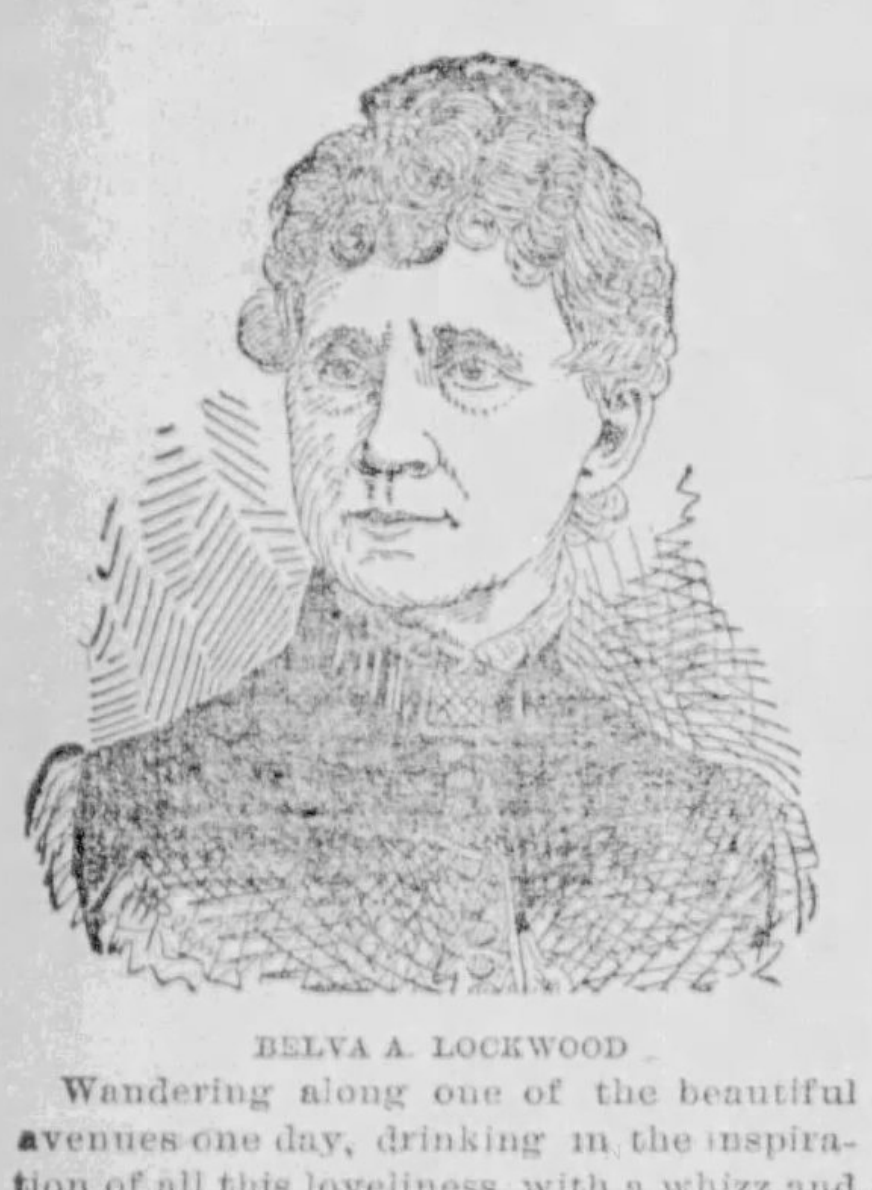
The First Woman Presidential Candidate in the United States.

I WONDER how many of the BLADE readers have been in Washington in the early spring, when the more Northern cities are wrapped in ice and snow, or, what is worse, shrouded in mud, with the skies frowning or weeping, and found that then, in the Capital, it was the time

When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

Beneath sunny skies, and kissed by soft winds, the grass is springing up brightly and gaily; the trees are wakened to new life, and by bud and blossom, set in a background of delicate green show that a new purpose is astir within them; flowers leap as if by magic out into the sunshine, and one feels almost as if the old earth had faded away, and a new and more perfect abode for mankind taken its place.

Washington is indeed a beautiful city, and never more so than in the season of which I speak. It is a beauty which makes itself felt, not in a soft, sensuous, languid way, but in arousing a quicker beat in the pulses, a gladder heart throb at the thought of living and doing, and a nearer, if yet dim, preception of what may be the glory of the New Jerusalem. Later on when the heats of summer come, this new born energy may disappear, but I have only seen it at this season and my memory of it is a never failing well-spring of pleasure.



BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

Wandering along one of the beautiful avenues one day, drinking in the inspiration of all this loveliness, with a whizz and a rush that almost took the breath away, a tricycle flashed by. A woman was the rider. There was a fleeting vision of a rosy, healthy face, with bright dark eyes, set in a framework of dark brown hair, an erect figure with a firm poise, and then it was gone so far in the distance that one could see nothing more than the general outline of the rider and tricycle.

"Who is that?" was the eager inquiry, for there was something even in this brief glimpse that riveted the attention.

"That," was the response, "is Mrs. Belva Lockwood. You will see her almost any fine day riding around the streets of the city, intent upon her business, which she goes through with about the same celerity as she gets over the ground upon her tricycle."

Of course, the majority of people know who Belva A. Lockwood is—that she is a woman lawyer, and a highly successful one, too; that she is the first one ever admitted to practice before the Supreme court of the United States; that she is an earnest supporter of woman suffrage, and the first woman ever nominated to the Presidency of the Great American Republic, of which she is an active and useful citizen.

Those of you who have ever read Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson" may recall what he reports the latter as saying of a woman who had dared to step stocking darning and go to preaching:

"Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

I think this is much the way that the first women who undertook the study and practice of law were regarded. A good many mouldy chestnuts, so to speak, of woman's being governed by intuition, never by reason; of her inability to follow logical methods; of the danger of her yielding to sentiment, instead of following law; of the difference in the size and fibre of her brain from that of man's—all these and more were hurled at these feminine pioneers in the profession. Persistence and energy have, however, in spite of all such drawbacks, enabled Mrs. Lockwood to win success and recognition as a lawyer, in the highest courts of the country. Of the years of labor through which she has passed to reach her present position, I will tell you.

Belva A. Bennett was born, the second of five children, upon a farm near Royalton, Niagara county, N. Y., in October, 1830. Attending the district school, she was a bright scholar, and early mastered the intricacies of all of the common and some of the higher English branches. Even in these early days she showed a marked individuality of character by writing essays to champion the cause of those she considered oppressed, and it stands out the more boldly because her father's home-teaching was that girls should attend to domestic duties, leaving other fields for boys.

Before she was 15 she began teaching school in her own district, and continued the work successfully for several terms, receiving as her highest remuneration the munificent sum of eight dollars a month. This teaching was done in the summer, but in the winter she attended school, beginning an academic course, which, later on, she completed.

When about 18 she became the wife of a thrifty young farmer and miller, Uriah McNall, in her neighborhood. The young husband lived but three or four happy years and left her with one little girl, a widow not quite 23 years old.

Then began the active, independent life which she has since lived. For a year she carried on the farm and mill energetically, but her old longing for an education asserting itself, she sold the property and entered the Gossport Academy, determined to make a career for herself in a different direction.

Finishing the course at the academy, and after an interval of teaching, she entered the Genesee Wesleyan College, at Lima, N. Y., now called the Syracuse University. It was the second college that admitted women. At her examination for admission, the faculty discovered something of the stuff this aspirant for their honors was made of, as she was found to be entitled to enter into the junior instead of the sophomore year. She graduated with high standing in 1857.

Now she felt ready for real work, or work to her taste. Without her knowledge she was elected preceptress of the Lockport Union school, the duties of which position she entered upon with enthusiasm. For four years she remained there—it having become incorporated as an academy—and brought to bear an intelligent supervision of its methods, the effects of which are seen and acknowledged there to day.

Then came the years of the war and she was not idle. Busy as she was with her school duties, she yet found opportunity, as president of an Aid Society, to do much good work for the soldiers, spending both time and money in their behalf. Meanwhile she became the head of the Gainesville Seminary. A year later when that burned, she built up a school at Horneisville, and afterwards at Owego, both successful ventures, the last of which she ended by removing to the city of Washington in 1866. During much of this time her daughter was at the Genessee Wesleyan College receiving the finishing touches of a fine education.

Her career in Washington, which has brought her prominently before the public and given her a national reputation, began as a permanency, with teaching a select school in what was called Union League hall. While carrying this on, and attending to other business, the energy of the woman was shown by her studying and mastering international law and the Spanish as well as the German language.

It was in 1868 that she contracted a second marriage with Rev. Ezekiel Lockwood, a Baptist minister, and former chaplain in the army. Three years afterward she began the study of law at the National University, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1873. This, however, was not done without a struggle, for in the last quarter she, with one other lady who had kept by her side through the course, were refused their diplomas. A letter from Mrs. Lockwood to President Grant calling attention to this injustice, brought about a change in affairs, and her diploma was placed in her hands. Applying for admission to the courts as a lawyer, she received several rebuffs, but to a woman of her mental strength and determination they only acted as a spur to continued effort until she obtained a victory. They had yet to learn that

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will."

Certainly Mrs. Lockwood proved, not only then but afterward, that she could not be turned aside from her pursuit of what she deemed a right.

Her fight with old-time prejudices had, however, only just begun. After three years of successful practice, she found herself debarred by her sex from the United States Supreme Court. To this her dauntless spirit would never submit, and the contest began. With characteristic energy she went to work, drafted a bill and succeeded, after an incredi table amount of work and repeated failures, in having it carried through Congress, admitting women to practice before this highest tribunal in the land. Thus again victory perched upon her banner. Well might she rejoice at this triumph, which was not for herself alone, at a single juncture, but for all women lawyers in the present and the future. This occurred in February, 1879, and in March, accompanied by Mr. A. G. Riddle, who had been the champion of her cause from first to last, she walked into the presence of the court which was now compelled to yield what had been before so peremptorily denied. Doubtless these august gentlemen felt as if the Potomac hills were tumbling about their ears.

Some notion of the intense feeling in regard to woman lawyers is obtained by the amusing account of Mrs. Lockwood's attempt to practice in the Circuit court of Maryland, presided over then by Judge Magruder. These are some of the cogent reasons which he offered for his refusal: "That the immutable laws of nature were against it; that woman was made after man and was therefore inferior to him; that she was made out of his rib and she was therefore his help meet; that she was physically incapable of appearing to advantage in public; that the track of her orbit was around man, not parallel with his path; that she should stick to the fireside; that her true mission was to nurse the sick and minister unto man's wants." The stern judge said he hoped the day would never come when women would be allowed to practice law in Maryland.

The funny part of it is that the next election relegated this wise judge to private life, and Mrs. Lockwood or any other woman lawyer can practice before all the courts in Maryland.

Miss Lockwood is an ardent advocate of woman suffrage as may be known by her having accepted the nomination to the Presidency by the Equal Rights Party in 1884, and again in 1888. She believes in Prohibition and in arbitration, and she has the courage of her convictions always. Frequently she goes before Congress, fearlessly urging needed reforms, and especially befriending the soldier and the sailor. She does this not only with her voice but with her pen which she wields with fine effect. As a speaker she always commands attention, her voice being clear and musical, her delivery forcible, and her manner exceedingly winning and invariably self-possessed.

One of the characteristics of Mrs. Lockwood is the intensity of her convictions upon any subject in which she becomes interested. What she believes, she believes, and then acts upon that belief. There is no doubt, no hesitation. An instance of this turn of mind she herself amusingly relates in an article entitled, "My Efforts to Become a Lawyer," in *Lippincott's Magazine*, of some months back. When about ten years old, having read the Bible through and believing it literally, she supposed that faith was all that was necessary to reenact the miracles. First she tried walking on water as Peter did. The result was an inglorious failure and much be-draggled skirts. But the youthful enthusiast was not discouraged. Her next effort was to raise from the grave a child which had just been buried. Assuming a more prayerful condition of mind she ordered the dead to come forth, but the dead came not. Again a failure.

There is something absolutely pathetic, even while so amusing, in the earnest faith of this little girl which received these successive shocks. Because she had not succeeded, however, was to her only a proof of her own lack of understanding or lack of concentration. Studying carefully the promise, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed," etc., she concluded that if an ordinary mortal could remove a mountain, a child like her could probably move a hill, so she selected a small one and brought her will-power to bear upon it. It stood immovable, and then she gave up trying to do miracles.

This spirit of determination has marked her course through all of her years. What she wills to do, that she persists in, with the result of moving mountains in the shape of public opinion. She is absolutely fearless, so far as the comment of people upon her action is concerned. Right is right. There she plants her feet and there she stays.

Mrs. Lockwood has now been a member of the bar for fifteen years, and for eleven years of the time was in court nearly every day. Not many men can bring forth a record like that. Since 1877 she has been a widow, her husband dying that year when she was in the midst of her fight for admittance to the bar of the Supreme Court. She is still in the prime of life, strong and vigorous, and doubtless, with many years of work before her.

One word more and I must close. The fact that Mrs. Lockwood has twice accepted the nomination to the Presidency when there was no more chance for an election than of her going to Jupiter, is often cited as proof that her intellect has a flaw in its strength and a most decided one. The truth is, she represents a principle which she holds to be a right one, and she will stand for it in the face of all ridicule. She believes in the ultimate triumph of the law of equality between the sexes, and she feels to the heart's core that

"He laughs best who laughs last!"

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATIONS.

BLOTTER.—Cut a piece of pasteboard 7x3 inches and cover with red plush one side, and line with red satin. Get one sheet of red blotting paper, cut it in three strips three inches wide, put them together and double, so that it will be nine inches long. Now take the pasteboard and lay it on the center of the blotting paper, and with ¾ of a yard of No. 9 red or old gold satin ribbon put it around the upper thickness of paper and pad and tie a pretty bow on top of plush. There will be three thicknesses of paper for the blotting pad separate from the top.

FANCY BASKET.—Take a straw hat crown and gild it. Get ½ yard of yellow satin, cut it in two and sew together. Turn the bottom edge 1½ inches and shirr it around, sewing it around the edge of the hat. Now the top edge, turn down 3½ inches and make a shirring wide enough for a cord to run through; one yard of yellow silk cord to hang it up by.

FOOT CUSHION.—Make a square pillow and fill it with feathers. Cover it with satin or plush and finish with a large silk cord, with pompons at each corner. One can be made of pretty cretonne.

NIGHT-DRESS CASE.—Make in the shape of a large square envelope. The middle is made with a large square of pasteboard—large enough to hold the folded night-dress, put on in the center crosswise to the corners, and the latter are turned over to meet in the middle. Cover the case on both sides with white, pink or blue quilted satin, and put around edge quilled satin ribbon. Two opposite points fasten with a button and loop, the other two points with ribbon and bow.—ED.

A CONVENIENCE.—I have a handsome bangleboard and match safe made thus: A round board covered one-half with bronze, the other with blue plush, brass screws fastened near the bottom, two large clay pipes with painted bowls and stems crossed in middle of board and fastened with blue and bronze ribbons. Cover the back with sandpaper to light the matches. One pipe bowl is for good, the other, for burnt matches.—JESSIE L. MOSES, Alliance, O.

PAPER ROSES.—Take a square of tissue paper and fold the opposite corners together, making it three cornered; now fold twice more, and cut in a rounding shape, having it about the size of a five cent piece. Cut ten squares in this way, having each one larger than the last. The last one must be about the size of the natural rose. Now take each leaf separately and curl over edge of shears or a dull knife. Cut a small piece of paper and fringe. Take a piece of wire four or five inches long, double together and put fringed paper on, then the smallest leaf and next in size until all are on. Now twist the wire together and put a piece of beeswax on the back of rose to hold leaves in place. I have other patterns I will send if you would like.—ETHEL GRAY.

PRACTICAL DESIGNS FOR FABRIC PAINTING.—This design, perforated pattern No. 602, size 4 inches deep, is suited for border of a table, piano or organ cover. Buttercups, daisies and cattails gracefully arranged comprise the pattern. This would be pretty painted on crimson, grey or bronze green felt. A long, narrow painting board is best for painting borders, doubling and basting the extra goods up out of the way. Stamp the design with white powder, holding the wrong side of the goods in front of a brisk fire until the stamping is set. French bristle brushes are good for painting on felt, but one red sable brush, No. 3, is also very useful. A small bottle of rectified turpentine, bottle of pale drying oil, and the following colors will be needed: 1 tube lemon yellow, 1 tube silver white, 1 tube rose madder, 1 tube saffron green, 1 tube chrome green, 1 tube burnt sienna, 1 tube chrome yellow. In painting on felt, cloth or plush add a few drops of pale drying oil to a little turpentine in a small butter saucer or tin lid. Then to each color of this prepared "mixer" add 3 or 4 drops, making up more as you require it. Mix up at first a quantity of white; with this paint your design, laying on the paint medium heavy. When this is dry, the natural colors may be applied. Retouch the cattails with the burnt sienna, adding in a little raw umber if you have it. Lay the color on in smooth, heavy strokes, but do not go over the outlines. Paint all the leaves and stems in shades of green, varying the tints by adding an occasional touch of lemon yellow, or if you have it, use a little emerald green for high lights. Make the buttercups with the lemon yellow, lightening with a little white and darkening some petals with light touches of chrome yellow. The stamens are made after petals are dry, using chrome yellow, with a little burnt sienna on the tip. Retouch the daisies with white, with an occasional light touch of rose madder. The centers of the daisies are made of the chrome yellow after the petals are perfectly dry, shading in a very little burnt sienna.

Questions in regard to this department answered if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply.

A new edition of my circular in regard to "winter styles of dress" will be issued soon. Any lady reader of the BLADE may secure a copy by sending her full address and six cents postage.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Randolph county, Indiana.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind · o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

SILK MITS.—Cast on 48 stitches, 24 for back one needle—12 on each of other needles for inside of hand. Make three rows of shells up the back, by counting off 6 stitches for each shell and 2 for seam between each shell, which seam knit as a back seam. For shell: 1st row—t t o as far back seam—take up st and k by throwing thread from right side. This forms two stitches—one twisted. Continue through the 6 sts on each sh. You now have 12 sts on each sh; 2nd row—n the 1st and last st on each sh by taking 2 tog. at the beginning of sh—and slipping and binding at end of sh. You now have 10 st on each sh. Continue this through 3d and 4th row until you have 6 sts, when proceed as before. For inside of hand knit three rows plain and every fourth row twisted stitch, by throwing thread over, taking two stitches and knit, thus making a stitch and narrowing one at the same time. Mine are real pretty. I used two balls of knitting silk, using rather coarse knitting needles.—MRS. B. GRATE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BOYS' ROOM.—After reading Miss Bouton's remarks about boys' rooms, I am led to give a description of a room I once helped to fix up for two boys, one 12, the other 14 years of age.

To begin with, the room was large and had a south and an east window. When we began on it, it contained a carpet, dark grey shades, a battered bedstead, two old wash stands, and two dilapidated rocking chairs. The carpet was a new hit and miss rag, of bright colors, and the walls were papered a delicate grey with a red and grey border. Curtains were made of turkey red edged with a wide pillow case lace. Two were placed at each window, and hung from poles of gilded broomsticks, with large button molds at each end. They were looped back with bands of coarse white cord crocheted, stiffened and gilded.

The bedstead, washstand and chairs were painted grey, and the three former were decorated with bunches of red poppies in oil colors. They were also lined here and there with gilt. A bedspread and shams were made of turkey red and edged with lace like the curtains.

One of the washstands had three drawers like a small dresser, and it was converted into one by placing an old-fashioned mirror with a flat frame above it. The frame was painted grey. A scarf was laid on the top, and was made of turkey red, edged with lace. Two catchup bottles with metal tips were painted cream color and decorated with poppies. These were placed on the two little shelves of the washstand and held bay rum and Florida water. A pincushion of turkey red filled with weal and covered with a white lace tidy, finished the commode. On one side of the glass hung a wire comb and brush rack; on the other side a fancy brass wisp broom holder. The wash stand proper had a long and two short drawers and a cupboard. The latter had a shelf put in half way up to hold blacking box and brush. The top was covered with white oil cloth, and a splasher of the same painted with poppies was placed behind it. Two handled cups received each a spray of flowers and a coat of amber enamel, and did duty for tooth mugs. A plain white chamber set also received some decorating.

At one side of the wash stand was a three arm towel rack, on the other a wire sponge basket. In the center above the splasher was a small walnut bracket with places for two tooth brushes and a nail brush, and upon it was another painted bottle filled with ammonia. A small stove was put up and a long, narrow box covered and cushioned for wood. The boys divided off one end to hold kindlings. Another box was covered in the same way and divided in the center. This was to hold shoes and boots. A closet opened off the room, and had a stocking bag and bag for soiled clothes fastened to the door. One end contained shelves.

In one corner were six shelves, the first 12 inches from the floor and 12 inches apart. A red curtain was fastened to the third one and hung to the floor. The chair had cushions for seats and backs, made with covers of red that could be taken off and washed, and were tied into place with red braid. Each also had a tidy crocheted out of white knitting cotton. A small plain kitchen table painted gray, and covered plainly with gray felt, (remains of an old skirt) finished at the edges with red worsted fringe and bars completed the furniture.

I had forgotten to mention two kitchen chairs painted gray and red, (the bottoms were painted scarlet). A table lamp was made prettier by painting the shade. The boys added pictures to the walls, framed in rustic, gilt and pebble frames, also brackets, stuffed birds shells, rocks, etc. The corner shelves contained their books and trinkets. All this room cost was two 20-cent boxes of paint, 22 yards of lace, 22 yards of Turkey red, two yards of fringe, two sticks of braid and a package of Diamond Gold paint.

The boys, who painted a little in oil colors, did most of the decorating after the designs were drawn, and I had done one or two. Their mother considered the money well spent, as the room was so cheerful that the boys had much rather stay at home evenings and play games, read or entertain their visitors, than to run around and get into questionable company. They became careful and tidy, and took pride in adding trinkets to improve their room. Mothers, do try and fix up your boys' rooms, so that they will be inviting, and give them paints bracket saws, carving tools, books, papers and games, even if you do have to wear the same bonnet a couple of years. Far better have only calico dresses and have home, loving, cheerful, busy boys, than to wear silks and never know in what company or where your boys are.

If more boys had rooms that were pleasant and cozy, there would be less boys led into saloons and low dens. Mothers, try to make home pleasant, and teach them from infancy to trust mother and to have her for a confident. Encourage them in all harmless enterprises, and help them. Teach them games, read to them, and have them read to you when you are busy at the mending basket or ironing table. Ask them about their lessons and pastimes at school. In short, be a companion for them. Try to look as neat as possible, for boys notice such things. If they bring you a bunch of flowers, put some in your hair or neck.

Take one or two good young people's papers, (*The Youth's Companion* and *Golden Days* are among the best) and if possible remember holidays and birthdays with a book or something useful in the way of tools, etc. Teach them to make scrap books and card albums. I have a big scrap book I began when only seven years old. It was not finished until I was twelve, and the progress made in reading and selecting is plainly shown. If possible have a piano, organ or even more smaller instrument, and if any of the family can play, make a practice to play and sing every evening and Sundays. Teach them to have nothing to do with anything they are ashamed to tell mother about.

Last, but not least, have them join the BLADE "Temperance Legion."—MONTANA MAY.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one send me a few select recitations, suitable for school exhibitions and entertainments?—NOEL LEE, Flagfork, Ky.

Will some of the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD please send me some specimens of stones or collection of mosses? I will send postage.—MRS. NELLIE BENTLEY, Du Bois, Neb.

Will some one send directions for crocheting lace and insertion, about two inches wide?—ALICE.

I will give a home during the winter, and perhaps longer, to a girl who is willing to stay as one of the family, in a family of three. My husband is away from home a good deal, and I want her more for a companion than anything else. She will have nothing much to do except to assist in light work about the house. Address—"M. W.," Kelley's Mills, O.

Will some one send to the HOUSEHOLD directions for knitting Normandy lace? I have one copy of directions, but there are some two or three mistakes in it and I cannot get it right.—MRS. WANDLAW, Central Point, Oregon.

Will "Montana May" please give me a description of the French bon-bon cracker? Am desirous of making the scent sachet, by her description, before Christmas. Hope to hear from her at earliest convenience.—MRS. JAMES COLLINS.

Will some one give recipe for making oyster dressing for turkey at once? Did the lady of Barton county, Kansas, get the cure for catarrh? If she will send me her address with her answer, I would like to correspond with her regarding it. I have lost it. Has any one peach melon seed to give away? Can any of the members tell something of the oyster plant, how it is grown and if it comes from seed or root?—M. A. W.

Will some one tell me if they know of a good boy, 8, 10 or 12 years of age, who would like a good home? We have no children, and want to take such a boy as our own, one of good parentage.—ADDA.

If the lady that has the mock peaches will please send some seeds to my address, I will return the postage.—MRS. H. N. ARCHER, Leola, McPherson county, Dakota.

If Mrs. Patti A. Hanman will send stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will be pleased to send her citron seed.—MOLLIE B. HUBER, Bronson, Fla.

Do any of the HOUSEHOLD readers know of a nice old gentleman who would like a home, and would be willing to do chores and light work on a farm? If so, they can address box 86, Pleasantville, Pa.

Will some one tell me me how to make bakers' bread and crackers?—N. C. HULL, Beebe, Ark.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Two or three letters have come to me lately asking that requests should be inserted in the BLADE for persons to send five or ten cents to individuals to relieve their distress in some way. We have no doubt but that these persons are worthy but it is against the rules of the paper to do anything of the kind, for various reasons. We should be glad if it were possible to help them in this way, but trust some other means will be found that will bring the sunshine to them once more.—ED.

Mrs. Weland—Stew the pie melon first, put in but little water; when done add a little vinegar, as many kind of spices as you choose and sugar; currants are a fine addition; the more seasoned the more of a mince pie taste they have.—MINNIE MANTON.

I came from cold Michigan to Kansas, which has been of great benefit to my weak lungs, and as we believe, has prolonged my life for years.

Would like to know how to prepare spiced beef. Speak soon. Would like narrow crocheted pattern for Saxony—MRS. M. E. KEYNEARSON.

"Roxy," your question is a very indefinite one. It makes a difference how the oysters are cooked. Usually, however, cold meat of some kind, bread and butter, some sort of pickles, and cake and sauce are given, unless it is simply oyster soup that is called for. Then you furnish crackers, and generally a slice of bread and butter. Why do you not go to one and find these things out by observation? That is the best way, because the word "common" has such a variable meaning.

It is most certainly a gentleman's place to introduce both gentlemen and ladies to a lady whom he has taken among strangers.—ED.

RECIPES.

ROSE CAKE.—One cupful red sugar; ½ cupful butter; ½ cupful sweet milk; whites of 6 eggs; 2 heaping cupfuls flour; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; 1 teaspoonful extract rose.

This is a pretty pink-cake, and can be combined with white dough, the same as marble cake.

In place of red sugar, rose coloring can be used. It is made as follows, and is nice to color jellies, creams, etc.:

One-fourth oz. alum; ¼ oz. cream tartar; 1 oz. cochineal; 4 ozs. sugar; 1 teaspoonful soda; 1 pt. soft water. Boil together 10 minutes, strain, bottle and cork well. Use enough to give the desired color.

SUET PUDDING.—One cupful suet, cut fine; 1 cupful seeded raisins; 1 cupful currants; ½ cupful sugar; ½ cupful molasses; 1 cupful water; 1 teaspoonful salt; 1 teaspoonful soda; ½ teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon, cloves and alspice. Flour to make as stiff a batter as can be stirred with a spoon. Steam three hours. By omitting the fruit it makes a very nice flour pudding.

SAUCE.—One pt. boiling water; 1 cupful sugar; 1 teaspoonful butter; 1 tablespoonful flour, rubbed smooth in a little water. Cook slowly half an hour, stirring often. Just before serving add a teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extract.

SAUCE NO. 2.—Two eggs, 1 cupful sugar, 1 pt. boiling milk; beat the yolks and sugar together and add to the boiling milk. Let this simmer but not boil until it thickens a little. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and add together with flavoring just before serving.—MONTANA MAY.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

LEECHBURG, PA.

Charles A Watt	Wm W Watt
Dora B Watt	Grace D Watt

Names this week, 4. Total 24,557.

The above embraces all names received up to December 13.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY GEORGE HOWLAND.

See the maiden-mother mild
Bending o'er her first-born child,
With that sad, sweet face!
Is it blessedness, or pain,
Joy her heart can scarce contain,
Or a dark, foreboding dread
Of some harm to that dear head,
That we there may trace?

Could she with the sacred seers
Pierce the secrets of the years,
Would she for that son,
With a mother's yearning, pray
That the cup might pass away,
Or for him accept the scorn,
Cruel scourgings, nail and thorn,
With—"Thy will be done?"

Hear the cradle-song she sings
To the lowly King of Kings!
How the sweet tones thrill:
"Sweetly sleep, O son of mine,
Mystery of Love divine!
Hope of all the ages, thou,
Let no troubles cloud thy brow!
Sleep, nor dream of ill."

Maiden mother, sinless Son,
Mortal and immortal One,
Heaven to earth brought nigh;
Thou above all women blest,
Mary, mother, guard His rest!
Jesus, Savior, who dost take
Here our likeness, may we wake
In Thine own on high!

HOW HARTY'S HOPE "CAME TRUE."

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

I.

AS I see, there ain't no other way, said Grandma Hartwell.

"I don't like sick children, and I don't want him," growled Grandpa Hartwell.

"He was named Hartwell on purpose for you."

"Don't care if he was. He'll make no end o' trouble."

"But," said Grandma Hartwell, as she saw how set in his way, her husband appeared to be, "there ain't no other way, Jacob. I know Mary's my daughter by my first husband, an' she don't belong to you—but you've always liked Mary—an' Harry's got this paralyzed side, so 't he's only a baby, 's you might say, for all 't he's six years old. But he's bright, an' you'd love him, I know. Just think! His father was buried last week, an' he and Frank are all alone in the world, and, dear knows Harty oughter be here. Frank he's thirteen, and got a good place on the horse cars, and I won't say nothin' about Frank, but I'd oughter to see to Harty. Now Jacob, how can you!" and Grandma Hartwell looked as though she was going to cry.

Grandpa Hartwell kept up an impatient rat-tat-tat on the floor with his knotty cane for a while; then he said, "It'll cost ten dollars an' more to go and get him."

Grandma's keen ear caught the note of surrender, and she knew grandpa was almost ready to give up.

"Well, there's more'n twenty dollars in the clock," she said, cheerfully. The big old clock had a sort of a shelf in it, on which Grandma Hartwell kept in a little red collar box, all the hen money and egg money and milk money that came to the farm. "And, massy me! if I'm goin' down to New York to-morrow I must step lively;" and Grandma began to tie on her baking-apron over her white one, and to look very busy and excited.

"Who said you was goin' to New York to morrow?" stormed grandpa. But all the anger was gone from his voice, and grandma stopped for only just a word in response to him as she disappeared through the kitchen door.

"Why, Jacob!" she said, sharply, "I told ye there was twenty dollars an' more in the clock."

That seemed to settle the matter.

II.

It was late on the following day when the train bearing grandma reached the station nearest the old farm, and close up to her nestled a tiny figure, which she lifted tenderly into grandpa's arms when the train stopped.

"Quick!" she said. "Hurry, Jacob, and put him under the blanket in the wagon. He ain't used to chilly nights like this My! September down in the city is a mighty different thing from September up here. There, there!" and very soon Grandpa and Grandma Hartwell, with little Harty between them, were speeding away toward the farm house under the hill, where the little boy, who had hardly ever known the green, beautiful country, except in his sweetest dreams, was to find a happy home.

"Bless his heart!" cried grandma, as they drew up before the door. "Here we are! Ain't it nice, darling? There, grandpa, I've got him tight now. You can drive right along to the barn;" and grandma brought the tiny bundle in the sitting room, where Solon, the hired man, had just built a fire in the fire place. The bright rag carpet, the sleek cat and dog lying on the neat rug in the pleasant heat, the gay prints on the clean walls—all these made a most home-like and satisfying picture; but the gaze of the child rested on them for only a moment. The great hill outside the window, and separated from the house by a little river, with a strip of meadow on each side, caught his eager eye.

"What's that, grandma?" he said feebly, pointing up to where the last rays of the sun were resting, though the valley below lay in a shadow.

"That? Why, that's Pulpit Rock. Folks come from all around to see that great rock, and always want to hear the story about old Parson Penny. He was so cranky an' queer he couldn' get a church to preach in, and so he used to preach on top of the rock yonder. Miss Penny and the three boys and seven girls used to be the audience. They say he used to holler himself hoarse up there, and they could hear him—your grandpa's folks, when he was little—down to the house. I guess they used to have great times. That's why they called it Pulpit Rock. 'Tis pretty," continued Grandma Hartwell, watching the lame boy's face as he looked at the mighty precipice, "and awful high and steep. I believe they call it nigh onto 700 feet straight up from the medder, and the top part 'most hangs over—don't know it does hang over a little."

Little Harty curled down in grandpa's big chintz-covered arm-chair by the window, and resting his head upon its faded cushions, gazed out through the gathering twilight upon the mountain opposite, with its rugged granite front; and when grandma came a little later, to lift him into the high chair which she had brought for him from the garret, she found him asleep upon the chintz-cushions, his pale face uplifted, with a smile upon it, toward the giant cliff opposite.

When he had waked up a little later, and had eaten a nice supper of bread and milk, grandma undressed him in front of the warm fire. They were all alone, and the little boy was telling her stories about his brother Frank, of whom he was very fond.

"Frank is always good to me, grandma," he said, in his feeble, but intense voice, and with his large hazel eyes shining in the fire-light. "But, oh! he has got to get up so very early since he got to be tow boy on the Noland avenue cars. And when he got up early this morning, before he went to see you, he bent over me and cried and cried because I was going away. Oh, dear grandma! I want him so! I want him so!"

"Don't!" cried grandma, as the child began to cry.

"No, no; I won't," said the little fellow, making a brave effort to control himself, "for Frank is earning money, and he's coming up Christmas, sure—isn't he grandma?"

"I hope so, dear. He promised us that he would if he possibly could."

"And, grandma"—lowering his voice, and showing on his little face the same awe-struck look which she had seen there when he first beheld the mountain—"oh, grandma!"—and he turned to where the darkness hid the mighty rock—"my mountain there is so high that I am sure it must see into New York. Don't you believe it sees Frank, grandma? Don't you believe it could let me know if anything happened to Frank?"

The earnestness of the child as he advanced these startling queries quite took away old Grandma Hartwell's breath.

"What a notion! Bless his heart!" she ejaculated, as soon as she could. "Where ever did Grandma's Harty get such crazy thoughts? Why, Harty, there's Hoosac Mountain and Greylock and lots more between Pulpit Rock and New York."

A look of disappointment came over the trustful little face.

"But—but don't you think—" he began, with quivering lips.

Grandma saw his grief, and her woman's wit taught her that she must not shatter his dream so rudely.

"Oh, of course, grandma wouldn't pretend to say it couldn't, darling," she hastened to add. "God knows everything. He sees Frank, and grandma is sure she does not know what he lets big old rocks see like ours over here. That's beyond grandma!" And when the child had whispered his prayers and had thought it all over, he was comforted, and fell asleep with a smile on his face as before.

III.

Autumn passed, and the little cripple's face grew round and fair under the kind care of grandma Hartwell. Harty was now making his way slowly but surely into grandpa Hartwell's heart, though wild horses could not have drawn a confession of the fact from that old gentleman. Letters came every week from Frank full of love and encouragement.

"I'm so glad you are growing fat, Harty," he wrote in November. "Eat my share of the thanksgiving turkey. I guess you can do it by what grandma says about that appytite." Frank had not learned to spell very well, though he was fourteen years old. "But you want to be just looking out for me 'long about Christmus eve, and you can just be looking out for something 'long with me too. I've told Joe Card, who drives car 40, about you. He calls me Grand Panjandrum, to make fun of me bein' so little 'I s'pose. Every day when old 40 comes along, and I jump on and hitch my horse on, Joe he says, 'How about Harty?' or, 'Bully for Christmus!' or something like that. He just likes you, and mebbe he's going to send—but that's tellin'. There's lot's o' secrets: but I'll tell you all about 'em when I come."

As Christmas time drew nearer, the little boy's anxiety to see his brother became almost painful, especially when two weeks passed and nothing more came from Frank.

"My rock says he'll come, grandma," he said, confidentially, to his grandmother, "but somehow I worry about him. Oh, I do hope he'll come!"

It was on that very day that Frank, looking even smaller than usual—and he was very small for his age—stood on the pavement beside tall Jumbo, the big horse of which he had charge on the Noland avenue horse car line. Car 40 was coming, and Joe Card stood on it, beaming down upon his little comrade as the tired horses toiled up to where it was Frank's duty to attach Jumbo.

"Hello, Grand Panjandrum," said Joe Card, cheerily, "and how's Christmas?"

"Oh, Christmas is comin'," said little Frank, smiling back into his eyes, and the two or three men who were smoking on the plaform looked a little kinder as they saw the pleasant expression on the two faces.

"Don't know how I'm goin' to spare you on Christmas, Grand Panjandrum," Joe went on banteringly, "I s'pose the little feller up country 'll like it, but to take a great big Panjandrum like you off the Noland avenue cars for a day or so—I tell you it makes a big hole. Don't you see?"

At this moment, Joe Card's speech was cut short, an expression of dismay burst from every man on the platform, for little Frank, usually so nimble and sure of foot, had caught his toe as he attempted to step off, and in some strange way had been thrown flat, with one leg under the car. It happened so quickly and unexpectedly that the smile had not had time to vanish from Joe Card's genial face, when a wheel of the heavy car passed over the little tow boy's ankle, and he lay faint and bleeding upon the muddy ground.

"Oh-h-h!" cried Joe Card, stopping his car with a jerk, just in time to prevent the second wheel from passing over the thin, helpless little leg. "Oh! oh! hold the horses will you, while I pick him up?" cried the poor driver in distress. "Oh, he's all gone! To think it should 'a been my car that did it! and the Christmas comin'! Oh, it's too bad!" And with broken murmurs of this sort, Joe Card conveyed the frail form of little Frank to the drug store, and then, making the druggist promise that the boy should receive the best of care, and that he should be told what was done with him, Joe Card unwillingly went back to his work.

For days after the accident, Frank lay upon a little white bed in the hospital, his ankle, which had not been broken, but violently bruised and wrenched, swollen and very painful, and his mind weak and wandering. Every night faithful Joe Card managed to get around to ask for him, and to bring him a flower or some other little token of affection, though he was obliged to come usually very late, and at great inconvenience to himself.

Three days passed, and still Frank was not himself. He slept for many hours at a time, spoke little, and that not intelligently, and Joe Card began to get very fidgety. But on the morning of the fourth day he was much better, and that night, when Joe Card came around, the nurse had a great story to tell him.

"He's doing first-rate," she said, "and he'll be about in a week or two, though of course he'll have to go on crutches for awhile; but he seems mightily cut up about Christmas. Here it's coming in a few days now, and I don't see how he's ever going to get to his grandma's, that he tells about. He's been talking with the doctor about it. The doctor was immensely wrought up."

And this same story, with a pathetic "I must get there Christmas, Joe," was told to that perplexed young man when he reached Frank's bedside.

IV.

It would take too long to try to tell here how the doctor, who had been thoroughly interested from the very first in Frank's case, became more so when he heard Joe Card tell the whole, simple story, and how he and Joe resolved to exert themselves to the utmost to bring to pass the desire of the little invalid's heart; how a substitute was procured for Joe on old "40;" how the warmest wraps were found for Frank; how, on the morning of the day before Christmas, folded tenderly in Joe Card's strong arms, he boarded the train for grandma's; and how a certain big carpet-bag, which Joe had managed to carry by means of a strap around his shoulder, lay beside them on the floor. But all these things certainly did happen in the most delightful and bewildering way, and in the big carpet-bag—but I couldn't begin to mention the things in the big carpet-bag.

That morning Harty had been in very high spirits.

"He'll come, grandma; I know he'll come."

"Did your rock say so, my little pet?" asked grandma, laughing at him a little.

The color came into the child's face, and he straightened up his poor little form proudly.

"You mustn't make fun of my rock' grandma," he said, solemnly. "It can see, oh! so much further than we can, and it's always true—always—and I know my Frank is coming."

Grandma had been to the collar-box in the clock, taken out some money, and bought some trifles to put into Harty's stocking on Christmas eve. She felt a strong fear that he was to undergo a terrible disappointment, and she hoped the little presents would help him to bear the blow.

But who is that driving up to the door in the early twilight? Harty's face, pressed against the pane, glows as if an electric light had just been turned upon it, while into the room, amid the blessed shadows of the Christmas eve, stalks big Joe Card with Frank in his arms.

V.

You should have seen Frank and Harty the next morning when the carpet-bag was opened. No words can possibly depict the scene. What games, and toys, and bright soldier caps, and warm scarfs, and beautiful books, and the music-box! Harty almost succeeded in walking across the room without his crutches, amid the general hilarity.

But it was after breakfast that the greatest surprise came. Grandpa Hartwell went out to a room back of the shed where he kept his tools, and where he did a little carpentering at odd times. When he came in he was dragging something noisily on the floor behind him, and his face was trying to look sour so hard and so unsuccessfully that you would have laughed outright to have seen it. He stopped before little Harty very shamefacedly.

"Here, Harty," he said, trying to speak in a very cross voice, and bringing a bright red sled within the range of Harty's vision, "here's somethin' mebbe you'll like."

"Chain-lightning," read Harty on the side of the red sled; and then he exclaimed, looking up into grandpa's face, where he could not help observing that the twinkling eyes formed a strong contrast to the puckered mouth and fierce brow: "Did—did you make it for me grandpa? Why, I thought you didn't like *me!*"

"You see," said grandpa, ignoring Harty's last remark—"you see, it's for you and Frank. I want Frank to stay here right along now. When his ankle gets well he can help me a sight, an' my crops have turned out pretty good this year, an' I might as well keep another boy as not." And here grandpa's mouth kept on going, but no sound seemed to come forth, and what could he do but catch up Harty and hug and kiss him for a full minute.

"Then who'll ride Jumbo?" exclaimed Joe Card; but he noticed just then that grandma was crying softly; with her apron over her head. What under the sun did that mean? Joe Card wondered.

"Just what my rock said," whispered little Harty to himself beside the window—just the Christmas that it said; but I couldn't quite believe it would really come true."—*Harper's Young People.*

The Sunday School

Fourth Quarterly Review.

LESSON XIII., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1888.

Golden Text for the Quarter:—There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass.—Josh. 21:25.

TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

(Josh. 21:45.)

I. THE COMMISSION OF JOSHUA.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness.—Eph. 6:14.

II. CROSSING THE JORDAN.

When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.—Isa. 43:2.

III. THE STONES OF MEMORIAL.

Then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land.—Josh. 4:22.

IV. THE FALL OF JERICHO.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days.—Heb. 11:30.

V. DEFEAT AT AI.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.—Psa. 119:36.

VI. CALEB'S INHERITANCE.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.—Psa. 37:3.

VII. HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.—Gal. 6:2.

VIII. THE COVENANT RENEWED.

The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.—Josh. 24:24.

IX. ISRAEL UNDER JUDGES.

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God.—Heb. 3:12.

X. GIDEON'S ARMY.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4:6.

XI. DEATH OF SAMSON.

Great men are not always wise.—Job 32; 9.

XII. RUTH'S CHOICE.

Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1:16.

REVIEW HINTS FOR THE PRIMARY TEACHER.

One valuable form of review for little children is to give them a knowledge of the individuality of Scripture characters, helping them to see what in each is worthy of being an example or a warning. This quarter presents a good opportunity for this method, as there are not too many prominent persons to allow a distinct idea of each. Write the names on the blackboard, and draw out from the class all that they can remember about each one. We began with one who was called, like Moses, "the servant of the Lord."

Joshua—Of what people was he to be the leader? Eight of our lessons are connected with his life and words. We begin with the words which the Lord spoke to him, and through him to the people. Over and over the words came, "Be strong and of a good courage." What does the name "Joshua" mean? If he was to be the savior of his people, he must be ready to lead them wherever the Lord should tell them to go. God said, "I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." What book was not to depart out of his mouth? Who wrote down, before he died, all the things that God said Joshua and the people were to do? Joshua obeyed these commands; all through the Book of Joshua we are told that the people did "as the Lord commanded Moses?" Will God give us good success if we keep all the commands that he has given?

What river flowed between the people and the promised land? Was Joshua afraid when God told him to lead the people over it? How did they cross? What was the sign of God's presence with them? What did they set up as a memorial of his love and care? What promise has he given about passing through the waters? What walled city was in their way? How does a golden text say the walls of Jericho fell down? Why was not the little city of Ai taken just as easily? Whose advice did Joshua forget to ask before he sent his soldiers up to attack it? Who had sinned? What had he done? Is it any better for us now to keep from God what we ought to give to him?

After the fighting was over, and God had kept his promise to give them the land, how many tribes did Joshua send back over the Jordan? Where had their wives and little ones been waiting for them during the war? What does a golden text tell us to bear? These men had done their duty in helping their brethren to conquer the land; what did Joshua tell them to "take diligent heed to do" in their new homes? Was Joshua afraid that they would forget the commandments of the Lord, away over on the other side of the river? Joshua was just as anxious to help others to keep the law as he was to keep it himself. Which lesson tells us how he assembled the people together to hear his last words? What did he say God would do if they forsook him? What did all the people promise? What did Joshua set up in their sight under an oak tree to be a witness? How old was Joshua when he died? We learned about another old man, Joshua's companion and friend.

Caleb.—Who sent twelve spies up to search out the land? Which two brought back a good report? What city did God promise to Caleb, because he "wholly followed the Lord?" What kind of people lived in those high-walled cities? Who would help Caleb to drive them out? Was Joshua glad to give his old friend the reward that he had earned? Will God fail to give us our reward, if we follow him as Caleb did? Who has gone before to prepare us "many mansions?"

Gideon.—After Joshua died, the people forgot his words, and "forsook the Lord." How did God punish them? When their enemies were many and strong, what young man was raised up to be a judge and to deliver them? How do you know that Gideon was humble? He was timid for himself; was he strong in the Lord? With how many soldiers did he conquer the Midianites? How were they chosen? Do you think Gideon's name should be in the list of brave and true heroes?

Samson.—What strong man was in trouble, and blind? Why was he in a prison house? What kind of companions brought him into all his trouble? Is it ever safe to sin? Does Samson seem to have repented, as his strength came again? Where did he pray that last prayer? What is said about "the dead which he slew at his death?"

Ruth.—Who went over into the land of Moab to live, with her husband and two sons? What were the names of their wives? When Naomi bade them return, which one went back? Which one chose to go with Naomi? What did she say about Naomi's God and people? To what city did they come back to live? How did God bless her in her home and family? What king was descended from Ruth? What other King, the son of David, was born in Ruth's city?

Several of our lessons have been of great congregations of people. Let the children recall and describe the great meetings. Tell how the millions of people stood by the Jordan in sight of the ark; about the thousands that marched around Jericho; how the multitude at Shechem listened to Joshua's parting words; how the great company in the house of Dagon watched Samson making sport. Other lessons are about quiet conversations of individuals. To Joshua alone came the words of the captain of the Lord's host; to Gideon alone the order to choose and to conquer; Ruth was alone with Naomi when she decided to follow her mother-in-law. Are there lessons for us alike in the doings of the great congregations and the story of each life? Encourage practical answers, and impress the truth they show, as you ask, How would you wish to be like Joshua? like Caleb? like Gideon? like Ruth?—*Faith Lattimer, in Sunday School Times.*

—Keep your blood pure and you will not have rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and tones the whole system.

The Ace Takes the Trick.

Daniel—I am glad to see that you brace up, sire, and play the king.

The President—That's all right, Daniel, but Harrison has played the ace.—*Life.*

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AN HEROIC SOLDIER'S DEATH.

Coolly Giving the Word That Sent His Soul Into Eternity.

One day during the last part of the war Dr. Willis Westmoreland was dressing the wound of a soldier who had been shot in the neck near the carotid artery.

Suddenly the blood vessel gave way, and just as quickly the surgeon thrust his finger into the hole to stop the flow.

"Doctor, said he, "what does that mean?"

"It means death," said the surgeon.

"How long can I live?" asked the soldier, whose mind was perfectly clear.

"Until I remove my finger," said Dr. Westmoreland.

The soldier asked for pen and paper, wrote his will, wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, and when these were done said quietly:

"Let her go."

The surgeon withdrew his finger, the blood rushed out, and soon the man was dead.

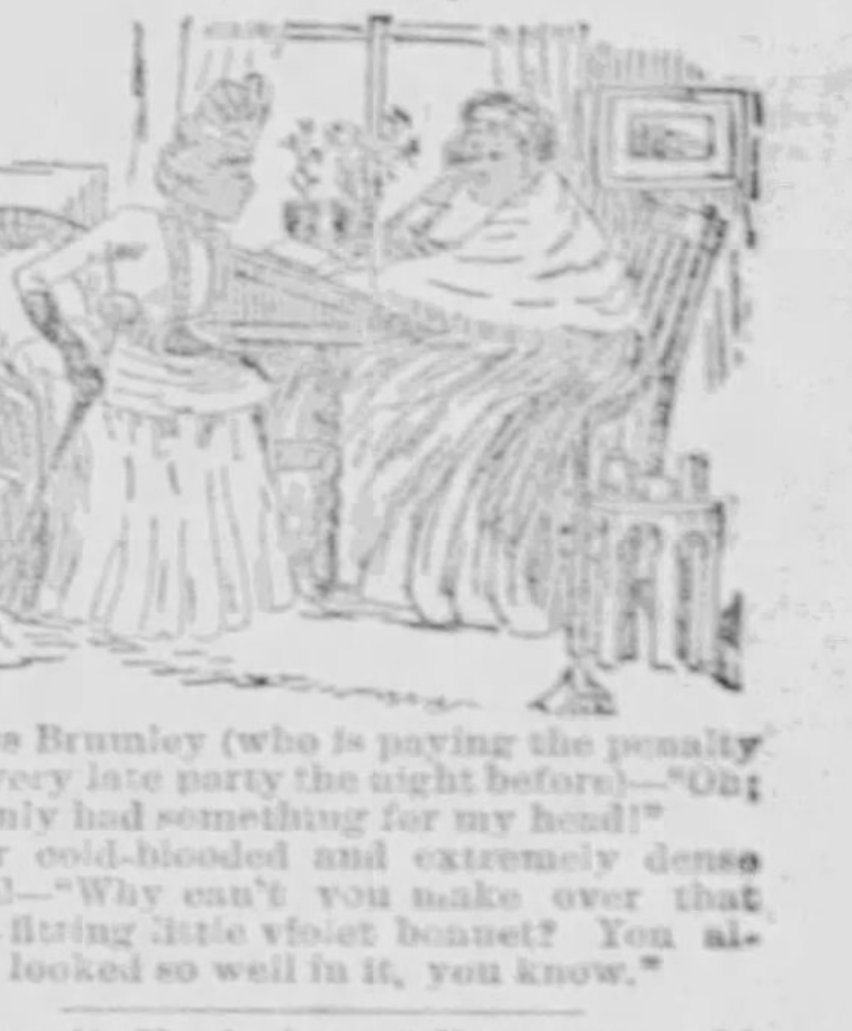
The body of the brave fellow was buried in Oakland, and every year since Dr. Westmoreland has gone on Memorial Day and placed flowers on the grave. This year when Memorial Day came the doctor was at Salt Springs. He left the scene of gayety, came to Atlanta, and carried his tribute of flowers to the grave of one who was calm and brave in the very presence of death.—*Atlanta Journal.*

Improving the Torpedo Boats.

The well-known drawback in torpedo boats is the visibility of the flame and smoke when within a distance of 2,500 or 3,000 yards of the object to be attacked. Experiments at the Rochefort Arsenal and on the Seine with an apparatus invented by an engineer of the name of Orollio, of Nantes, as is reported, has demonstrated that his arrangement is capable at night of quite obscuring the torpedo boat. The flame and sparks disappear; the smoke, which is reduced in temperature from 100 degrees to 30 to 40 degrees, spreads itself out in a horizontal layer over the surface of the water and envelopes the boat in an impenetrable vapor which defies the electric search light to discover the boat. A notable point in the application of the arrangement is that it in no way interferes with the proper working of the engines of the boats. The steam pressure and the speed remain undiminished. The improvement is confined exclusively to the funnel, and the extra weight which it adds to the boat is insignificant. France is engaged in applying this improvement, and Spain and Italy will probably shortly introduce it to their navies.

Pale Sympathy.

[From Time.]



Miss Brumley (who is paying the penalty of a very late party the night before)—"Oh; if I only had something for my head!"

Her cold-blooded and extremely dense friend—"Why can't you make over that close-fitting little violet bonnet? You always looked so well in it, you know."

—Perodic Headache and Neuralgia; cold hands and feet, and a general derangement of the system, including impaired digestion, with torpor of the liver, etc., are, in certain localities, invariably caused by Malaria in the system in quantities too small to produce regular chills. Many persons suffer in this way and take purgatives and other medicines to their injury, when a few doses of Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria would cure them at once. Sold by Druggists.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

Their romance was sweet while it lasted,
As sea side romances may be;
But, alas! all his fond hopes were blasted
In a way that, of course, you forsee.

For, when he went back to the city,
Her cooiness occasioned him pain;
And—to make a short end to my ditty—
Her husband met her at the train.

—*Exchange.*

President-Elect and Mrs. Harrison.

Two very fine etched portraits of Gen. and Mrs. Harrison have just been issued by M. R. Hyman, publisher of the Indianapolis *Herald*. Portraits on one plate, 16x22. Agents wanted everywhere. Send 25 cents for sample portraits and terms. M. R. Hyman, Indianapolis, Ind. Mention BLADE.

The Great Parisian.

American Girl—Oh, M. Worth, I have heard so much of you!

Worth—You flatter me, my child.

American Girl—I am sure you could dress up a barn to look handsome!

Worth (dubiously)—I don't know about the dress, but I could give it a coat of paint.—*Time.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Pleasant for Mamma.

Little Johnny (looking curiously at the visitor)—Where did the chicken bite you, Mr. Billus? I don't see any of the marks.

Visitor—Why, Johnny, I haven't been bitten by any chicken.

Johnny—Mamma, didn't you tell papa Mr. Billus was dreadfully henpecked? Why, mamma, how funny you look! Your face is all red.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sozodont.

This word, which has been staring everybody in the face for the past years, and is now getting into everybody's mouth, is a preparation for cleansing, beautifying and preserving the teeth, sweetening the breath, and arresting the progress of decay.

That Settled It.

"Now, George, I am actually going to take advantage of leap year, and I ask you if you will marry me?"

"Why—aw—Nellie, you—know—that is, don't you see, you quite surprise"——

"I know, but I want to tell you that I can make better biscuits than your mother ever heard of."

"Nellie, just wait half an hour until I go and get a license, will you?—*Nebraska State Journal.*

A French Joke.

Teacher—Did not the author of "Paradise Lost" suffer from a terrible infirmity?

Pupil—Yes, sir; he was a poet.—*Figaro.*

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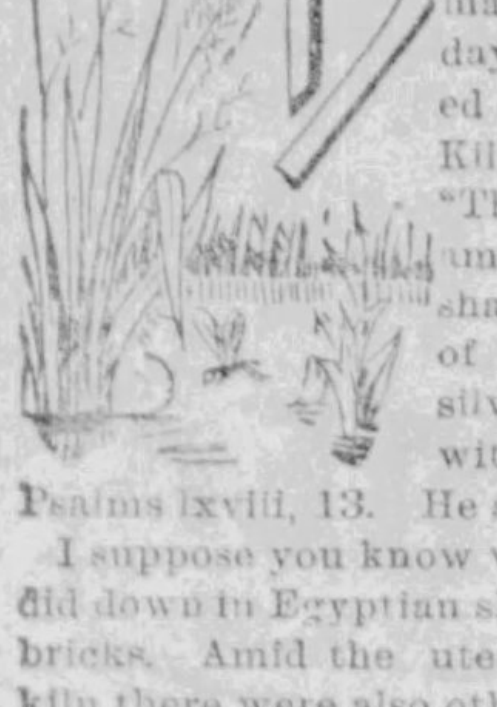
SIN AS A TASKMASTER.

'LIFTED FROM THE BRICK KILNS."

How the World's Troubles Are Borne by Men—The Deathbed of the Infidel—What Religion Does for Man on Earth.



BROOKLYN, Dec. 16.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's discourse to-day was entitled, "Lifted from the Brick Kilns." His text was: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."—Psalms lxviii, 13. He said:

I suppose you know what the Israelites did down in Egyptian slavery. They made bricks. Amid the utensils of the brick kiln there were also other utensils of cookery—the kettles, the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food—and when these poor slaves, tired of the day's work, lay down to rest, they lay down amid the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work. When they arose in the morning they found their garments covered with the clay and the smoke and the dust, and besmirched and begrimed with the utensils of cookery. But after a while the Lord broke up that slavery, and he took those poor slaves into a land where they had better garb, bright and clean and beautiful apparel. No more bricks for them to make. Let Pharaoh make his own bricks. When David in my text comes to describe the transition of these poor Israelites from their bondage amid the brick kilns into the glorious emancipation for which God had prepared them, he says: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Miss Whately, the author of a celebrated book, "Life in Egypt," said she sometimes saw people in the east cooking their food on the tops of houses, and that she had often seen, just before sundown, pigeons, doves, which had, during the heat of the heat of the day, been hiding among the kettles and the pans with which the food was prepared, picking up the crumbs that they might find—just about the hour of sunset would spread their wings and fly heavenward, entirely unsoiled by the region in which they had moved, for the pigeon is a very cleanly bird. And as the pigeons flew away the setting sun would throw silver on their wings and gold on their breast. So you see it was not a far fetched simile, or an unnatural comparison, when David in my text says to those emancipated Israelites, and say to all those who are brought out of my kind of trouble into any kind of spiritual joy: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Sin is the hardest of all taskmasters. Worse than Pharaoh, it keeps us trudging, trudging, in a most degrading service; but after a while Christ comes, and he says: "Let my people go," and we pass out from among the brick kilns of sin into the glorious liberty of the Gospel; we put on the clean robes of a Christian profession, and when at last we soar away to the warm nest which God has provided for us in heaven we shall go fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers covered with yellow gold.

I am going to preach something which some of you do not believe, and that is that the grandest possible adornment is the religion of Jesus Christ. There are a great many people who suppose that religion is a very different thing from what it really is. The reason men condemn the Bible is because they do not understand the Bible; they have not properly examined it. Dr. Johnson said that Hume told a minister in the bishopric of Durham that he never apparently examined the New Testament, yet all his life warring against it. Halley, the astronomer, announced his skepticism to Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Isaac Newton said: "Now, sir, I have examined the subject and you have not, and I am ashamed that you, professing to be a philosopher, consent to condemn a thing you never have examined." And so men reject the religion of Jesus Christ because they really have never investigated it. They think it something impractical, something that will not work, something Pecksniffian, something hypocritical, something repulsive, when it is so bright and so beautiful you might compare it to a chaffinch, you might compare it to a robin redbreast, you might compare it to a dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

But how is it if a young man becomes a Christian? All through the club rooms where he associates, all through the business circles where he is known, there is commiseration. They say: "What a pity that a young man who had such bright prospects should so have been despoiled by those Christians, giving up all his worldly prospects for something which is of no particular present worth." Here is a young woman who becomes a Christian, her voice, her face, her manners the charm of the drawing room. Now, all through the fashionable circles the whisper goes: "What a pity that such a bright light should have been extinguished, that such a graceful gait should be crippled, that such worldly prospects should be obliterated!" Ah, my friends, it can be shown that religion, instead of being dark, and doleful, and lachrymose, and repulsive, is bright and beautiful, fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers yellow with gold.

See, in the first place, what religion will do for a man's heart. I care not how cheerful a man may naturally be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say he will laugh any louder. I do not say but he may stand back from some forms of hilarity in which he once indulged; but there comes into his soul an immense satisfaction. A young man not a Christian depends upon worldly successes to keep his spirits up. Now he is prospered, now he has a large salary, now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has pleasant friends, now he has more money than he knows how to spend; everything goes bright and well with him. But trouble comes—there are many young men in the house this morning who can testify out of their own experience that sometimes to young men trouble does come—his friends are gone, his salary is gone, his health is gone; goes down, down. He becomes sour, cross, queer, misanthropic, blames the world, blames society, blames the church, blames everything, rushes perhaps to the intoxicating cup to drown his trouble, but instead of drowning his trouble drowns his body and drowns his soul.

But here is a Christian young man. Trouble comes to him. Does he give up? No. He throws himself back on the resources of heaven. He says: "God is my father. Out of all these disasters I shall pluck advantage for my soul. All the promises are mine, Christ is mine, Christian companionship is mine, heaven is mine. What though my apparel be worn out? Christ gives me a robe of righteousness. What though my money be gone? I have a title deed to the whole universe in the promise, 'All are yours.' What though my worldly friends fall away? Ministering angels are my body guard. What though my fare be poor and my bread be meat? I sit at the King's banquet."

Oh, what a poor, shallow stream is worldly enjoyment compared with the deep, broad, overflowing river of God's peace rolling midway in the Christian heart! Sometimes you have gone out on the iron bound beach of the sea when there has been a storm on the ocean, and you have seen the waves dash into white foam at your feet. They did not do you any harm. While there, you thought of the chapter written by the Psalmist, and perhaps you recited it to yourself while the storm was making commentary upon the passage: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will I not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with swelling thereof. Selah!" Oh, how independent the religion of Christ makes a man of worldly success and wordly circumstances! Nelson, the night before his last battle, said: "To-morrow I shall win either a peerage or a grave in Westminster Abbey." Oh, what a poor ambition compared with the ambition of the Christian, whose worldly prospects in [illegible] than the ambition of that man [illegible] whose shall he hear with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

You and I have found out that those who pretend to be happy [illegible]

happy. Look at that young man caricaturing the Christian religion, scoffing at everything good, going into roistering drunkenness, dashing the champagne bottle to the floor, rolling the glasses from the bar-room counter, laughing, strolling, stamping the floor, shrieking. Is he happy? I will go to his midnight pillow. I will see him turn the gas off. I will ask myself if the pillow on which he sleeps is as soft as that on which that pure young man sleeps. Ah! no. When he opens his eyes in the morning, will the world be as bright to him as to that young man who retired at night saying his prayers, invoking God's blessing upon his own soul and the souls of his comrades, and father and mother and brother and sister far away? No, no. His laughter will ring out from the saloon so that you hear it as you pass by, but it is hollow laughter; it is the snapping of heart strings and the rattle of prison gates. Happy! That young man happy? Let him fill high the bowl; he cannot drown an upbraiding conscience. Let the balls roll through the bowling alley; the deep rumble and the sharp crack cannot overpower the voices of condemnation. Let him whirl in the dance of sin and temptation and death. All the brilliancy of the scene cannot make him forget the last look of his mother, as he left home, when she said to him: "Now, my son, you will do right, I am sure you will do right, you will, won't you?"

That young man happy? Why, across every night there flits shadows of eternal darkness; there are adders coiled up in every cup; there are vultures of despair striking their iron beak into his heart; there are skeleton fingers of grief pinching at the throat. I come in amid the clicking of the glasses and under the flashing of the chandeliers, and I cry: "Woe! Woe! The way of transgressors is hard." Oh, my friends, there is more joy in one drop of Christian satisfaction than in whole rivers of sinful delight. Other wings may be drenched of the storm and splashed of the tempest, but the dove that comes in through the window of this heavenly ark has wings like the dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

Again I remark, religion is an adornment to the style of usefulness into which it induces a man. Here are two young men. The one has fine culture, exquisite wardrobe, plenty of friends, great worldly success, but he lives for himself. His chief care is for his own comfort. He lives uselessly. He dies unregretted. Here is another young man. His apparel may not be as good, his education may not be as thorough. He lives for others. His happiness is to make others happy. He is as self-denying as that dying soldier, falling in the ranks, when he said: "Colonel, there is no need of these boys tiring themselves by carrying me to the hospital; let me die just where I am." So this young man of whom I speak loves God, wants all the world to love him, is not ashamed to carry a bundle of clothes up that dark alley to the poor. Which of those young men do you admire the better? The one a sham, the other a prince imperial.

Oh, do you know of anything, my hearer, that is more beautiful than to see a young man start out for Christ! Here is some one fallen; he lifts him up. Here is a vagabond boy; he introduces him to a mission school. Here is a family freezing to death; he carries them a scuttle of coal. There are eight hundred millions perishing in midnight heathen darkness; by all possible means he tries to send to them the Gospel. He may be laughed at, and he may be sneered at, and he may be caricatured, but he is not ashamed to go everywhere, saying: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." Such a young man we can go through everything. There is no force on earth or in hell that can resist him.

I show you three spectacles. Spectacle the first: Napoleon passes by with the host that went down with him to Egypt, and up with him through Russia, and crossed the continent on the bleeding heart of which he set his iron heel, and across the quivering flesh of which he went grinding the wheels of his gun carriage—in his dying moment asking his attendants to put on his military boots for him.

Spectacle the second: Voltaire, bright and learned and witty and eloquent, with tongue and voice and stratagem infernal, warring against God and poisoning whole kingdoms with his infidelity, yet applauded by the clapping hands of thrones and empires and continents—his last words, in delirium supposing Christ standing by the bedside—his last words, "Crush that wretch!"

Spectacle the third: Paul—Paul, insignificant in person, thrust out from all refined association, scourged, spat on, hounded like a wild beast from city to city, yet trying to make the world good and heaven full; announcing resurrection to those who mourned at the barred gates of the dead, speaking consolations which light up the eyes of widowhood and orphanage, and want with glow of certain and eternal release; undaunted before those who could take his life, his cheek flushed with transport and his eyes on heaven; with one hand shaking defiance at all the foes of earth and all the principalities of hell, and with the other hand beckoning messenger angels to come and bear him away, as he says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me."

Which of the three spectacles do you most admire? When the wind of death struck the conqueror and the infidel they were tossed like sea gulls in a tempest, drenched of the wave and torn of the hurricane, their dismal voices heard through the everlasting storm; but when the wind and the wave of death struck Paul, like an albatross, he made a throne of the tempest and one day floated away into the calm, clear summer of heaven, brighter than the dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold. Oh, are you not in love with such a religion—a religion that can do so much for a man while he lives, and so much for a man when he comes to die? I suppose you may have noticed the contrast between the departure of a Christian and the departure of an infidel. Decedorus dying in chagrin because he could not compose a joke equal to the joke uttered at the other end of the table. Zeuxis dying in a fit of laughter at the sketch of an aged woman—a sketch made by his own hand. Mazarin dying playing cards, his friend holding his hands because he was unable to hold them himself.

All that on one side, compared with the departure of the Scotch minister, who said to his friends: "I have no interest as to whether I live or die; if I die I shall be with the Lord, and if I live the Lord shall be with me." Or the last words of Washington: "It is well." Or the last words of McIntosh the learned and the great: "Happy!" Or the last word of Hannah More, the Christian poetess: "Joy!" Or those thousands of Christians who have gone, saying: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Behold the contrast. Behold the charm of the one, behold the darkness of the other. Now, I know it is very popular in this day for young men to think there is something more charming in skepticism than in religion. They are ashamed of the old fashioned religion of the cross, and they pride themselves on their free thinking on all these subjects. My young friends, I want to tell you what I know from observation that while skepticism is a beautiful land at the start, it is the great Sahara Desert at the last.

Years ago a minister's son went off from home to college. At college he formed the acquaintance of a young man whom I shall call Ellison. Ellison was an infidel. Ellison scoffed at religion, and the minister's son soon learned from him the infidelity, and when he went home on vacation broke his father's heart by his denunciations of Christianity. Time passed on and vacation came, and the minister's son went off to spend the vacation, and went on a journey and came to a hotel. The hotel-keeper said: "I am sorry that to-night I shall have to put you in a room adjoining one where there is a very sick and dying man. I can give you no other accommodation." "Oh," said the young college student and minister's son, "that will make no difference, no difference to me." The young man retired to his room, but could not sleep. All night long he heard the groaning of the sick man, and the sympathy of the watchers, and his soul trembled.

He thought to himself: "Now, there is only a thin wall between me and a departing spirit. How if Ellison should know how I feel? How if Ellison should find out how my heart flutters? What would Ellison say?" He slept not. In the morning, coming down to the hotel-keeper, [illegible] "How is the sick man?" [illegible] said the hotel-keeper. "Who was he? Where was he from?" "[illegible] college," said the young man. "[illegible]" "Ellison," [illegible]

—dead without any hope. It was many hours before the young man could leave that hotel. He got on his horse and started homeward, and all the way he heard something saying to him: "Dead! Lost! Dead! Lost!"

He came to no satisfaction until he entered the Christian life, until he entered the Christian ministry, until he became one of the most eminent missionaries of the cross, the greatest Baptist missionary the world has ever seen since the days of Paul—no superior to Adoniram Judson. Mighty on earth, mighty in heaven—Adoniram Judson. Which do you like the best, Judson's skepticism or Judson's Christian life? Judson's suffering for Christ's sake, Judson's almost martyrdom? Oh, young man, take your choice between these two kinds of lives. Your own heart tells you this morning the Christian life is more admirable, more peaceful, more comfortable, and more beautiful.

Oh, if religion does so much for a man on earth, what will it do for him in heaven! That is the thought that comes to me now. If a soldier can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he goes into battle, how much more jubilantly he can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he has gained the victory! If religion is so good a thing to have here, how bright a thing it will be in heaven! I want to see that young man when the glories of heaven have robed and crowned him. I want to hear him sing when all huskiness of earthly colds is gone, and he rises up with the great doxology. I want to know what standard he will carry when marching under arches of pearl in the army of banners. I want to know what company he will keep in a land where they are all kings and queens forever and ever. If I have induced one of you this morning to begin a better life, then I want to know it. I may not in this world clasp hands with you in friendship, I may not hear from your own lips the story of temptation and sorrow, but I will clasp hands with you when the sea is passed and the gates are entered.

That I might woo you to a better life, and that I might show you the glories with which God clothes his dear children in heaven, I wish I could this morning swing back one of the twelve gates that there might dash upon your ear one shout of the triumph, that there might flame upon your eyes one blaze of the splendor. Oh, when I speak of that good land, you involuntarily think of some one there that you loved—father, mother, brother, sister, or dear little child garnered already. You want to know what they are doing this morning. I will tell you what they are doing. Singing. You want to know what they wear. I will tell you what they wear. Coronets of triumph. You wonder why oft they look to the gate of the temple and watch and wait. I will tell you why they watch and wait and look to the gate of the temple. For your coming. I shout upward the news to-day, for I am sure some of you will repent and start for heaven. Oh, ye bright ones before the throne, your earthly friends are coming. Angels, posing mid air, cry up the name. Gatekeeper of heaven, send forward the tidings. Watchman on the battlements celestial, throw the signal.

"Oh," you say, "religion I am going to have; it is only a question of time." My brother, I am afraid that you may lose heaven the way Louis Philippe lost his empire. The Parisian mob came around the Tuileries. The national guard stood in defense of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Philippe: "Shall I fire now. Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place." "No," said Louis Philippe, "not yet." A few minutes passed on, and then Louis Philippe, seeing the case was hopeless, said to the general: "Now is the time to fire." "No," said the general, "it is too late now; don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late." Down went the throne of Louis Philippe. Away from the earth went the house of Orleans, and all because the king said: "Not yet, not yet." May God forbid that any of you should adjourn this great subject of religion, and should postpone assailing your spiritual foes until it is too late—too late, you losing a throne in heaven the way that Louis Philippe lost a throne on earth.

When the Judge descends in might,
Clothed in majesty and light;
When the earth shall quake with fear,
Where, O where, wilt thou appear?

SAILED AWAY FOR HAYTI.

The Galena and Yantic Put to Sea For Port-au-Prince.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—The sloop-of-war Galena, manned by 230 men, and the fourth-rate sloop-of-war Yantic, sailed from the Brooklyn navy-yard at 3 p. m. yesterday for Hayti.

As the war ships moved out they received a salute from the men on the Richmond, who mounted the yard arm and cheered lustily. Many spectators viewed the departure. The delay in going to sea of the ships was on account of being stuck in the mud.

The second officer of the steamer Claribel, of the Atlas line, which arrived in port to-day from Hayti, reports having heard that the German steamer Clemintine had been fired into and sunk by the Haytian man-of-war, La Trusse. The Claribel did not stop at Hayti.

IN A STATE OF TERROR.

Haytians Devising Schemes by Which to Avoid a Surrender.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—A Kingston Jamaica special to the *Herald* says: The Haytians are in a state of terror at the rumor that U. S. war vessels are on their way here to demand the release of the seized steamer Haytian Republic. The government dare not fight, and they fear that to surrender the vessel in open port at the demand of a foreign man-of-war, would make them unpopular and weaken their authority at home. Hence, they have decided on a very shrewd move.

The steamer Alene, Capt. Seiders, which arrived from New York last night, brought with her a crew under contract with Minister Preston. They will sail for Port Au Prince at midnight on the steamer Aren, in company with the Alene, which has been chartered for the occasion, and will take possession of the Haytian Republic on Sunday.

They will then leave immediately for New York before the American men-of-war arrive.

Chief officer Williams, of the Alene will command the returned vessel.

The Atlas company have contracted with Minister Preston to deliver the Haytien Republic at New York, and they hope to accomplish it in this way. Hayti thus expects to be spared the disgrace of being compelled to deliver the vessel on the demand of a foreign man-of-war.

The government also hopes to escape the payment of indemnity. It is a great scheme.

In regard to the above, a *Herald* reporter last night interviewed Secretary Bayard at Washington. The secretary said he had no information on the subject, but that the line of action indicated in the Kingston dispatch would be agreeable to him, but that in so far as the question of indemnity was involved it would not make the slightest difference.

The Haytian Minister, Stephen Preston, said he had heard nothing of any such plan.

A CRY FROM THE SOUTH.

Appeal for Immigration to Put New Blood Into Her.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Dec. 14.—The Southern interstate immigration convention today organized an immigration bureau. Resolutions were adopted in which an invitation is extended to all law-abiding citizens of every religious faith and political party to make their home in the South. The kind of immigration wanted, say the resolutions, is that which is intelligent and energetic, men who are capable of producing something in addition to their immediate necessities, and who will add to the intrinsic value of her land and other property by cultivating and improving them.

The South wants more mechanics, more laborers, and men who have energy and enterprise to utilize and develop her wonderful natural resources, who will build and maintain factories and mills, manufacture and handle her enormous and diversified products, build railroads, improve her immense water power and develop her mineral resources.

R. D. Berry, of Alabama, offered a resolution, which was referred, to have the bureau of Southern Immigration prepare a bill and present it to Congress for passage, asking the return to the Southern states of the sums paid into the federal treasury as a cotton tax, with a provision to secure the appropriation of such sums for the purpose of furthering the cause of education, immigration and material development.

HE HAS LOST HIS REASON.

The Great Manipulator of the Grain Deal Locked Up in the Insane Department of the Ohio Penitentiary.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 13.—E. L. Harper, vice-president of the late Fidelity National bank of Cincinnati, now serving [illegible] in the penitentiary, has become suddenly insane, and was to-day removed to the prison asylum and [illegible]

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Caked Bag in Cow.

F. N., South Canadian, I. T.: The first thing in treatment of caked bag is to get the system cool. For this purpose take three-fourths of a pound of salts, a teacupful of molasses and a teaspoonful of ginger. Stir them in a quart of warm water and give to the cow. The best way is to give through a drench horn. After this has operated, foment the udder with warm water, wipe dry and rub the udder with camphor, ½ oz.; lard, 4 ozs.; iodide of potassium, 1 dr. Foment twice a day, and rub the above in with gentle friction of the hand. Put an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water twice a day for three days. The milk should be drawn three times a day. In cases where the bag is badly caked a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a pint of water and injected into the udder through the teats will loosen the cake.

Obstructed Breathing in Colt.

L. F., Stirling Run, Pa.: In nasal gleet the animal is generally unthrifty, has a poor coat and irregular appetite, and the bowels are sometimes loose and at others constipated. There is discharge from one or both nostrils of a bluish white color, thick and sticky, and generally foul smelling. Small excoriations and ulcers appear on the membranes of the nostrils. It is difficult at times to decide whether the veterinary has to deal with nasal gleet or glanders. There is a difference between the two, in that the ulcers on the membranes in nasal gleet have not the pitch-like depressions that characterize glanders. We are of opinion that the trouble with your colt is an affection of the bronchial tubes. In animals of mature age, there is no cure for this, but colts at times grow out of it. We advise you to give your colt a laxative, say 9 ozs. raw linseed oil, ¾ drachm oil of anise seed, and ½ oz. sweet spirits of nitre. Mix and shake well for one draught. After this, give the following as a drench every morning, for about ten days: Fowler's solution of arsenic, ½ oz.; extract belladona, ¼ drachm; tincture of ginger, ¾ drachm. The above is for one dose. Do not allow the animal to exercise for at least one hour after eating. Give a carrot or turnip mash, occasionally. The bowels should be kept free by easily digested food. If they become constipated, give a little oil. However, do not allow them to run to weakening laxativeness. Keep the colt where direct drafts of air will not strike it. Keep the urine well cleaned away, as this is a source of irritation. Clothe well about the chest and throat. After treating the animal as above, take of stick liquorice three ounces, pine tar two ounces. Stir in three pints of water, and every morning give about five tablespoonfuls on the back of the tongue. When working time arrives for the colt give him easy tasks, and he may come around all right. Bronchial affections are sometimes hereditary.

Nasal Gleet.

W. A. E., Camp Point, Illinois: We are of opinion that your horse is suffering from nasal gleet, the result of relaxation or congestion of the lining membranes of the nose, left by a catarrh, or other causes not necessary here to mention. Give sulphate of copper, nitre and gentian, of each 1 drachm. Make into a ball with flax seed meal and give night and morning for a week. Omit a week and repeat. Syringe the nostrils out with tincture of chloride of iron, 1 oz., water, 1 quart, daily.

Croup in Calves.

E. W. S., Axtell, Kansas: We think your calves died of croup. In this disease there is a hoarse cough, discharge of saliva from the mouth, and running from the nose. A false membrane forms in the throat. To treat give a dessert spoonful of nitre in water three times a day for two days. Also give a physic of raw linseed oil. To remove the false membrane, let the calf inhale the fumes of slacking lime being careful not to make it too strong. Calves under one year old are sometimes attacked by a worm called the strongylus, which is found in the windpipe. There is a cough caused by the worms which is called "husk" or "hoose." They gather in such numbers as to choke the calf to death. At times some of them are coughed up. They are white, and about an inch in length. Half a pint of lime water, in which there is a tablespoonful or two of turpentine, given every morning, will destroy the worms. The vapor of chloride of lime is also a good agent in getting rid of them.

Hog Out of Condition.

Mrs. S. B. C., Centralia, Illinois: Give your hog that is out of condition, this in soft feed once a day for about four days: Half an ounce flowers of sulphur, 1 drachm nitre, 2 tablespoonfuls charcoal. Continue the charcoal thereafter for a few days.

Pigs Lame—Some Have Fits.

B. F. M., Georgetown, New York:—The one trouble with your pigs is that you are feeding them to generously. Do not give them sulphur again. If they get wet while using it they are liable to rheumatism. An injection of sulphate of magnesia, 1 oz.; oil of turpentine, 1 dr.; soap suds, half a pint, to each one would give relief. Give half an ounce of tar and a tablespoonful of charcoal in feed to each pig daily for a week. Lower the diet for about ten days and afterwards feed at regular intervals. Keep the pigs out of direct draughts of air.

Indigestion in Horse.

S. R., (no state): Your horse, that staggers and falls down sometimes, is suffering from indigestion. Give him 2½ drachms of powdered aloes and 1 oz. bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water as a drench. Follow this once a day for about four days: Bicarbonate af soda, ½ oz.; powdered gentian, ½ oz.; powdered nux vomica, 15 grains. Give in the drinking water twice a day for a few days, 2 drachms of the medicinal dilute muriatic acid. Feed regularly, and no more than the animal will clean up.

MISCELLANEOUS.

California Wine Crop of 1888.

The total yield of wine for the season of 1888 in the state of California, says the *California Fruit-Grower*, is placed at 17,000,000 gallons, all of which will be consumed, exported and made into brandy, leaving practically no carry-over stock to add to the stocks in cellars at the commencement of this season. By this we do not wish to be understood as conveying the idea that the wine of the present vintage is at once going into consumption or will be immediately exported, but that a like quantity of wine on hand in the cellars at the commencement of this season will be exported and go into consumption, making room for this year's vintage, the displacement being the same with virtually no increase, as is shown by the following

EXHIBIT:

	Gallons.
Wine exported during 1888	7,500,000
Wine for local consumption	5,500,000
Wine used in m'f'g of brandy	4,000,000
Total production of 1888	17,000,000

The probable output of brandy will be about 1,000,000 gallons. There is a noticeable feature in connection with this year's vintage—the absence of excessive sugar in the grapes, which is universally the case when the crop is harvested after an early rain, such as we had this year.

This reduced quantity of sugar permits of a much more rapid and complete fermentation, producing a lighter-colored wine, which clears up rapidly, known to wine men as "early wine." This condition of affairs existing, the crop of 1888 will be ready for shipment much earlier than usual. When the quantity of sugar is excessive, fermentation is naturally slow, and the wine requires a much longer time to "age" and rid itself of this surplus sugar, which it must do before being moved; for, if shipped while a portion of this sugar remains, the wine will become cloudy and dark-colored. This season's vintage can be replied upon as being ready for shipment early. The wine industry of the state of California, taking all things into consideration, is in a very satisfactory condition, and the outlook is much brighter at the close, than at the opening of the season.

Renovating Old Apple Trees.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* believes that irrigation with fertilizers will vastly improve worn-out orchards. He says:

The trees that I tried my irrigation experiments upon, and upon which a liberal application of phosphate and potash fertilizer was applied, have made a foot of growth at the end of limb—Mr. Thomas's test for health and vigor—hold their fruit almost to the last apple, and have very strong, full and healthy foliage. I am in hopes, by giving some non-bearing apple trees [illegible] I may say, even in this early stage of the experiment [illegible] on at afterwards, that it is a satisfactory success—a success that goes to confirm me in my previously-expressed opinion, that for the black soil of the prairie at least, little more is wanted to promote vigorous growth and to secure fruit than moisture in the soil, and especially in the early summer and late fall season.

If fruit-growers and amateurs would try this experiment on a small scale, dig up under the trees, apply 25 pounds of fertilizer to each, make a trench to hold the drip and surplus rainfall round the tree, corresponding with the outer spread of the limbs, and in case of drouth give each tree 1,000 gallons of water, such a course would go far to bring the most stubborn non-bearing tree into fruitfulness.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Curing Bacon and Hams.

The following directions for curing pork, if intelligently carried out, will enable any farmer to cure his own hams and bacon, so that they will keep through the summer without being so fiery salt as to be very unwholesome as well as unpalatable, and are, in substance, by Wm. Davis, the great pork-packer of Toronto:

The first point emphasized by Mr. D. is that hogs should be fasted 24 hours before being killed, and that they should be slaughtered when the temperature is about at freezing point, and on no account let them be frozen through; a temperature of 32 or 34 degrees, if hung in the open air, is infinitely preferable to a lower one. They must hang till they are thoroughly set; 24 hours in the open air, at the temperature named, is ample. A satisfactory cure cannot, Mr. D. thinks, be effected if hung in a low temperature for a short time, as the outside will be frozen while at the center the animal heat will not have escaped. The carcass may now be cut up to suit the fancy of the owner, the fewer pieces the better, and he would recommend that it be cut in sides and hams only.

These joints may now be placed on a clean cellar floor, or on planks on floor, or on boxes, as preferred. Some salt should be sprinkled on the floor or planks on which the bacon or hams are to lie; the fleshy part should now have a little saltpetre sprinkled over it, say 4 to 6 ozs. per hog of 200 lbs., following with a moderate application of Liverpool salt.

This salting process (no more salpetre) may be repeated in about ten days. The sides and hams may be neatly piled on each other, as the pressure helps to effect a cure, and exclude air. It should remain in salt from one month to six weeks, according to the size of the hog and thickness of the meat, after which the salt should be thoroughly brushed off, and the sides and hams hung up in the kitchen near enough to the stove to get a dry skin on quickly, but not to melt the fat. This dry skin having been obtained, they should be moved farther from the stove, till they are thoroughly dry. This last is very important. Without it, they will turn slimy, and not keep in condition a month, but if dry as a chip can be kept twelve months. Of course, they will have to be protected from flies and kept in a cool but dry place. These instructions strictly followed will make bacon and hams, Mr. D. claims, to suit the taste of an epicure.

Mr. Davis looks with regret upon the practice so common among farmers and work people of living almost entirely on fried bacon and potatoes. On the table of a very large proportion, one will not find any vegetables but potatoes, though green vegetables of every kind can be grown in Canada most abundantly, and are in the highest degree conducive to health. Mr. D. is not surprised that farmers and their families are dyspeptic, and that doctors find among them so many good customers. The evil is intensified by the excessive saltness before referred to, accompanied by the rancidity of the fat.—*J. A. McDonald, in Country Gentleman.*

To Young Farmers.

Just a word to you young men—sons of farmers, with good health and a fair knowledge of farming—who have made up your minds to be teachers, drug clerks, salesmen, etc., because such work is considered a little genteel. Do you realize the fact that there will be such a crowd in these lines of work 15 years hence that even the much paraded "room at the top" will be crowded? It is a fact which you can easily see if you will sit down and think about it. Said a friend the other day: "There are enough girls and boys in New York state alone who want to be teachers, to teach all the schools in the country, and there are young men enough in this city to handle half the country's business." There is a good deal of truth in this remark. The tendency is to produce a surplus of workers in what is known as the "genteel" occupations. More boys want to be teachers, drug clerks or store hands than ever before. You young men may put that down as a settled fact.

Now for another idea. There is going to be a good demand for bright and energetic young men to serve as farm foremen. Such men will be able to secure better salaries than the teachers and the drug clerks, and their lives will be far happier. There will be more large farms in the future; rich "city farmers" are going to need honest and intelligent young men as helpers; those who hire cheap labor are going to need good foremen. Put these two facts together, young men, and see what follows.

We have no special advice to offer those who have made up their minds, like the Postoffice club parrot, that "Farmin' don't pay!" It is probable that nothing will cure them so quickly as a season spent in some other class of work. This we know. The future has a bright enough prospect for the young man who is willing to study, work and wait. Fitness always acts as a magnet between a man and a place. We may as well mention another fact. A winter course at one of our agricultural colleges will help any young man who proposes to reach up for the high places in agriculture, and in this connection we might ask, why should any one be content to take only the low places?—*Rural New Yorker.*

France as a Wheat Producer.

The area of France is 130,610,038 acres, of which 124,934,195 are arable. The percentage devoted to wheat is 47.64 per cent, rye 11.55 per cent, and maize only 3.63 per cent. There are 47 acres of wheat cultivated per 100 head of population, the population being about 39,000,000, or a little more than that of the United Kingdom, where the area devoted to wheat is only seven and two-thirds acres per 100 head of population. Except the United States, France is the greatest wheat producing country in the world, but her population is only about two-thirds that of the United States. The French are large consumers of wheaten bread, and although France produces, on an average, nearly 300,000,000 bushels of wheat yearly, she finds it necessary to import, on an average, about 35,000,000 bushels yearly in order to meet her consumptive requirements.

CONFLICT OF CREED.

Pittsburg Paving the Way for a Political Conflict Similar to the One Just Ended in Boston.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 13.—The injunction suit against Rev. Father Sheedy, to compel him to remove his Catholic parochial school from the First ward public school building will probably be dropped, as the plaintiff, Thomas Maxwell, has sold his property in the ward and removed from the city limits.

The removal of Mr. Maxwell makes the bill null and void, the law explicitly stating that suit must be brought by a citizen and taxpayer.

If the opponents of the parochial school decide to continue the fight, it will be necessary to secure another citizen to act as plaintiff and file another bill.

Meanwhile, creed agitation is high, and a political conflict similar to the one just ended in Boston is predicted in this city before long.

A FEMALE CRANK.

She Imagines She is Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland.

CHICAGO, Dec. 13.—A little old lady dressed in black silk landed from a bus at the Grand Pacific Hotel last Thursday and was assigned to a parlor on the lower floor. She gave the clerk a card upon which was written "Mrs. Frances Cleveland, Detroit." Mrs. Cleveland had her meals served in her room and was very quiet and well-behaved, though Sunday a housemaid reported at the office that Mrs. Cleveland was rather queer and a hotel officer called upon her.

She insisted that she was Frances Folsom Cleveland and talked very incoherently. She was sent to the Home of the Friendless. She was released Tuesday from the Home, went again to the Grand Pacific and complacently installed herself in her old room.

The hotel officers then took her to the Armory police station.

The woman said she had a sister, Mrs. [illegible], in Detroit, and a brother, [illegible], in this city. She was sent to the Detention Hospital for the Insane.

Orders have been given for a large increase of [illegible] by February 18.

News of the Week.

CROPS AND TRADE.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

A General Review of the Business World.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly reports include the following: The most important event in the financial world, the failure of the Panama canal, has not been felt in this country. The amount of securities held here is not large, and there is a general belief that the French government will be obliged to do something to avert wide spread disaster. But it can do nothing to make permanently valuable the vast amount of securities issued, and the heavy French losses will in time have some effect on money elsewhere.

The supply in all parts of the country is so large, and the heavy disbursements of January are so near at hand that there is an unusual feeling of confidence.

The bank clearings for the first week of December exceed those of last year by 18 per cent, which implies a large volume of present business. The gains outside of New York include even southern sections, in which there has been most depression.

Reports from Memphis still indicate no improvement, the cotton returns from Arkansas and Mississippi being unfavorable.

Throughout the northwest improvement is felt except at a point where wild speculation and overtrading last year did most mischief.

In hardware, some disposition to purchase in anticipation of higher prices is noticed in Cleveland.

Cutting of fall rates demoralizes business at Denver and doubtless embarrasses at many other points; but the general tenor of reports is decidedly favorable.

The furnaces in blast were of the capacity of 138,913 tons weekly according to the New York report, and 139,282 tons according to the Pittsburg report. Taking the former as a maximum and the latter as a minimum in either case, the increase in November is about 8,000 tons, and the production is either larger or a little smaller than the largest ever attained, about Nov. 1, 1887.

In rails, large contracts are said to have been made at $27.50 with eastern, and $26.50 with Pittsburg mills. The volume of production is, on the whole, increasing.

Wheat has advanced 1⅛c on small speculative transactions, exports to the continent of Europe having reached 300,000 bu. with none to Great Britain.

Corn and oats have declined ½c each, and pork is 25c lower and lard a quarter lower.

Cotton has been steady. A Memphis circular now estimates the yield at 6,700,000 bales.

Coffee has declined ½c, and oil has risen ⅝c.

The general average of all commodities is about 1 per cent lower than a week ago, and slightly below the level of Nov. 1.

In the stock market there has been hesitation, though the average of prices is 36 cents on $100 better than a week ago. It is remarkable on the whole, that with disheartening controversies, and with continuing sales on foreign account, the market has been so well sustained.

Foreign trade is fair in volume.

The treasury has put out $2,100,000 more than it has taken in during the week, thus supplying the loss caused by gold exports.

The business failures for the past seven days number 303 as compared with 305 last week and 232 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 288.

NORTHWESTERN MILLERS.

The Output Very Light Last Week—The Condition of the Market.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 13.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: As everybody was prepared to expect, the flour output last week dropped off heavily, and was the lightest for a long while. There were only 58,000 barrels made, averaging 9,666 barrels daily, against 83,200 barrels the previous week and 130,500 barrels for the corresponding time in 1887.

More mills are running this week, but still the production promises to go considerably under 100,000 barrels for the six days.

There were nine mills in operation Monday, which were getting out about 14,000 barrels per day. Anchor ice, however, began to bother last night, and before morning nearly every mill in operation was choked off.

This difficulty was partially overcome later, and the weather having moderated, may not cause serious obstruction very long.

Nevertheless, cold weather is long past due, and a hard freeze-up would doubtless cut off the greater part of the water supply. One mill is using steam power at present to enable them to run up to full capacity while in operation.

The 10 cent advance in freight rates on flour goes into effect next Monday, the Soo line making a rail rate of 35 cents from Minneapolis to New York. The flour market is improving by a widening of the area wanting small lots more than in large orders.

Demands for small lots are coming in from dealers that usually order by the several car loads, showing that stocks are less plentiful in the interior of the country, and giving evidence that dealers are waiting for the over-production of flour to have its effect on prices. At such points as New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, supplies are apparently very full.

New England is beginning to buy more and some New York towns are buying moderately. Foreigners also show a disposition to take hold, though there is not as yet much real improvement. One sale of 50 cars of patent was made this week for Leith at what was claimed a fairly satisfactory quotation. The direct exports for the week were 14,260 barrels against 9,650 for the week before.

Bakers, London c. i. f., is quoted at 28s 3d to 28s 9d per 280 pounds. There were 1,550,250 bushels of wheat received for the week ending December 11. The shipments were wheat, 1,238,460 bushels; flour, 65,546 barrels; mill stuff, 2,139 tons. Wheat in store—At Minneapolis, 6,634,907 bushels; Duluth, 673,913 bushels; St. Paul, 165,000 bushels.

BUSINESS WILL BOOM.

Manufacturers of Machinery Expect a Big Trade.

BALTIMORE, MD., Dec. 12.—The *Manufacturer's Record* of this week will give reports from leading manufacturers of machinery throughout the country, the majority being from the North and West, as to the condition of business in their respective line and the prospects for 1889.

With scarcely an exception they report that while during 1888 trade has been good there has lately been a decided increase. Many manufacturers report they are running over time with orders ahead for several months and that the outlook for the coming year is better than ever before.

Orders for machinery for wood working enterprises, for cotton mills, iron works, mining industries, etc. are reported as unusually heavy in all parts of the country with a noticeable increase in the demand from the South.

PRECIOUS METALS IN A SWAMP.

Gold and Silver Discovered a Few Miles from Glenns Falls.

GLENNS FALLS, N. Y., Dec. 15.—There is considerable excitement here over the discovery of gold and silver on an island in what is known as the Rosecrans swamp, located a few miles northeast of the village. David Jones uncapped the vein, and yesterday filed a claim with the secretary of state. A legal contest, however, is likely to follow over the question of priority of discovery. B. T. Baxter, who had learned of the work in progress, went to the island and gathered some of the specimens. He submitted them to an analytical test and found that they contained gold and silver in paying quantities. Last Friday Mr. Baxter filed a claim to the discovery of the mine. The land is owned by S. W. Russell, a wealthy resident of this place, under whose direction the work of prospecting has been carried on.

A BATCH OF LAW SUITS

Of Which the President and Mrs. Cleveland Were the Indirect Cause.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 15.—President and Mrs. Cleveland were indirectly the cause of a large number of damage suits filed against the Evansville & Terre Haute Railroad company in the Davis county court. In October, 1887, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland visited Terre Haute in their Indiana tour, and many people went to that place to see them. Among the number [illegible]

The plaintiffs, thirty in all, charge [illegible] whereas the run [illegible] and they ask the court to give them damages aggregating $15,000.

THE VICE PRESIDENT.

He Arrived Safely in Indianapolis and Was Driven to the Presidents House.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 13.—Vice President-elect Morton and wife reached Indianapolis at 6 o'clock last evening, having left Cleveland, Ohio, at 10 o'clock on a special train consisting of a baggage car and the elegant private drawing-room car "One Hundred" belonging to President Chauncey M. Depew, of the New York Central.

An hour or more previous to the arrival of the special, the mammoth rotunda of the Union depot, with its thousands of incandescent lights, began to fill with citizens, travelers and newspaper correspondents, awaiting the arrival of the distinguished visitors.

A few minutes before 6 o'clock the citizens' committee, consisting of Mayor C. S. Denny, Wm. Scott, president of the board of trade, Silas T. Bowen, John W. Murphy and James A. Wildman arrived, preceded by Private Secretary Halford, Col. John C. New, Mr. J. R. McKee, the President-elect's son-in-law, Judge E. B. Martindale, Col. John A. Bridgeland, Major Moses McLain and a number of other gentlemen. Gen. Harrison did not come down to the station.

A crowd of two or three hundred congregated about the big iron gateway which led into the depot proper. The committee appointed by the board of trade, with the well known gentlemen previously named, and the newspaper correspondents, were permitted to pass through the gate just a moment or two before the special pulled in. As the train moved by the crowd caught a first glimpse of the familiar features of the celebrated New Yorker as he stood at the middle window, his wife beside him, peering out through the glass at the crowd and the brilliantly lighted depot.

There was no demonstration of any kind. It was the intention yesterday to have the Wanamaker guards present as an escort, but on reconsideration, and knowing Mr. Morton's wishes in the premises, it was decided to abandon all projects looking to a public demonstration, and in lieu of this to appoint a committee to wait upon the President and Vice President elect and ask them to name a time and place for holding a public reception in honor of Mr. Morton's visit. Mr. and Mrs. Morton came unaccompanied by any one, not even a servant.

As the train came to a standstill, Col. New, Secretary Halford, Mr. McKee, Mayor Denny, Judge Martindale, Col. Bridgeland and Mr. Scott immediately boarded the Vice Presidential car from the rear platform. They were met at the door by Mr. and Mrs. Morton, who had already donned their wraps and were prepared to alight.

Col. New was the first to cordially welcome the honored guests and introduced Secretary Halford and Mr. McKee, who welcomed them in the name of Gen. and Mrs. Harrison. The members of the committee and the other gentlemen were then introduced, and the party immediately alighted and were escorted through the great rotunda, on entering which Mr. Morton stopped an instant and gazed about and in evident surprise at the magnificent surroundings. Carriages were in waiting and after bidding a number of gentlemen good night and thanking them for their presence, the Vice-President-elect assisted Mrs. Morton to a seat and was followed by Mr. McKee and Mr. Halford. The carriage drove rapidly through the city and out North Delaware street to the residence of Gen. Harrison.

TENDERED A RECEPTION.

Tomlinson's Hall Crowded to Overflowing By Enthusiastic Hoosiers.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 15.—The public reception last night tendered at Tomlinson's hall to Vice-President-elect and Mrs. Morton by the citizens of Indianapolis was the most brilliant affair of the kind ever witnessed in this city. Among those invited to join Mr. and Mrs. Morton in the reception were: Gen. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McKee, Mrs. Bergland, Gov. and Mrs. Gray, Mayor and Mrs. Denny, Mrs. Thomas A. Hendricks, Mr. and Mrs. John C. New, ex-Senator and Mrs. Joseph E. McDonald, Judge and Mrs. E. B. Martindale, Judge and Mrs. W. A. Woods, the supreme judges and their wives and all the state officers and their wives. Nearly all of the above were present except Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Hendricks who is absent in Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. New and Mr. and Mrs. McDonald.

Shortly after 8 o'clock Mr. Morton entered, accompanied by Mrs. Harrison and followed by Gen. Harrison, escorting Mrs. Bergland. They took their places in the center of the long line of distinguished guests. The ladies were in street costumes; Mrs. Harrison wore brown silk with flounces of blue lace. Mrs. McKee, steel blue with brown passementerie. The gentleman wore Prince Alberts. Next to Gen. Harrison and Mrs. Bergland stood Mrs. J. R. McKee, the handsome daughter of the President-elect, with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Edward McKee. Then followed Governor and Mrs. Gray, Mayor and Mrs. Denny, Mr. Pierre Gray and wife, and the others mentioned as present. At the head of the line stood the Vice President-elect with Mrs. Harrison.

The crowd was admitted at the front entrance on Market street and passed slowly down the hall in line, two abreast, and shook hands with Mr. Morton and Gen. Harrison. Many of them also shook hands with Mrs. Harrison, but after a half hour the ladies, becoming tired stepped back and occupied seats the remainder of the evening, Mrs. Harrison occasionally coming forward sometimes to the general's side and again by the side of Mr. Morton.

The column moved along in front of the long line of guests, many shaking hands with Governor Gray, Mayor Denny and the successful candidates for the state offices. Gradually, however, the line of receivers dwindled away, the ladies took seats, and the gentlemen shortly followed and engaged in conversation, leaving only the distinguished New Yorker and the President-elect standing about a rod apart.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the Presidential party left the hall and took their carriages for home.

OPIUM SMUGGLERS.

A Big Find on the Border of Dakota—Officers on the Way to Capture the Leaders of the Gang.

ST. PAUL, Dec. 15.—The *Pioneer Press* this morning publishes the following: The United States secret service officers here are on the track of a gigantic opium smuggling conspiracy. They have learned that an organized and well equipped band of smugglers has for years been operating across the northwestern border, bringing into the state the costly and high-tariffed drug.

One of the gang was arrested recently at Denver, Colo., and he made a full confession. Acting on the information given by him the deputy collector at St. Vincent, Minn., went to a point on the Dakota line on Wednesday last and intercepted a wagon load of eight hundred pounds of opium in the crude form.

The opium in the wagon was concealed under a layer of buffalo hides.

The whole outfit was seized and the driver of the wagon was arrested. Two government detectives left St. Paul for the north last night. They are after the consignee who is waiting at some small town in the Red River valley for the arrival of the stuff and will probably be in the clutches of the law before night.

When his arrest is accomplished, they will have the leader of the gang, and, according to report, one of the smartest and most dangerous of border outlaws.

The authorities here maintain absolute silence when asked for the full details of their important discoveries, but do not deny the story of the arrest at Denver and the subsequent seizure at St. Vincent.

They freely admit the existence of a smuggling conspiracy, but will go no further.

"There is every reason to believe in the light of recent developments," said a man of high authority yesterday, "that a quarter of all the opium which has come into this country in the last five years has been smuggled in over the unguarded and unsettled border.

"Tons of opium are sent in on every ship from China which lands at Victoria, B. C.

"What is easier, then, than for the smugglers to bring it to some point on the Canadian Pacific road and land between Calgarry and Winnipeg, and thence come down into the territories?

"The only wonder is that the government officers have not tumbled to this before."

"Bull Dog" Kelley, the man who was arrested at St. Vincent four years ago for murdering a man near Calgarry, and whom the United States government refused to give up to Canada, makes no bones of the fact that he had been engaged in the smuggling of opium.

It was over the division of the proceeds of a smuggling enterprise that he killed his man. They had pack mules and brought the opium [illegible]

1,076.

The Rural New-Yorker's seedling potato No. 2, will be sent to all yearly subscribers without charge. It yielded in the late celebrated "Potato Contest" at the rate of 1,076 bushels to the acre, the report being sworn to by six well-known judges. This seedling is thought to be the nearest approach to a perfect potato yet produced. The price of the Rural New-Yorker is $2.00 a year. It will be sent on a trial trip of 10 weeks for 25 cents in order to show progressive farmers, who do not now read it, that it is the best farm weekly in the world. "It has done more to promote the interests of agriculture in its experiment grounds than all the experiment stations put together." So say the editors of the N. Y. Times, Tribune, World, Farm Journal, Inter-Ocean, etc; so say all who read it and know. It is pure, sparkling and original. Its illustrations are from nature. It commands the best writers in the world. Subscribe at once. Address the Rural New-Yorker, 34 Park Row, N. Y.

TOO FAST A CLASS.

A Prominent New Yorker Finds Himself in Trouble.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—Telemaque T. Timayenis, formerly professor of Greek at Harvard University, and author of "The Original Mr. Jacobs" and "The American Jew," two works which have attracted widespread attention on account of their unsparing denunciation of the Semitic race, was arrested last night on a charge of having committed extensive embezzlement of money belonging to the Minerva Publishing company, a concern of which he was the managing partner.

The Minerva Publishing company, whose offices are at No. 10 West Twenty-third street, consists of T. T. Timayenis and J. B. Dickson, formerly of the theatrical firm of Brooks & Dickson.

The house has been doing an extensive business, the sale of "The Original Mr. Jacobs" alone having, it is said, exceeded 150,000 copies.

Timayenis, it appears, lived in fine style at Fordham, and is known to have spent large sums in gay living about town, but nothing wrong was suspected until a short time ago, when the firm was most unexpectedly discovered to be unable to meet its obligations to the Rand & Avery Co., the Boston publishing house, who were [illegible]

A few days later the Rand & Avery Co. made an assignment. As soon as these happenings reached the ears of Mr. Dickson, who was in Philadelphia managing the Broad street theater, of which he is the lessee, he hastened here and began an examination of the books.

This examination disclosed, it is alleged, extensive falsifications. There are probably few men better known about town than Timayenis. Of tall and commanding figure, with a swarthy complexion, full black beard and mustache, restless black eyes and a nose of aggressive curvature, he presented a striking appearance—an appearance decidedly typical of the race upon which he levied such uncompromising warfare.

His Hebraic appearance, in fact, subjected him to many jests. He came to this city 10 years ago after teaching at colleges in Roanoke, Mass., and at Harvard University, and attracted attention by writing "The History of Greece from the Times of Homer," which was published by the Appletons.

He then established the New York school of language, now known as the [illegible] School of Languages, which was a very prosperous institution under his management.

Later he wrote a classic play for McCullough entitled "The Wife of Miletus," which the latter was making extensive preparations to produce when attacked by his final illness.

It was Timayenis's ambition to become the leader of a great anti-semitic movement in this country. He communicated at length with Drumont, the great French anti-semitic leader, on the subject, and soon after he became connected with the Minerva Publishing Co.

"The Original Mr. Jacobs" created a painful sensation, and although a lively boycott was instituted against the work in many quarters, it achieved an almost phenomenal circulation.

Its very recklessness and vigor of abuse lent it a certain charm.

A committee of prominent Hebrews waited upon President Jenkins of the Elevated Railway News Co., and demanded that the obnoxious work be removed from the stands.

Timayenis thereupon secured the names of members of the committee and created quite a sensation by instituting proceedings against them for criminal conspiracy. The matter was only hushed up with considerable difficulty.

After publishing "The American Jew," Timayenis was the recipient of many letters threatening his life, and upon two occasions severely assaulted.

Mr. Dickson was seen a couple of hours after the arrest, but he was hurrying away to catch the train for Philadelphia. He admitted that he feared Timayenis's shortage would be large, but how large he refused to say.

He declared, however, that the firm had heavy backing and would be able to meet all its obligations, and that the obligations to the Rand & Avery Co., of Boston, only amounted to a few thousand dollars, [illegible] the Rand & Avery Co.'s [illegible] failure.

This failure, he asserted, was brought about by the latter concern handling a gigantic business on insufficient capital.

Mr. Dickson declared that Timayenis would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. The charges against Timayenis, he said, included forgery, embezzlement and criminal conversion of moneys belonging to the firm.

Timayenis will be arraigned in the Tombs police court and if Mr. Dickson's predictions be correct some interesting developments are to be looked forward to concerning the leader of the anti-semitic movement in this country.

TAKE 'EM IN.

Dakota One Grand Mass Meeting—Other Territories in the Swim.

BISMARCK, Dak., Dec. 13.—Communications have been received here from the territories of Wyoming, Montana and Washington calling upon the leaders in Dakota to take steps toward the holding of an inter-territorial convention, which will act in the interest of admission for all the territories that are properly equipped for statehood.

It is quite likely that such a convention will be held.

Dakota is one grand mass meeting at present, and will so remain until she becomes a state. Every town and city in the territory is holding meetings, and every orator is giving his tongue an abundance of exercise.

Every man who owns a house or an acre of land feels confident that statehood will add to the value of his property, and every community feels it is being held back by the fact that Dakota is still a territory.

The legislature convenes January 8, and it is expected that one of its first acts will be to call a constitutional convention and take other preliminary steps toward statehood.

In nearly every legislative district the members have been instructed in favor of the division of the territory, and there will be virtually no opposition to calling a constitutional convention for North Dakota.

NEGROES AND INDIANS.

The Chickasaws Fear that the Freedmen Will Outvote Them.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 17.—An Indian territory special says: The Chickasaw legislature, which is expected to convene in special session shortly to canvass the election of William Guy as governor, will probably take up the question of legislation fixing the status of the negroes in the Chickasaw Nation.

The Chickasaws, alone of all the five civilized tribes, have denied the right of citizenship to freedmen living in their country.

Recently the question has been raised whether, under the constitution of the United States, the negroes could be deprived of rights guaranteed by that instrument, and there is a probability of a bill being passed [illegible]

Many Chickasaws favor [illegible] negroes in Oklahoma, [illegible] their property and [illegible] as adopted citizens of the Chickasaw [illegible]

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE

MUSTANG LINIMENT
HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUBS & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

WASHINGTON.

THE DIRECT TAX BILL.

It Passes the House, and Is Sent to the President.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—The direct tax bill is to refund to the states the amount of the direct tax imposed them by the federal government to aid in carrying on the war. The states in rebellion never paid it, of course, and they are carried as debtors on the treasury books to-day. As part of the states had paid the tax, and part did not, it was a matter of justice either that the latter should pay, or that the tax should be refunded to those who did pay. The present bill is for the latter purpose. It passed the Senate at the last session, but was not acted on by the House until now.

After a number of amendments had been offered and rejected, the committee of the whole rose yesterday afternoon and the House passed the direct tax bill 178 to 9. Those voting against the bill were Abbott, Allen (Miss.), Anderson (Miss.), Bacon, Bankhead, Barnes, Barry, Blanchard, Bland, Blount, Breckinridge (Ark.), Breckinridge (Ky.), Bryce, Buckalew, Burnett, Bynum, Candler, Carlton, Caruth, Catchings, Chipman, Clardy, Clements, Cobb, Collins, Cowles, Cox, Crain, Crisp, Cummings, Davidson (Fla.), Dockery, Dunn, Enloe, Foran, French, Glass, Grimes, Hatch, Hayes, Herbert, Hooker, Howard, Hutton, Johnson (N. C.), Jones, Kilgore, Lagan, Lanes, Lanham, Lawler, Marsh, Martin, McAdoo, McCreary, McKinney, McMillin, McRae, McShane, Mills, Montgomery, Morse, Neal, Norwood, Oates, Peel, Pennington, Phelan, Randall, Richardson, Robertson, Rogers, Russell (Mass.), Sayers, Shively, Smith, Spinola, Springer, Stewart (Texas), Stewart (Ga.), Stockdale, Stone (Ky.), Tarsney, Tracy, Turner (Ga.), Vance, Walker, Washington, Weaver, Wheeler, Whiting (Mich.), Wilson (Minn.), Wilson (W. Va.), Wise, Speaker Carlisle.

The following are the amounts to be refunded and cancelled:

State.	To be Refunded.	To be Canceled.
Alabama	$18,285 08	$511,028 30
Arkansas	154,[illegible]01 18	107,184 82
California	254,538 67	
Colorado	22,189 96	
Connecticut	308,214 00	
Dakota	3,241 33	
Delaware	74,683 33	
District of Columbia	49,437 33	
Florida	4,760 30	72,762 37
Georgia	117,982 89	466,384 44
Illinois	1,146,551 33	
Indiana	904,875 33	
Iowa	452,088 00	
Kansas	71,743 33	
Kentucky	713,695 33	
Louisiana	314,500 84	71,385 83
Maine	420,826 00	
Maryland	436,823 33	
Massachusetts	824,581 33	
Michigan	501,763 33	
Minnesota	108,524 00	
Mississippi	111,038 46	302,046 21
Missouri	761,127 33	
Nebraska	19,312 00	
Nevada	4,592 67	
New Hampshire	218,404 67	
New Jersey	450,134 00	
New Mexico	62,648 00	
New York	2,603,918 67	
North Carolina	377,452 61	198,742 06
Ohio	1,567,089 33	
Oregon	35,140 67	
Pennsylvania	1,946,719 33	
Rhode Island	116,963 67	
South Carolina	222,396 36	141,174 31
Tennessee	392,[illegible]04 48	277,493 52
Texas	180,841 51	174,265 16
Utah		26,982 00
Vermont	211,068 00	
Virginia	442,408 09	286,662 93
West Virginia	208,479 65	
Washington	4,268 16	3,487 17
Wisconsin	519,688 67	

THE WEST IN THE SADDLE.

Col. Henderson, of Iowa, Wants to be Speaker.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—The entry of Col. Henderson, of Iowa, into the speakership contest has upset the plans and calculations of all the other candidates. Col. Henderson is one of the most popular men in the House, and will probably have the solid support of the entire Northwest, including Iowa, Nebraska and Minnesota, with several votes from Wisconsin.

Several members who had made partial pledges to Mr. Burrows say now that they will support the Iowa candidate, and as there are five in the field for the place, Col. Henderson's chances are equal to those of any man. The fact that the section west of the Mississippi has never had a representative in the speaker's chair is a strong point in his favor.

THE POSTAL SYSTEM.

Dividing the Railway Mail Service Into Ten Classes.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—The postmaster-general has nearly completed the classification of the railway mail service under civil service rules and regulations. Under this classification, which may be amended before final adoption, the employes are divided into ten classes, viz: A, B, C, D, E, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Class A will represent those who receive an annual salary of $2,000 or over. The intermediate numbers and letters represent in an increasing order those whose salaries are more than $940 and less than $2,000.

Local examining boards will be established in every Congressional district, and vacancies on any line will be filled from the list of eligibles in the district through which the line runs. Vacancies on lines running through several districts will be filled as far as practicable from the eligibles in the several districts, according to the mileage in each. The positions in the service when they become vacant will be filled by promotion, upon merit, from the ranks.

INAUGURATION.

Thousands Will Join in the Glad Ceremonies on March 4.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—On the books of the Inaugural committee no other state makes such a showing as Pennsylvania in the number of organizations that have applied for places in the great procession of the 4th of March. In the ledger of the committee on Military Organizations there is a list of all the regiments of the National Guards, with the quarters secured for them during their stay. Besides these there are the Washington Infantry, of Pittsburg, and the State Fencibles, of Philadelphia, independent military organizations, the whole indicating a muster of about 8,000 men under arms from Pennsylvania alone.

From the other states the prospect is that Ohio will rank next to Pennsylvania in the number of its militia, as it is almost arranged that the entire National Guard of that state will be brought here. The matter of expense is the only obstacle in the way, but that will probably be overcome.

Beside the military organizations of Pennsylvania there is quite a list of civic associations. Philadelphia has arranged for no less than 17 civic societies, numbering in all nearly 5,000 men.

To avoid, as far as possible, the confusion arising from the neglect of organizations to apply for consignments, the committee has addressed a letter to the member of the committee who has been appointed for each state, giving him a list of the organizations which have already applied, and instructing him to communicate with the representatives of all organizations wishing attention, and then, in turn, inform the central committee.

BELIEF THAT BLAINE WILL BE CALLED.

Senator Hale was quoted in a morning paper as saying he expected to receive within 24 hours a telegram informing him of the fact that Gen. Harrison had asked Mr. Blaine to accept a place in the Cabinet, and that the latter had accepted it.

"This," he said to an Associated Press reporter, to-day, "is incorrect; what I said was that I should not be surprised to hear that such is the case. I believe Gen. Harrison will tender Mr. Blaine a place in the Cabinet, that of secretary of State, for he is not considered on any other line of work."

"Will he accept?"

"That I cannot say. He is not working for a place. It would be improper for him to do so; nor is any friend of his, but they believe, with me that it will be tendered him.

"However, we cannot speak by authority, for Gen. Harrison is keeping his own counsel about this matter, as of all others connected with his Cabinet."

AUGUSTA, Me., Dec. 14.—(Special.)—Mr. Blaine declines to give any information as to the story of his having been offered the secretaryship of state, and Joseph H. Manley states that he does not believe Gen. Harrison has tendered the position to Mr. Blaine, although he has always believed it would be tendered and that Mr. Blaine would accept.

TO RETIRE "OLD ROSY."

The senate committee on military affairs has agreed to report favorably a bill for the retirement of W. S. Rosecrans with the rank of brigadier-general.

CAN'T WORK DON.

Postmaster General Dickinson to-day said to an Associated Press reporter that within the last few weeks he had received the resignations of a considerable number of Presidential and fourth-class postmasters with the request that Republicans whom they name and recommend be appointed in their places. Others have written asking whether their resignations and recommendations of Republican successors would receive favorable action. In reply to an inquiry as to his action in these cases the postmaster general said that no resignations had been, or would be, accepted that are made for the purpose of forestalling the action of the incoming administration, by the appointment of Republicans.

LET THEM COME IN.

The House Democrats held another caucus last night and adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That in the judgment of this caucus provision should be made by which Dakota may be admitted into the union as one state, or two states, as the people of the two proposed states may hereafter determine; also that the necessary legislation ought to be provided for the early admission into the union of the territories of Washington, Montana and New Mexico; that these measures should all be embodied in one bill, by the amendment of the pending bill or otherwise, as to details, as the committee on territories shall determine, and that an order of the House for consideration of the measures should be made at an early day and the bill considered in the House at the earliest day practicable.

A separate resolution was approved admitting the territory of Utah as a state.

SELLERS'S SUCCESSOR.

The nomination of Leon O. Bailey, to be United States attorney for the district of Indiana, was sent to the Senate yesterday. It is regarded as one of the most important political appointments by this administration. It created a sensation among the Indiana people at the capital. Bailey is the man who, during the recent campaign, collected the affidavits of Gould and others affirming the charges that Harrison had said that $1 a day was enough pay for a working man, and that Harrison had colored strikers shot down. These charges were incorporated in a speech made by Bailey, and thousands of copies of this speech were circulated as a campaign document. Bailey has been the assistant district attorney for Indiana. It is certain that every effort will be made to prevent his confirmation in his new position, and the chances are in favor of the rejection of the nomination, or at least its suspension until the time of adjournment.

OUR NAVY.

No news has been received at the navy department in regard to the United States steamers Galena and Yantic, since their departure from New York, and none is expected for several days yet.

Notwithstanding the fact that the vessels will be due at Port au Prince to-morrow, it is the impression of many naval officers that the steamer Haytien Republic, will have been surrendered and be on her way to New York before the Galena and Yantic arrive, and in that case the matter of indemnity will then be the only thing to be settled.

The United States steamer, Richmond, will be ready for sea Thursday next, and the United States steamer, Ossipee, at Norfolk, by the first of the month.

The intention was to send these vessels to Hayti, but that will doubtless be changed.

THE TERRITORIES.

It is very amusing to notice how willing the Democrats in the House now appear to be to let in the territories that have so long been knocking at the doors of the Union.

But whether the Senate will concur in the House bill remains to be seen. I am inclined to believe that they will prefer to wait until April, when it is expected the Fifty-first Congress will be called in extra session. Although, of course, there has been no definite understanding with Gen. Harrison on the subject, nearly every Republican with whom I have talked during the past week thinks that an extra session of Congress will be called by the next President immediately after his inauguration.

THE LEGISLATIVE BILL.

Nearly Twenty-One Millions Wanted for the Next Fiscal Year.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Mr. Randall, for Mr. Forney, of Alabama, reported to the House the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill for the fiscal year 1890. It appropriates $20,802,245 on an estimate of $21,687,485. The appropriation for last year was $20,940,440. The bill contains no new legislation nor increase in salary.

WORK TO DO.

The Appropriation Bills in an Advanced State—Other Business.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—The appropriation bills are with one or two exceptions in an advanced state. Congress has been in session only 12 days, and four of the largest appropriation bills have been reported to the House, viz: The legislative, the pension, the District of Columbia and the river and harbor. Of those reported, the pension appropriation and the District of Columbia have passed the House. There yet remain to be reported the consular and diplomatic, the military academy, the army, the naval, the Indian, the postoffice, the agricultural, the fortification, the sundry civil and the deficiency.

Of those yet to be reported, the consular and diplomatic, the naval and the fortification are in an advanced state of preparation, and they may be completed and presented to the House the coming week.

The naval affairs and foreign affairs committees were in session this morning. The former committee had a number of naval experts before it giving their views on the several plans before the committee on turreted submerged cruisers.

"The appropriation bills," said Mr. Courts, clerk to the House appropriations committee, "are in a more advanced state than they have been at this period of the short session for several Congresses. This is especially true of the bills that come from the appropriations committee."

The senate committee on territories has not had a meeting during the present session. It is not unlikely that Senator Platt will call them together during the coming week to consider the action of the house caucus on the admission of territories and the possibility of obtaining consideration of the bills now on the calendar of the senate at this session. The senate has passed only one territorial bill at this congress—the bill for the admission of South Dakota. It has on the calendar bills for the admission of Montana, North Dakota, and Washington, the latter containing the amendment proposed by Mr. Stewart joining a portion of the territory of Idaho to Washington. It is probable that the Senate will wait for the House to take some action on the bill for the admission of South Dakota, now on the House calendar, before attempting to consider the other territorial bills. Without the consent of the House, nothing can be done at this session, and the friends of Dakota in this Congress believe that the new states will not be admitted until the new administration comes in.

THE TARIFF BILL.

The Senate Will Not Take a Recess Until It Passes.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—The Republican Senatorial caucus this morning decided that the Senate shall continue in session without a holiday recess until the tariff bill is disposed of, letting the House take a recess if it so desires.

It was also decided to hold two sessions daily, beginning at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

This action will probably be incorporated in a resolution to be introduced.

There was a large but not complete attendance of Republican Senators, and the action is said to have been taken by unanimous consent.

CIVIL SERVICE.

It Causes a Lively Debate in the House.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—(Special.)—A motion to increase the clerical force of the Civil Service commission gave rise to a short but spicy debate in the House this afternoon, in the course of which Mr. Henderson (Iowa) charged the administration with violating the spirit of the civil service law and the commissioners were defended by Mr. McMillan, of Tennessee, while Mr. Cummings and Mr. Spinola made a fierce onslaught upon the civil service law and earnestly advocated an amendment striking out the appropriations for its enforcement.

Congress.

December 11.—Senate.—Bill passed: For relief of Erie railway. Resolution adopted: Inquiring into the condition of affairs at the Samoan Islands. The tariff bill was then taken up and considered at length.

House.—The Presidential votes of certain states were laid on the table. The direct tax bill discussion took up the remainder of the legislative day.

December 12.—Senate.—The day was spent discussing the Senate substitute tariff bill.

House—The river and harbor bill was reported. Bill passed: Refunding the direct tax.

December 13.—Resolution adopted for a report of the condition of the people of Alaska. Tariff bill discussed.

House—Mr. Butterworth introduced a resolution looking to better commercial relations between the United States and Canada.

December 14.—Senate.—Not in session.

House—The day was spent considering the Nicaragua canal bill.

December 15.—Senate—Not in session.

House—Routine business.

December 17.—Senate—A number of bills were presented, and the Senate proceeded to discuss the tariff bill.

House—Bill passed to incorporate the American Historical association. Resolution agreed to, to take a recess from December 21 to January 7.

POLITICAL.

CABINET GOSSIP.

Belief That Morton Did Not Make His Point in Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 17.—Mr. Morton's return to New York has been followed by a good many untangible rumors, and until to-day it appeared as though the conference between Gen. Harrison and his guest had been so well guarded that nothing regarding it would be permitted to leak out.

To-day, however, the rumors assumed a definite shape, and it is confidently believed among prominent Republicans now that Mr. Morton left Indianapolis in a disappointed mood, having been told by Gen. Harrison that he could not appoint Mr. Platt to the position of secretary of the treasury, but that he might consider an offer of the navy portfolio and give Gen. Harrison his answer within the next two weeks, not later under any circumstances than January 16.

He told Mr. Morton candidly, so rumor says, that the secretaryship of the Treasury had already been given to Senator Allison, and that one reason for selecting a Western man was the opposition in many Eastern cities to a New York man, on account of the alleged discriminations in the matter of imports, in favor of the merchants of New York. Gen. Harrison said that prominent gentlemen of Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and other cities had written him and talked to him on the subject, and while he did not know that their statements were true, he certainly did not know that they were untrue, and he had determined to select a secretary of the Treasury from another and entirely disinterested section.

Before Mr. Morton left, it is said, Gen. Harrison told him that he did not regard the trouble between the friends of Messrs. Miller and Platt as so serious as to embarrass his administration in the event of an appointment of either gentleman to a cabinet position, and his reasons for not selecting the secretary of the Treasury from New York were the opposition of prominent importers in other cities, and the earlier selection of Senator Allison for the position. It is claimed that Mr. Morton expressed great doubt as to Mr. Platt's acceptance of the navy portfolio, but said that he was not authorized to say that he would not. Among Republicans of prominence here it is not believed that Mr. Platt will accept.

AN OHIO MAN.

Governor Foraker's Name Connected with the Attorney Generalship.

CHICAGO, Dec. 17.—A *Tribune* special from Columbus, O., says: It may be announced, on information that is the best, that Governor Foraker has received the tender of the attorney generalship under the administration of President Harrison.

He was offered the war department or the law department, selecting the latter on account of its being in the line of his profession. He has not yet formally accepted the place, but will do so within a few days.

By this arrangement ex Governor Foster will be allowed a free field for the Senatorship a year hence, so far as the administration is able to arrange matters at this date.

A Washington special says: The word that Governor Foraker has been offered a Cabinet place of attorney-general did not create the greatest surprise here to-day—not that any person in position to know believed that that portfolio had been proffered—simply because it is known that General Harrison has a very high opinion of the chief executive of Ohio, and that it would not be an unlikely thing for Foraker to receive any sort of an offer. The attitude of the Ohio governor has created a great deal of comment that is most favorable to himself.

While the friends of other prominent Ohioans have almost worn a beaten path from the Buckeye state to the capital of Indiana, he has stood by saying nothing, largely an interested listener. I can say this much, and will quote from an expression dropped shortly after the visit here of Mark Hanna and Ben Butterworth: "It is unnecessary for any person to come here and tell me of the abilities of John Sherman. I know them well. It will also be unavailing for any other persons to attempt to belittle Governor Foraker. I, too, know him well." This might be a good thing to remember.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 17.—Referring to the Chicago *Tribune's* dispatch in which it was stated that Governor Foraker had been offered his choice of the war department or the attorney-generalship by President-elect Harrison and had decided to accept the latter, the governor said, in reply to an inquiry as to the truth of the statement: "There is no truth whatever in the statement, and I am surprised that such positive assertions should be sent out without some foundation for them."

DISCUSSING BLAINE.

How the Rumor About His Cabinet Appointment Is Received.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—The principal subject of political gossip for the past few days has been the alleged tender of the position of secretary of State to Mr. Blaine, and its acceptance by him. The current of opinion among Republican Congressmen is favorable to the conferring of some political honor upon Mr. Blaine, such as a cabinet office or a mission abroad, but a few cautiously decline to say anything about it.

A Republican from a middle state, who claims to have "peculiar reasons for knowing," said: "There is not the slightest probability that Mr. Blaine will be in the cabinet. You may rest assured of that."

A Western Republican said: "I do not care to be quoted as saying anything about Mr. Blaine, for reasons personal to myself. In my judgment, Gen. Harrison well knows that a large part of the Republican party do not regard Mr. Blaine as a suitable man to go into the Cabinet, and would regret exceedingly to hear of his appointment. It would do the party no good, and would be very likely to do much harm.

Bound to Be a Blunder.

"I cannot believe that Mr. Harrison has offered Blaine a position in his Cabinet, nor will do so. It would be an unfortunate blunder at the very outset of the Republican administration. I speak what I know to be the sentiments of many members and senators in this Congress."

Mr. Gallinger, of New Haven, said: "I do not think General Harrison is under any obligation to anyone; but in view of the fact that Mr. Blaine refused to be nominated for the Presidency when he might have been, and in view of the very great service to the party in the late campaign, I think it will be quite probable that he will be offered a place in the Cabinet. In that event I think that the sentiment of New England would be that he ought to accept, if his health would permit, and I think he would accept if his physical condition is good. As to that I have no information."

Thinks it Exceedingly Probable.

Mr. McComas, of Maryland, said: "I think it exceedingly probable that he will be offered a place in the cabinet, and that he will accept. It should be offered him, and I am sure he would make an excellent Secretary of State."

Mr. Allen, of Michigan, said: "Of course the selection of his Cabinet advisers is to a large degree a matter of personal preference on the part of the President. If Mr. Blaine is acceptable to Mr. Harrison, he certainly will be to the country. He has demonstrated his ability as Secretary of State, and I have all along thought he would be offered the place by Mr. Harrison. There can be no doubt of his sagacity, ability and fitness. The question is, would he accept a Cabinet position?"

Ought to be Offered to Him.

Mr. Mason, of Illinos, said: "I think that by reason of his great service in the campaign, Mr. Blaine should be offered a Cabinet position, and I think it will be offered.

"But from information that I have from persons who are his intimate friends, I believe he doesn't wish to re-enter public life, and will decline. He ought to decline, for his own sake. He has no need to care for a cabinet position, as it would bring him a great deal of worry and discomfort, when what he needs and desires is rest. He is the most eminent and most popular man in the party, and a term as secretary of State wouldn't add anything to his popularity."

Mr. Rowell, of Illinois, said: "I don't think Senator Hale, or anybody else, knows anything about it. Mr. Harrison knows how to keep his own counsel as well as anybody I ever saw, and it is improbable that he will let it be known who is to be secretary of State until the time comes to name the whole cabinet."

Maine Men Hope It's True.

Messrs. Dingley and Boutelle, of the House, and Mr. Hale, of the Senate, are all close friends of Mr. Blaine, and each assured the correspondent, positively, late this afternoon, that they had not received a word in confirmation of the rumor, though each expected to be informed at any hour that such was the fact.

All of these gentlemen agreed that Mr. Blaine ought to be offered the office of Secretary of State, and that he would certainly accept it if it were tendered to him. Mr. Dingley asserts that the reports about Mr. Blaine's poor health are absolutely untrue, and that, to the contrary, he is in remarkably robust health.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

STANLEY IS ALIVE.

Belief That He Has Been Surrendered to the Natives and Can be Rescued Under Certain Conditions.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—The *Standard* says it has reason to believe that the letter received at Suakim from Osman Digna stated that the Mahdi's troops had at length been successful; that Emin Bey had held out bravely, but his men mutinied and delivered him with a white traveler (supposed to be Stanley) to the Mahdi's leader. Digna sends proof tending to support the truth of his assertions.

It is rumored that Osman Digma, in his letter, expressed a willingness to surrender to Emin Pasha and his white companions provided Egypt would agree to abondon Suakim. If this proposal is not accepted it is believed that both captives will be killed. The British cabinet are now discussing the situation.

CAIRO, Dec. 14.—In the letter received at Suakim from Osman Digna, and which is supposed to have contained the announcement that Emin Pasha and a white traveler, presumably Stanley, had fallen into the hands of the Mahdi, were enclosed copies of a dispatch from a Deervish leader at Lado to Khalifa Pasha giving the date of Emin Pasha's surrender as October 10, and a letter to Emin Pasha from the Khedive, which the latter handed to Henry M. Stanley when he was at Cairo.

Along with his letter Asmen Digna sent several Snider cartridges, which, he alleged, were taken from the white traveler. Some of Stanley's expedition were armed with Snider rifles, but there were none in the possession of the Dervishes.

HELD FOR RANSOM.

Everybody in London Believes Stanley and Emir Bey are Captives.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—(Special.)—Everybody in London believes that Emir Bey and Henry M. Stanley are both prisoners of the Mahdi.

It is at least clear from Osman Digna's letter that the Mahdi is in possession of a number of things which Stanley is known to have carried with him, and it is assumed that both the European lives are too valuable from a hostage point of view, to be sacrificed by the Soudanese.

In the light of this discovery it is probable the Suakim fight will be indefinitely postponed.

Lord Randolph Churchill's motion for negotiations is to be discussed on Monday, and it is certain, therefore, that nothing will be done till after that time.

SUAKIM, Dec. 15.—It has been ascertained that the date 1869 was stamped upon the cartridges, which accompanied Osma Digna's letter announcing the capture of Emin Pasha and a white traveler, and which were alleged to have been taken from the latter.

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

A Review of His Attempt to Render Aid to Emin Bey.

It was on March 18, 1887, that Henry M. Stanley arrived at the mouth of the Congo from Zanzibar and started up that river at the head of his expedition for the relief of Emin. In his following were nine Europeans, sixty-one Soudanese, thirteen Somali, 620 natives of Zanzibar and lastly the Arab merchant, Tippoo-Tib, with forty men, who had to provide Stanley with an additional hundred carriers from the stations on the Upper Congo. After some delay Stanley, with the greater part, succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Aruwimi-Bijere river on the 28th of May, so that the voyage from the mouth of the Congo thus far had been effected in ten weeks a comparatively short time, considering the enormous distance and the mass of men to be transported.

At the Aruwimi, Tippo-Tib parted from Stanley, intending in the first place to proceed to his commercial stations and then to procure carriers for Stanley, while the latter, on the 2d of June, continued his passage up the river with 580 Africans and five Europeans, and on the 20th reached the Zambuga Falls.

Here a camp was erected, placed under the command of Maj. Barttelot and garrisoned with about 100 men. Stanley himself broke up on the 22d of June, 1887, with a suite of some 480 persons, following the course of the river in a northeasterly direction. On July 1 Stanley reached the domain of the great tribe of the Mabade. From the capital of this country Stanley now wanted to travel in a northerly direction to the people made known to us by Schweinfurth—the tribe of the Monbuttu.

This is the last authentic information from the intrepid explorer. All else is conjecture or based on rumors. He should have reached Wadelai about the end of August and joined Emin Bey. But at the date of Emin Bey's last letter, November 2, 1887, he had not even heard of the relief expedition. Arab traders recently reported meeting a portion of the expedition the latter part of November, 1887, fifty day's march from Wadelai. For some time there have been rumors that a "White Pacha" was in the Mahdi's country, and that several encounters had taken place.

SHELLING THE ARABS.

Reinforcements Arrive at the Scene—The War to Continue.

SUAKIM, Dec. 18.—The Arab trenches have been heavily shelled by the forts. The Twentieth Hussars and two companies of the Fifth Egyptian battalion have arrived here.

THE PANAMA CANAL CO.

The Bill for Its Relief Defeated in the Chamber of Deputies.

PARIS, Dec. 17.—The committee appointed by the Chamber of Deputies to consider the bill postponing the payment of the Panama Canal company's liabilities has rejected the measure. While the committee were examining the bill M. Peytral, minister of finance, stated that a new societe d'Etudes was prepared to constitute itself within a fortnight with a capital of 10,000,000 or 15,000,000 francs to continue the operations of the old company. This would precede the proposed new company, the capital stock of which would be fixed according to the result of the inquiries, and which would complete the canal. Provisional directors with full powers would continue the work pending the formation of the new company.

M. Peytral in replying to a question stated that 86,000,000 francs had been deposited in the Credit Foncier as a guarantee for the payment of the lottery bonds.

M. Christophle, director of the Credit Foncier, interposed to say that this sum was not now at the disposal of the Panama company. Thereupon the bill was rejected, without any attempt to discuss its clauses, by a vote of 262 against 188.

Most of the papers here consider the rejection of the Panama Canal bill a mistake. Some describe the vote in the Chamber of Deputies as pusillanimous, while others declare that it will prove fatal to the republic.

The Boulangist-Conservative journals violently denounce the rejection of the Panama bill.

Camille Dryfus writes: "The deputies abandoned 850,000 Panama Canal shareholders, for which the policy of defamation pursued for the past eighteen months is responsible. For fear of suspicion the deputies permitted citizens to be ruined when they did not need to risk a cent to save them."

The Queen of Spain has written a letter to M. de Lesseps expressing sympathy with him in his troubles over the Panama Canal scheme.

When M. de Lesseps heard of the rejection of the Panama Canal bill his face blanched and his hands became icy cold. He soon recovered his usual calmness, however, and spoke sadly of the wreck and of the fearful disaster to himself and to the nation.

DE LESSEPS'S BIG DITCH.

A Brief Sketch of the Gigantic Canal Scheme.

It was in 1879 that M. de Lesseps first turned his attention to the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. He was then flushed with the glory of the successful Suez enterprise, and a second attempt of a similar nature was the natural outgrowth of his triumph in the first.

He began his preparation with the earnestness and vigor which have always characterized him. Notwithstanding the fact that he was then nearly 75 years old, he undertook a journey to Panama, in order personally to explore the proposed route and to negotiate with the local governments. He also undertook to counteract the hostile public opinion in the United States. Active surveys of the isthmus were begun under his direction in January, 1880, and late in February he arrived in New York and began a tour which extended from Boston to San Francisco and included a trip to Washington, where he had a personal interview with President Hayes and a hearing before a Congressional committee.

His first estimate of the cost of the canal was 250,000,000f. On his return to France he declared that his American tour had been successful, and that opinion concerning the scheme had been considerably modified. A preparatory force of engineers and skilled mechanics was sent out from Havre in January, 1881, and work upon the canal was begun soon after its arrival at the Isthmus. This work has been prosecuted at intervals, with greater or less vigor, ever since, although the estimates of cost have been greatly increased, and the time for the completion of the canal extended. The project was the cause of a long and very important correspondence between the British and United States governments, in 1881 and 1882, over the question of an American protectorate, which finally resulted in the practical abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

During all this time M. de Lesseps has been the leading spirit in the canal company, and such progress as has been made is the result of his untiring energy and, it must also be said, his blindness to the practically insurmountable obstacles in his path. It is, indeed, taking a charitable view to assume that he was merely a self-deceived enthusiast and not a monstrous swindler. In the history of visionary undertakings and financial bubbles there are few things comparable to this old man's canal at Panama. For two years or more it has been a demonstrable fact that he was moving rapidly and with a sure step toward inevitable bankruptcy, and at least one honest journal in France, the *Economiste*, has not concealed the bitter truth from the French people. But they preferred to put their trust in de Lesseps and their savings into his always empty treasury.

He has issued shares and bonds amounting to $4,000,000 at par, and this immense sum in obligations has been taken by the French people, who have probably paid him over $250,000,000 in cash, and the greater part of this has come from the peasantry and small landholders of France. He has resorted to the most unwarrantable financial devices in order to avert the fatal day of bankruptcy, such as issuing new bonds to obtain funds to pay interest on former issues.

The coming bankruptcy of the company has of late been clearly visible, even to many of its former defenders. The circular put forth by the company yesterday, saying that the result of the last subscription is not yet known, can hardly serve to put off the closing scene for more than a few days.

OHIO WHITE CAPS.

Governor Foraker Says There Will be No More Depredations by Them—What a Reporter Says.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 17.—Governor Foraker said last night, that a detective had been among the White Caps since the first report of their outrages in this state, and that the names of all members and the secrets of the order had been secured, with such other evidence as would bring any offenders to justice.

He said that none of the members had been summoned to his office, but that several of them had come voluntarily, being frightened by the possibility of prosecution, and the result of their visit was that the organization had been permanently abandoned, and the members had consented to quit their line of conduct.

The governor said that the White Caps were a regular organized secret body, but that they had no connection with the organization of White Caps in Indiana.

They were divided into lodges, and the entire order was under a general officer known as a "Colonel." There were nine lodges in Ohio with a membership of about 1,000, among whom were many of the best citizens of the communities in which they were organized.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

Officers Chosen at the Meeting in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—A business meeting of the National Sabbath convention was held in the Foundry M. E. church.

Officers of the union were elected as follows: Col. Elliott F. Shepard, of New York, president; Rev. Dr. D. P. Lord, Illinois, recording secretary; Rev. J. H. Knowles, of New Jersey, general secretary, in charge of the publication department; treasurer, F. N. Perie, of New York.

A constitution was adopted declaring the basis of the union to be "the divine authority, and universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath, as manifested in the constitution of nature; as declared in the revealed will of God, formulated in the fourth commandment of the moral law and interpreted and applied by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and as approved by its beneficial influence upon national life." The object of the union is declared to be the preservation of the American Sabbath as a day of rest and worship.

DOCTOR'S BILL FOR $30,000.

Suit to Recover for Medical Services to Robert Garrett.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 12.—In regard to the suit of Dr. Nathan R. Gorter against Robert Garrett, for $30,000, for services rendered during the latter's trip around the world, a representative of the Garretts said:

"When Dr. Gorter left the party at Berlin, in May, 1888, he was asked to name the amount of his bill, in order that it might be paid at once. He declined to do so at that time. As soon as Mr. Garreet returned to America Dr. Gorter sent him a bill for professional services amounting to $25,000, over and above all traveling expenses, all of which had been paid by Mr. Garrett. This charge was deemed excessive. A number of eminent physicians in New York were consulted, and it was the opinion of all that Dr. Gorter, for his seven months' services to Mr. Garrett, was not entitled to more than $5,000 and his expenses. The next day suit was entered."

FOUND THE MONEY.

Where Five Thousand Dollars of the Campaign Fund Went.

WACO, Tex., Dec. 13.—(Special.)—H. F. Howe, an old express man, was arrested at Denton yesterday for robbing the Pacific Express company of $5,000 last September. This is the money that was alleged to belong to the National Republican committee, and disappeared mysteriously at this point. When arrested, Howe broke down and confessed to the crime.

He has spent considerable money since the robbery. A list of expenditures given by him amounted to $2,000. The detectives procured and have many of the original bills which he had passed at various places.

DR. SCOTT DEAD.

The Famous Author of the Ohio Liquor Bill Has Passed to His Reward.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 17.—Dr. James Scott, author of the famous Scott liquor laws, died at his home, at Lebanon, yesterday, aged 73 years. He had been a member of the Ohio legislature eighteen years. He was appointed secretary of Washington territory by President Grant, and served as consul from 1874 to 1878; having been a public official more than 30 years. He was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, July 15, 1815 and his death was due entirely to the infirmities of old age.

Representative Crisp of Georgia, has been authorized by the House committee on Commerce to report favorably a bill for the construction of a bridge across the Missouri river at Leavenworth, Kas.

BOSTON'S BATTLE.

An Exciting Election Caused by the School Question.

BOSTON, Dec. 13.—Yesterday's election closed one of the most exciting municipal campaigns ever carried on in this city. Bitter personalities have characterized all sides, and especially has this been the case in the discussion of the public schools question, the principal issue of the campaign. This issue was brought before the people last summer by the school board in the removal from the public schools of a certain text book, which contained statements distasteful to the Catholic clergy.

Believing that in this action they saw an entering wedge by which Catholic supremacy in the control of the public schools was to be ultimately obtained, the "friends of the public schools" have had frequent meetings to protest against such interference, and public feeling has been wrought up to the highest pitch.

A mass meeting was held in Faneuil hall and as an outcome of it, a committee of 100, irrespective of party, was appointed to prepare a list of school committee members for election to-day that should contain only the names of persons who were known to be "friends of the public school system."

The unusual interest aroused in this question was most noticeable among the women voters, and is shown by the fact that, while only 837 women were registered for the municipal election last year and only 725 voted, the total registration this year reached 20,216. The school board consists of twenty-four members, of whom eleven were elected to-day. Of the thirteen members who hold over, eight are of the Catholic faith, and it being held by the Republican convention that this is a sufficient representation of that sect upon the board, the ticket presented by the Republicans to-day contained the names of no Catholics whatever.

The Republican ticket was indorsed by the citizen's committee of 100. The Democrats on the contrary, renominated the three retiring Catholic members.

Miss Caroline Hastings, M. D., was renominated by the Republicans and citizens committee of 100, but was dropped by the Democrats, who named instead Mrs. Isabella C. Barrows, wife of the editor of the *Christian Register*. Rabbi Solomon Schindler was the only candidate whose name appeared upon all the tickets. All tickets were badly scratched, and this, with the fact that the vote for school committee is so much larger than ever before, will make it very late before definite results can be known, except for Mayor, the Republican being elected.

THE OFFICIAL COUNT.

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—The result of the vote for members of the school committee was the election of the entire ticket nominated by the Republicans and indorsed by the committee of one hundred. The only member of the present board re-elected is Miss Hastings, and among the 11 there are no Catholics.

Taking the vote for Schindler as representing very nearly the aggregate vote for school commissioner and substracting from it the total vote for mayor, gives 16,047 as the approximate number of women who voted, in a total registration of 21,300, or very nearly 80 per cent. As no separate returns were made of the women voters the exact figures cannot be given.

The Fair Sex in Boston Can Have About What they ask for—Mayor O'Brien Philosophical in Defeat.

BOSTON, Dec. 15.—Mayor O'Brien takes his defeat very philosophically, and his usual good nature seems not to be in the least disturbed by the result of yesterday's contest at the polls. One of the first acts of His Honor was to extend the courtesies of the mayor's office to mayor-elect Hart.

The talk at the city hall has been, and will continue to be for some months, as to the probable appointments of the newly-elected mayor. Between January 1 and July 1, mayor Hart will have 32 fat offices at his disposal, and the hungry Repuqlicans are waiting anxiously for the time to come when they will have a chance at the spoils. The offices now filled by City Collector Ricker, city Treasurer Turner and City Auditor Dodge, will probably be left undisturbed, as these gentlemen are all Republicans.

Some of the bitter partisans of the Republican party advocate a clean sweep by the first of the year in all the departments, but if Mayor-elect Hart lives up to his letter of acceptance and his statements made in the press, it is probable that changes and appointments will be made slowly.

But the loudest talk is among the politicians, who are trying to account for the big vote cast by the women. Many who have hitherto been strong opponents of women suffrage say now that it is inevitable, and already there are signs of a break. Each party will seek to ally the women on its side, and the one that makes the first movement towards granting suffrage to women will surely win their support. The official count has not yet been made, but it is estimated that 17,649 women voted out of a total registration of about 21,000.

The election of the Republican candidates of tqe school board has drawn the lines more closely between Catholics and Protestants. The latter assert that they must vote and work for parochial schools to protect themselves. The Protestants' war cry was "No Catholics on the school board; no Catholic teachers; restore Swinton's text book." The Protestants carried the day. This defeat will unite the Catholics and will pave the way for another red hot election in 1889.

STRUCK IT RICH.

A Gold Find in Arizona That Makes the Head Swim.

YUMA, Arizona, Dec. 18.—Reports of rich finds of gold in the Harqua-Hula mountains come in, but old miners regard them as exaggerated.

One prospector named John Ranick claims he and four partners took out $36,000 in seven days' work. The lodges are capped with burned lime rock, but have slate and quartzite walls.

Most of the gold found has been in nuggets near the surface, but the quartz extracted assays from $100 to $200 to the ton. The place is 60 miles from Sentinel Station on the Southern Pacific railroad.

No importance is attached by the Canadian department of agriculture, to the agitation among English agricultural journals against the admission of Canadian cattle into England, as a counter blast to American agitation for the admission of cattle from the United States. Canada, it is believed, will enjoy the privilege as long as she shows a clean bill of health.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

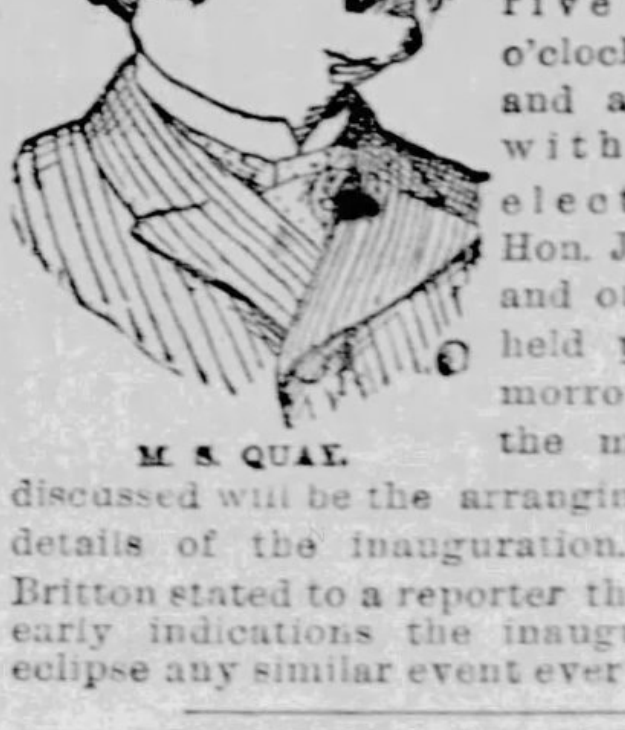
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

CHAIRMAN QUAY.

He is on His Way to Indianapolis to Consult With General Harrison.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 18.—Chairman Quay, of the Republican National committee, left for Indianapolis this morning in company with Chairman Britton, of the Inaugural committee. They will arrive at 10:30 o'clock to-night and a conference with President-elect Harrison, Hon. John C. New and others will be held probably to-morrow. Among the matters to be discussed will be the arranging of certain details of the inauguration. Chairman Britton stated to a reporter that from the early indications the inauguration will eclipse any similar event ever held.



M. S. QUAY.

EVICTIONS IN WINTER.

An Unpleasant Prospect Ahead of the Settlers.

DES MOINES, Ia., Dec. 18.—The action of the settlers in overwhelming the Des Moines River Land company with litigation, for the evident purpose of preventing eviction, has precipitated a move which they thought to restrain.

Mr. Snell will now push matters until every settler who has not made settlement is evicted.

This will be followed by the eviction of settlers on the Welles & Litchfield lands, for whom writs have been issued. The land owners say that they are now thoroughly in earnest and injunctions will be issued against all evicted settlers who have returned to their farms.

This will result seriously to the settlers, as all remaining on the land will be compelled to pay a fine or be imprisoned.

Being without funds the majority will be compelled to go to jail.

Arrest in Elmira of a Hackettstown Man With a Peculiar Freak.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Dec. 18.—Oakley C. Johnson, of Hackettstown, N. J., who has been visiting in this city for some time, was arrested for his peculiar mania for hugging women on the street.

He would prowl about after dark, and should he meet a woman alone would hug and embrace her until her screams would frighten him away. He has been shot at several times, but never hurt. He is a finely educated man, and was formerly a professor in the Peekskill Military Academy.

Be Careful How You Send Our Navy Off—Somebody May Abduct It.

PARIS, Dec. 18.—Owing to fears that the Panama Canal company's difficulties may give rise to disorders on the Isthmus, the French government has decided to send a man-of-war to Colon to protect French interests.

It is expected that the United States will send two war ships to Colon.

County Commissioners in West Virginia Pay No Attention to the Order of the Judge.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Dec. 18.—In spite of the injunction served on the county commissioners of this county, last Saturday, the commissioners last night certified to the governor the returns of the election as to congressman in this county.

This is in direct violation of the mandates of the Circuit court.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1888.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Dec. 18.	Dec. 11.
4's coupons	128⅜	128
4's registered	127⅛	127⅛
Pacific 6's of '95	119	118

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve—increase	$2,468,400
Loans—decrease	3,101,300
Specie—increase	974,100
Legal tenders—increase	1,248,500
Deposits—decrease	983,200
Circulation—decrease	146,100

The banks now hold $9,672,220 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—Noon.—Money easy at 3 to 4 per cent; bar silver, 92c 1-16.

The weakness in the stock market became pronounced after 11 o'clock, and lower prices than had been reached in the first hour were attained, although the losses in no case exceeded ⅛ per cent. from the 11 o'clock figures. Lackawanna, Missouri Pacific and New England showed most weakness in the general list, but Rock Island was the special feature of the decline, dropping 1 per cent. Outside of the four leading stocks the market remained dull and featureless. At noon it was quiet and about steady, at a shade better than the lowest prices.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 51½; D. & H., 127¾; D., L. & W., 138⅝; Erie, 26; H. V., 24½; J. C., 93; K. T., 13½; L. S. 99¾; L. & N., 54¼; M. C., ——; Mo. Pac, 70⅜; N. E., 39⅞; N. Y. C., 107¼; N. W., 105⅛; O. T., 29⅛; P. M., ——; R. T., 24; Reading, 47¼; St. P., 61¼; U. P. 62⅛; W. U., 83¼; C., B. & Q., 106¾.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—3 p. m.—The stock market closed steady at about the lowest figures of the day.

TRADE.

Business in general has been pretty good during the past week. The holiday trade is brisk.

THE MARKETS.

Wheat Firm To-Day.

The markets for wheat opened about ⅜c under the close of yesterday, and after toning down ¼c remained steady until near the close, when a firmer feeling was noticeable, the result of a report from Minneapolis that a sale of flour had been made for export. At the conclusion of the noon session prices exhibited but little change as compared with the preceding day. Exports were light.

Prices of December and May wheat at leading points to-day:

Dec.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo....	—	—	—	—
Chicago...	104¼	104⅝	104¼	104⅜
New York.	—	—	—	105
St. Louis.	100	101¾	100	101¾
May	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo....	107¾	108⅛	107⅛	108⅛
Chicago...	110	110⅝	109⅞	110⅝
New York.	111¼	111⅜	111¼	111⅜
St. Louis..	107¾	108	107⅝	108

Corn sold pretty freely at steady prices. Oats dull. Clover seed sold only to a fair extent, the sales being made in small lots. The market is about 2½c higher.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange, to-day, cash wheat sold limitedly at steady but higher prices. No. 2 soft Red, 106c, Lake Shore, and 103c Wabash. No. 3 soft Red, Lake Shore, 96c.

For future delivery trade was dull. Prices closed at an advance as compared with the opening. No. 2 red May 107¾@108⅛c, latter to close, same as yesterday.

Corn active but steady. No. 2, 30c; No. 3, 32½c; No. 3 yellow, 33½c; No. 2 white, 33½c; No. 2 May, 37⅛c. Clover seed firm and a little higher; Prime sold at $5.10, but at the close was worth $5 12½; December, $5.12½. Dressed hogs sold after 'change at $6 00.

The Produce Market.

Quotations given below represent prices obtainable for round lots. Selected small lots from store are held somewhat higher:

Beans—Continue steady at $2.25@2.30 for hand-picked marrow; do mediums, $1.75@1.80.

Butter—Trade is very slow. The demand keeps within narrow limits, and the offerings are more than can be disposed of at present. Fancy fresh Michigan, tubs. 25@27c per lb.; do rolls, 21@23c; fair to good 08@20c; cooking, 11@12c.

Buckwheat flour—$2.25 per cwt.

Cheese—Full cream cheddars 10@10½c. per lb., flats 11¼c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh are in better demand and firm at 22c; ice house, 18@19c; limed, 17c.

Green Fruits—There is but little doing in this line. Apples, Greening, $1.75@2.00 per bbl.; Baldwin, $1.25@1.50; common to good 75c@$1.00; cranberries, $7@8 per bbl; lemons, $3.50@4.50 per box; Florida oranges, $2.75@3.35 per box.

Game—Quail in good demand at $1.75@2 per doz.; patridge slow at $3; venison saddles, 11@12c. per lb; rabbits, 12c each.

Honey—New white clover honey in 1-lb. sections 17@18c. per lb.

Poultry—Choice dressed chickens, 8@9c per lb., turkeys 10@11c.

Potatoes—Choice stock is in better demand; Burbanks, 35@38c; mixed and common, 30@32c.

Vegetables—Cabbage $1.25@1.50 per 100, celery 20@30c. per doz, turnips 13@15c. per bush.; Rutabagas, 20@25c per bush.; onions, yellow Danvers 23@24c, red 18@20c per bush.; parsnips, $1.50 per bbl.; squash, $15@18 per ton.

Pork—Heavy mess, $12 75; short mess $16 75; long clear mess, $18 00; short clear, $17 50; rump, $15 00; clear butt, $17 00; clear bean, $14 00; clear neck, $——; lard; kettle rendered, tierces, 10c; barrels, 10c, half barrels, 9¼c; 50-lb. tins, 9½c; refined in tierces, 9c; in 50-lb. tins, 9¼c; hams, heavy, ——c; sugar cured, 12 lbs. average, 12c; 15 lbs., 12½c; 18 lbs., 12c; sugar cured shoulders, 10c; breakfast bacon, 10½c; dried beef, 11c; clear sides, 9¼c; [illegible] backs, 9½c; pic-nics, 9c.

Feed—Bran, $19; shorts, $19. Hay—timothy, $13. Flour, straights, $5 75; patents, $5 75, bakers, $5 25. Hides, green, No. 1 heavy steers; 5@5½c; light and cows, 4½c; grubby and No. 2, 3½c; cured, 6½c; calf, green, 5c; cured, 6c;

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE SAFEST AND MOST CERTAIN PAIN REMEDY

in the world, that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It never fails in giving ease to the sufferer of pain from whatever cause arising. It is truly the great

CONQUERER OF PAIN!

And has done more good than any known remedy.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, bruises, bites of insects, stiff neck, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

sheep pelts, on the basis of wool at 23c. Wool, washed 27c; unwashed, 20c. Fresh meats—No. 1 steers, 5½@6c; light steers, 5@6c; cows, 4½@5c; calves, 8½; sheep, 6½@7; lambs, 8c; dressed hogs, 8c.

General Produce.

DETROIT, Dec. 18.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 104c bid; No. 2 red December, 105½c; January, 106c; May, 111¾c. Corn—No. 2 December, 36c; January, 35½c. Oats—No. 2, 28c; No 2 white, 30c.

BUFFALO, Dec. 18.—Wheat—No. 1 hard quiet at 142c; new, No. 1 hard, 134c; No. 1 Northern, 12[illegible]c; winter wheat, No. 2 red 109c. Corn—No No. 2 in store none offered.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 18.—Wheat steady; cash, 97c; January, 88c; May, 104⅛c. Corn—Market is dull; No. 2, 30@31c. Oats easier; No. 2 white, 27@28c. Rye easy; No. 1, 52c. Barley dull; No. 2, 66c.

CINCINNATI, Dec 18.—Flour quiet; family, $4 30@4 50; fancy, $4 90@5 00. Wheat dull at $1 04. Corn quiet at 35. Oats steady at 27¾@27¾. Rye firm at 56½. Pork dull at $14. Lard quiet at $7.90. Bulk meats easier; short ribs, $7.30. Bacon quiet; clears, S. R. $8.87½. Whisky quiet; sales 842 barrels finished goods on a basis of $1.14.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 18.—Wheat closed lower; cash, 102c; December, ——c; January, ——c; May, 108c; July, 96⅝c. Corn is firm; cash, 30½c; December, 30½c; May, 34⅜c. Oats lower; cash, 25c[illegible]; May, 28⅛c. Pork firm; jobbing at $13 75. Lard firmer; $7 90. Whisky steady at $1 14c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 18.—1:15 p. m.—Close—Wheat, cash, at 104⅛c; January, 105½; May, 110⅝c. Corn—cash, 34⅛c; January, 34⅛c; May, 37⅝c. Oats—cash, 25⅛c; January, 25⅛c; May, 29c. Rye, 52c. Barley and prime timothy, nothing doing. Flax seed, $1 58. Whisky, $1 20. Pork weak; cash, $12 90; January, $13 00; May, $13 37. Lard steady; cash, $8 05; January, $7 80; May, $7 85½; January, short ribs, $6 80.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—Wheat—Receipts, 39,704 bu; sales, 880,000 bu; market declined ⅜@½c; now quiet, barely steady; No. 2 red January, 105⅝@105¾c; March, 108⅛@108⅜c; May, 111@111⅛c; June, 110⅝@110¾c. Corn—Receipts, 96,250 bu.; sales, 104,000 bu.; market quiet, easier; new mixed Western, 46½@48c; old do., 46¾@47¾. Oats—Receipts, 54,000 bu; sales, 115,000 bu; market easy, more doing; western, 30@40c. Beef dull; plate, $9 50@10 00; extra mess, $7 50@8 00. Pork quiet and unchanged; mess, $14 50@15 00. Lard firm, quiet; steam rendered, $8 40. Cheese firm, quiet; receipts, 4,385 pkgs.; state, 9¾@12c, including fancy, September, 11⅞@12c; October, 11½@11¾c; Western, 10@11c; skims, 3@10½c. Butter steady and quiet; receipts, 2,045 pkgs.; western dairy, 14@25c; do creamery, 19@31c; Elgin, 34@35c. Sugar, quiet; powdered, 7⅝c; granulated, 7¼@7⅜c; crushed, 8¼c. Molasses—New Orleans unchanged, at 40@49c; prime to fancy, 50c. Coffee—Rio easy; fair, 17c; options quiet, generally unchanged. Spirits of turpentine steady at 40@——c. Eggs—western, 23@23½c.

Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 17.—Hogs—Market lower; common and light, $4 50@5 10; packing and butchers, $4 80@5 10.

BUFFALO, Dec. 18.—Cattle—Receipts, —— head; 500 head sales held over; shipping stock, $4 70@5 10; mixed butchers, $4 00@4 20. Sheep and lambs—No fresh arrivals; nothing doing; feeling unchanged; shipping $4 25@4 75; lambs, steady; western steady at $5 50@6 00; Canada, 25c higher, at $6 00@6 75. Hogs—Receipts, —— head; 15,000 head held over; market active and 5@10c lower; medium, $5 00@5 10; Yorkers, $5 00@5 10.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., Dec. 17.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,003 head; shipments, 1,235 head. Market strong on good; common dull and a shade off; supply mostly common. Thirty-six cars of cattle shipped to New York to-day. Hogs—Receipts, 7,300 head; shipments, 7,300 head. Market slow; mixed, $5 15@5 20; Philadelphias, $5 20@5 250 Yorkers, $5 05@5 10; common to fair, $5 00@5 10. Twenty cars of hogs shipped to New York to-day. Sheep—Receipts, 5,000 head; shipments, 3,600 head. Market firm at unchanged prices from last week.

CHICAGO, Dec. 18.—Hogs—Receipts, 18,000 head; market slow and prices 5 cents lower; light, $4 90@5 14; rough packing, $4 90@5 00; mixed, $4 95@5 15; heavy packing and shipping, $5 00@5 25. Cattle—Receipts, 700 head; market weak; beeves, $3 00@5 50; cows, $1 35@3 00; stockers and feeders, $2 00@3 25. Sheep—Receipts, 5,000 head; market quiet and steady; muttons, $3 00@4 85; lambs, $4 00@5 60; Western corn fed $4 00@4 35; feeders, $3 20@3 75.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 17.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 3,617 head; shipments, 2,702 head. Dressed beef and butchers steers slow, weak and a shade lower; cows, active; stockers and feeding steers, steady; good to choice corn fed, $4 50@4 90; common to medium, $3 20@4 35; stockers and feeding steers, $2 00@3 30; grass range steers, $2 00@2 80; cows, $1 25@2 80. Hogs—Receipts, 5,615 head; shipments, 273 head. Market opened steady, closing a shade lower; good to choice, $5 00@5 10; common to medium, $4 80@4 95. Sheep—Receipts, 1,103 head; shipments, 261. Market steady; good to choice muttons, $3 50@3 75; common to medium, $1 50@3 00.

Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened at 91¾c; highest, 92¼c; lowest, 91¼c; closed at 91¾c.

Boston Wool Market.

The market is strong, with an upward tendency. The demand is fair. Buyers who took large quantities before wool advanced are still buying at current rates. Ohio and Pennsylvania at 32@37c; Michigan, 31@33c; territory, 13@16c; Texas, 23@23½c; combing, 27@37c; pulled, 33@37c; scoured, 45@60c; Oregon, 14@15c; spring California, 18c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—The Mark Lane *Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade says: Foggy and frosty weather has satisfactorily checked the undue forwarding of the growth of wheat, which will have a promising start. Notwithstanding much grumbling the millers are securing good qualities of fair milling English wheat at a level of 92c. The country markets are firmer. The sales of English wheat during the past week amounted to 55,054 quarters at 33s 10d, against 69,045 quarters at 41s 2d for the corresponding week last year. Four was in improved request. The American shipments have been very moderate for several weeks. The trade in foreign wheat showed no marked change. At Liverpool the market improved 1d per central for most sorts of foreign wheat, especially Californian. This is a healthy sign, indicating a belief that all fair to good foreign wheat obtainable by spring will be wanted, and will a ready sale. Barley was quoted higher, averaging 31s 7d. Oats were so largely imported here that former currencies were difficult to maintain, and there was an occasional decline of 3d. Other markets were firm. Corn at Liverpool declined 10d per ton. Beans and peas were firm. To-day the market was not largely attended. The large arrivals were diffiout to move. English wheat was in rather better supply. Prices were firm. Indian specialty white was 6d dearer. Californian and Russian were held at 6d advance. Flour is hardening, but the good supply prevented an advance. Grinding barley and corn were 6d cheaper and light oats 3d cheaper. Malting barley was heavy. Oats were firm. Peas were 6d cheaper.

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